THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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State Library — 1july1

NO PRESS NEXT WEEK.

We shall not issue the PRESS next week, reserving the old-time right to enjoy a week's vacation. The office will remain open for the transaction of business and job printing, as well as receiving new subscribers for the coming year.

New Money.

The First National Bank of Emporium, always up-to-date and studying how to please their patrons, have adopted the unique idea of paying over their counter only new money, both gold, silver and paper, during the week. We had the pleasure viewing the handsome sight—$1,000 gold certificates down to $100.

Big Mortgage.

A mortgage for $9,000,000, given by the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad Company in favor of the United States Trust Company, of New York, was recently filed in the Register and Recorder's office for recording. Register Goodnough is busy recording the lengthy document, and, as the printer would say, it is a "fat take."

A Great Sufferer.

Mrs. A. J. Siefried, who has been a great sufferer for several months, was brought from Cameron last Thursday and taken to the home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Hout, West Sixth st., that her attending physician, Dr H. W. Good, might give the sufferer closer attention. Mr. Seifried, her husband, is doing everything within his power to restore his help-mate to health.

Senator Harrison Dead.

State Senator John T. Harrison who was nominated by the Republicans for Receiver of Taxes of Philadelphia, died at his home last Friday. He was ill only a short time.

John T. Harrison was born in England in 1849, and was brought to this country while still an infant. He served throughout the Civil war in the Eleventh Maryland volunteers and later engaged in the manufacture of hosiery. Mr. Harrison was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1891, 1893, 1895 and 1900, and was elected to the Senate in 1902.

We knew the deceased intimately and greatly respected him. Philadelphia and the Republican party loses a valuable citizen.

An Instructive Lecture.

The lecture last Friday evening, by Mr Harvey Graeme Furbay in the People's Star Course was, despite some irrelevant jibes at the audience and some futile attempts at humor, full of thoughtful and instructive matter.

The lecturer is familiar with the facts of history which he interprets in the light of scientific and Christian concepts Our civilization, he said, is a development which owes its peculiar character and thought to the power of Christian ideals. In the Christian conception of human brotherhood we find the historic germ of a great democratical nation. The truths proclaimed by Christ prepared the way for Magna Charta, the Declaration of Rights and the Declaration of Independence.

In conclusion the lecturer pointed to some elements of danger and disturbance in our present conditions. The proper time on which to approach the solution of the race, trust, and labor problems, is by keeping true to the ideal and spirit of Christian brotherhood, which has been the guide of our progress in the past, and must be the star that will lead us through present perplexity to better things in the future.

Thirty-Five Years on Judicial Bench.

At the October election, 1863, Hon. C. A. Mayer was elected president judge of this district, then composed of Centre, Clearfield and Clinton counties and presided over his first court at the December term of the same year. Since that time Centre and Clearfield counties have become separate judical districts and Clinton county has been added to Cameron and Elk counties forming the Twenty-fifth judical district, over which Judge Mayer now presides. Tuesday, December 15 he could be seen sitting upon the bench in the court house in this city, disposing of legal points with his usual dispatch and quietly celebrating the 73rd anniversary of his birth and at the same time celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of his service on the bench. This is the longest consecutive term any judge of any district in the State has served. Judge Mayer has five years of his present term yet to serve and judging from his appearance he will serve out that time and have several years to spare to caper with the young fellows after he has rounded out his forty years on the bench.—Clinton Democrat.

Pennsylvania's Prosperous Finances.

There is no State In the Union with a financial condition in any way comparable to that of Pennsylvania. New York shows larger transactions in a year but it is heavily burdened with debt, while this State has practically none, the sinking fund being equal to all obligations. There remained in the Treasury Monday night the extraordinary sum of $15,818,559, almost $12,000,000 of which was in the general fund, applicable to the payment of appropriations. The total receipts for the year were $21,000,000 including less than $400,000, for the sinking fund, and there was a balance carried over from the previous year of nearly $13,000,000 the net gain for the year being almost $3,000,000, nearly all of which is from the general fund. This is an astonishing statement when it is remembered that the balance in 1899 was less than $5,000,000, which was the average for ten years previous.

This immense sum has been raised entirely without any resort to direct taxation on real estate. The receipts come from various sources, largely from corporations and corporate stock. There is no State where the burdens of taxation are less felt, not even in New Jersey, where the people live off the taxation of the trusts. The balance now in the State Treasury is drawing interest, and the sinking fund will this year have a net balance to its credit beyond the total obligations of the Commonwealth. This is a condition which no other State can equal, and it certainly is a justification of the policy of the Republican party, which has paid off a debt of more than $40,000,000 and has increased the revenues from less than $4,000,000 to the present magnificent total. This State spends nearly $6,000,000 a year on the public schools, and is now building out of current receipts what will be the finest State Capitol in the country, a work of art as well as a useful structure.

Large as were the appropriations by the last Legislature, it is evident that there will be a handsome surplus when it meets again, and there will be many agencies for good which it can establish without danger of a deficit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Farmers' Institute.

The attention of our farmers is called to the list of institutes, to be held in this county this winter, by the State Department of Agriculture, assisted by the local board of institute managers for the county. These meetings are in the interest of all our farmers, and open to all. The expenses of conducting them is bore by the State. No collections are allowed or the advertising of any business. The discussions are upon farm topics for the benefit of farmers. Arrange your business so as to attend to take part in the exercises. All classes of citizens are welcome, and interesting programmes have been prepared.

The county chairman is W. H. Howard, of Emporium, Pa., who will be glad to send programmes or information to any one who will make the request.

The State Speakers who will be present are: Robt S. Seeds, of Birmingham, Huntingdon, Co., Pa., and C. D. Northrop, of Elkland, Tioga, Co., Pa.

The institutes will be held at the following dates and places: Jan. 19th and 20th, 1904, at Emporium, and Jan. 21st at Driftwood. Come out to these meetings and bring your families and friends.

James Mundy Dead,

James Mundy, aged about 43 years died at the Austin Hospital this (Thursday) morning about ten o'clock. Death was caused by pneumonia. Before being taken down with his fatal illness Mr. Munday met with on accident from the effects of which he had not fully recovered at the time of his death. In his home at Hulls where he ran a hotel, in starting down stairs he tripped and fell the full length of the staircase and was quite seriously in?ured.

Mr. Mundy was born in Emporum and was a worker in the woods in this vicinity before Austin existed as anything but timberland.

In the early days of Austin he worked on the log and spike trains, but of later years he has been engaged in the hotel business. He was married August 25, 1899 to Miss Esther Boyington, of Wellsville. He was probably one of the best known men in this part of Potter.

Mr. Mundy leaves a widow and two brothers, John and Charles, and Mary Ellen, of Emporium.—Austin Republican.

Pipes, briar and mereschaum, suitable for Holiday presents at John Cruice's Cigar Store.

Christmas Greeting.

The years are going by with a steady, resistless sweep that no human power, whether of brain or hand, has ever been able to check or stay. There is a final period set to the continuance of all sublunary things, and sooner or later the point is reached at which our places, our plans and our positions become the legitimate subjects of a change as invincible as the diameter of a sphere.

Since it is true that our stay in this world is limited, and our opportunities for doing good are passing and will not tarry to suit our convenience or our moods, it is therefore just as true that we should live above that selfishness which refuses to others that measure of kindness that makes life's pathway smooth and the sky bright.

All seasons are alike propitious for doing good, because all seasons have their sufferings; but there are special times when it is, indeed, "More blessed to give than receive." The season of Christmas festivities will have dawned upon us before another issue of the PRESS shall have come to your homes. Permit us, then, to express our gratitude for the many acts of kindness which the old paper has received from the people in the very many years of toil and struggle and triumphs through which it has passed to the present, now.

We do not intend to weary you with a long article, as we certainly should were we to write what is in our heart to-night. We will leave that part of the work for others, and confine ourself to the performance of a plain and important duty. Let us not forget, in the midst of unnumbered blessings, those who are less favored than we have been since the Christmas bells were rung one year ago, and let us, as far as we are able, endeavor to make some heart and home brighter and happier by our helping hands. The fact that we have made some burden lighter and some path a little smoother will make our Christmas dinner taste better.

We hope that every table in Emporium and Cameron county, in fact every PRESS reader, will be supplied with one brown, tender and juicy turkey, and that every little stocking and big stomach will be filled to repletion. To the patrons of the PRESS, and all others, we wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of pianoforte, has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music All the popular airs. Prices reasonable.

44-tf.

Dance Christmas Evening.

T. L. Wheaton wishes to announce to the public that he will give a public dance at Sizerville Hotel, Chrismas evening, Dec. 25th The public cordially invited. Dance tickets, ten cents.

License Court.

License court was held at Emporium on Monday, Judges Mayer and Associates Walker and McDonald presiding. All licenses were granted, except the following: Wm. Hathaway, refused; Jas. B. Hayes, Harry McGee, Dan'l McCormick and Peter Shoup held for future decision. The Judge delivered himself in plain language to those applicants to whom the court granted licenses warning them (as has been done many times before) that violations would be severely dealt with.

Severely Burned.

Mr. Daniel Ericsson, chemist employed at Keystone Powder works, met with a serious and painful accident, Monday morning. While carrying two glass jars of acid he attempted to cross a small stream of water on a plank or slab. The slab rolled, throwing him to the ground. Some of the acid entered his left eye and onto his hands, causing great pain. Supt. Geo. W. Van Wert hurried the chemist to Dr Good's office for treatment. While his eye is in a very serious condition it is hoped the sight may be saved.

Ex-Congressman Dead.

Hon. R. J. C. Walker, died at Philadelphia last Friday, aged 65 years. When a resident af Williamsport he represented the old 16th district in Congress. He leaves a wife.

Choice line of five and ten cent Cigars, especially for our Holiday trade. Leave orders early. Union made.

JOHN CRUICE.

Finger Pinched.

Julius Skinner, a lad fifteen years of age, while working at a shell machine in Climax shell room, lost the tip end of the index finger of left hand. Dr. Good dressed the injury and the young man can now view the shop windows until after Christmas.

Special Jury Court.

There will be a special jury court for Cameron county, to be held Monday, Feb. 22d. This will be the first jury court convened in over twenty months, although the attorneys claim they have suffered by the lack of same. Four prisoners and, we understand, several important cases await trial.

Baptist Church.

Morning Subject: "The Infantile Telegraph of Love." In the evening the Pastor will preach from a text in a way descriptive of Emporium, and in closing will ring out the patriotism it contains Public most cordially invited to attend the services.

Colored paper, suitable for Christmas chains at PRESS office.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
THURSDAY, Fair.
FRIDAY, Fair
SATURDAY, Rain and Snow.

20 PAGES.

BRIEF MENTION.

Everybody reads the PRESS.

McClure, Phillips & Co., will publish, during the month, a book on "The Lyceum and Henry Irving," by Austin Bereton.

The most welcome Christmas present to your absent friends would be a receipt for a year's subscription to the PRESS. Drop us a postal—we'll do the rest.

People who care to know how a practical naturalist lives and works should read "Our Naturalist at Home," which is the story of the daily life of a lover of animals and birds, and appears in the Woman's Home Cnmpanion for Jannary.

July 1st William Weeks, of Jersey Shore, had his right foot nearly severed, causing lockjaw and eventually death. Five weeks later the wife died of blood poisoning and last week their infant child died from of an operation for spinal trouble.

Mr. Henry Irving has himself taken a keen peronal interest in the book, and has lent the use of a great part of his valuable collection af lyceum momentos. An edition de luxe will be painted on Japan vellum, and will contain the original autograph of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

Noah was the first man to advertise. He advertised the flood and it came all right. The fellows who laughed at the advertising got drowned and it served them right. Ever since Noah's time the advertiser has been prosperous, while the other fellow has been swallowed up in the flood of disaster. —[Ex.

Wm. Murray, another member of the Bennett Moulton Stock Company, died at the Bradford hospital Thursday. This is the second death from typhoid fever in the company. The disease was contracted while the company was playing at Butler a few weeks ago. Three of their members were stricken while playing in Bradford, two of them dying, and two more were stricken at Titusville.

Mr. Bereton is one of the best authorities on the history of the English stage, and also a close friend of Henry Irving. He has been able to unearth matters of great interest, and his history of the "Lyceum" will contain much that is unknown and heretofore unpublished. It will be a complete history of the theatre from its earliest phrases up to the time of the last appearance of Henry Irving, and it will be illustrated with unique portraits of the actors in their various costumes, etc.

A plainer truth was never told: An unlimited credit system is demoralizing to all kinds of business. When the merchants and all others insist upon frequent settlements the hard times complaint will not be so frequently heard in the land. When the business man gives unlimited credit to Tom, Dick and Harry they are not only damaging their own business standing, but they are crippling all allied business to a more or less degree. An unlimited credit system is the bane of any community.

Christmas at the Churches.

M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Christmas Exercises at M. E. Church Christmas night at 6.30 o'clock:

PROGRAM.

Voluntary, - - - - Orchestra.
Singing,
"Message of Christmas Time," Pg. 166, School.
Prayer, - - - - - Pastor.
Singing,
"The King of Glory," Pg. 58, School.
Recitation, "Santa Clause," Fred Strayer.
Duet, "Because He Loves Us," Grace Halderman, Olive Ellis.
Recitation, "When Christmas Bells Ring Out," Kate Metzger.
Solo, "The First Christmas Eve," Helen Welsh
Singing, "The Little Christ Asleep," Primary Dept.
Recitation, "Stolen Stockings," Chas Cummerford.
Chorus, "Santa Clause is Coming,"
Recitation, "Letter to Santa," Mark Ellis.
Recitation, "Through the Telephone," Clark Metzger.
Chorus, "Hunting for Santa."

Fine line of smoking tobacco as well as popular brands of chewing, at Cruice's Cigar Store.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

A Boy's University.

"Where the loafer wastes his life and the boys grow up to vulgar and useless mediocrity;" here is a vivid and unfortunately a true picture of many country villages. The remark was made by Mr. George Robley Howe, a man who lives in a country village—the town of Norway, Me.—but not that kind of village, because Mr. Howe and his associate, Mr. George Noyes, have found a way to lift it up and transform it. Their work in this little Maine town has already attracted the attention of educators all over the United States. They have taken the country boys as raw material, and created therefrom a scientific university, in which all the sciences which can have a local interest and foundation are learned by the young pupils. Attendance is voluntary, tuition is free. The boys themselves, as they grow older, says the Youth's Companion, become the instructors of their younger companions, and all alike go, not to books, but direct to nature. They have their camp kit—blanket, hatchet, knapsack and such other things as make them independent in the woods—and either by themselves or with their older advisers they tramp the surrounding country and study the plants, animals, insects and minerals. Not only do they form collections, but they classify them, accurately and scientifically, each boy working in the department which he has chosen for himself. From the surrounding hills they have taken mineralogical specimens for which natural history museums have offered large prices, and from neighboring streams have gathered valuable pearls. The most important thing of all is the mental and moral training that they get. The intelligent study of nature implies constant association with absolute truth and the comradeship of beauty. Under these influences the "tough" boy and the incipient loafer clarify themselves. The dregs of their nature settle, the life becomes purer and better.

Otto Schegelberger, a handsome young man living in Germany, read in his paper how easy it was for good-looking foreigners to find rich American brides. So he drew his savings from a bank and sailed for New York, where he soon learned how badly mistaken he had been. His money was going fast and there being no sign of the expected millionairess he began to look for work. Even this he was unable to find, and finally, when "stone broke," he went to the city lodging-house, where he was permitted to saw wood for his board. Now he has appealed to the authorities, asking that they provide him with means to return home.

Illinois pays more revenue to the government than any other state in the union, and in fact nearly twice as much. The reason for this is because of the distilleries located at Peoria. There is so much "corn juice" manufactured at that vicinity that out of a total of $50,000,000 paid in revenue last year over $32,000,000 came from the Peoria district. Since the passing of the oleomargarine law there has been a remarkable decrease in the revenue receipts of this product. During the past fiscal year only $736,783 was collected for oleo in the United States, which is a decrease of $2,207,709 compared with the previous year.

The intricacies of the law are exampled in a case reported by the Lyons Republican. G. M. S. Bancom, of Kansas City, appeared before the probate judge at Sterling and took out adoption papers for his own daughter, Izora, aged ten years. Some years ago Izora was adopted into the family of D. H. Liscum. Her father became so situated that he wished to have his child again. But, as she had been legally adopted by the Liscums, it became necessary that she should be readopted by her own father before the records could be right.

A member of the English commission which is now investigating American educational conditions has publicly expressed the wish that in the next few decades we give our attention to turning out "two or three Miltons, one or two Dantes and one or more Shakespeares." We are disposed to be obliging, but is not the demand rather large?

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Roosevelt's Review of Events and Recommendations a Straight and Strong Letter.

Naturally, the Panama developments receive more space than any other single matter mentioned in President Roosevelt's message to congress. It is the most interesting affair in which the government has figured in the past 12 months, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The president makes it plain that he and Secretary Hay could not have done otherwise at the isthmus without being grossly recreant to the interests of the American people. From a long line of precedents he shows that the action of the government has been consistent with its record for the past half a century in relation to Colombia and the isthmus. The president is also justified in his expressions of satisfaction at the settlement which has taken place in the Alaska boundary controversy, which has removed the only issue capable of causing any irritation between the United States and England. What he says about the country's triumph in preventing the spoliation of Venezuela by Germany, England and Italy a year ago, and in getting the dispute referred to the tribunal at The Hague, will be emphatically endorsed by the great mass of his countrymen, without distinction of party or section.

In the more strictly domestic affairs the president likewise has an encouraging story to tell. The establishment of the department of commerce and labor he finds to have been an important step toward an improvement of the relations between labor and capital. Much progress has been made, he says, in the conditions in Porto Rico and the Philippines within the year. Alaska is advancing, and he urges the enactment of proper land laws for that locality, and the promotion by the government of the building of railroads and the development of other means of communication, so far as this can be legitimately done. The work of reclaiming the desert has begun under the irrigation act of 1902, and the president is especially well pleased on this account, partly because national irrigation was always favored by him, but chiefly because this work promises to be of such vast benefit to an area comprising a large part of many states. He makes another plea for the preservation of the forests, to re-enforce those which he has already made in messages and addresses. The genereal staff act he finds has brought great improvement to the army, adding thereto a recommendation for the establishment of a naval base in the Philippines.

On the postal, land and naturalization frauds the president speaks plainly and wisely. He urges prompt exposure and conviction, and recommends an appropriation to enable the attorney general to act more effectively than he is able to do at present in proceeding against these and all other offenders against the government. The official corruption in St. Louis incites him to ask for the insertion of bribery among the list of extraditable offenses in all treaties. He suggests the adoption of means whereby undesirable immigrants can be kept out of the country and the desirable one properly distributed, so as not to concentrate the bulk of them, as now, in a few states. The question of the merchant marine he finds to be so important that he recommends the appointment of a commission to consider the best means for its restoration. In view of the probability that the treasury surplus will be small at the end of the fiscal year next June, if there should be any surplus, he cautions congress to exercise prudence in the matter of appropriations. He urges congress, however, to favor in all proper ways the Louisiana Purchase exposition and likewise the Lewis and Clark fair, to be held at Portland, Ore., in 1905. President Roosevelt makes an illuminating survey of all the country's important domestic and foreign interests. Every person who wants to be informed about the nation's internal and external concerns by the man who knows most about them and who has a larger influence than any other single official upon them, should read carefully and intelligently every line of this communication to congress and people.

Logic of Free Traders.

The free trade newspapers are apparently much concerned just now over the alleged increase in prices of woolen clothing, which of course they attribute to the protective tariff. But a great many Americans can still remember when wool was free under the late democratic tariff law, and few if any of them recall any especial cheapness which resulted. And the wage earners had a much slighter opportunity to get money with which to pay for their clothing. Prices of cotton cloths have recently advanced, owing to the combined effect of a falling off in production of cotton and the operations of "bull" speculators. There is no duty on cotton, and according to the logic of our free trade friends that article should be cheap. But here is a case where free trade logic falls down, though the anti-protectionists find it convenient to ignore the facts.—Troy Times.

☞Indeed, the bullrushes seem to be growing thicker all the time and the democratic Moses is yet to be found—Baltimore Herald.

☞In the post office investigation there as been no disposition to shield anybody for political reasons. Republicans as well as democrats have been denounced when there was reason for denunciation. The president, in his review of the report of Mr. Bristow, says that all the guilty shall be punished, without regard for partisan considerations, and that the enforcement of the law against evildoers is a question above party.—Cleveland Leader.

CLEVELAND OUT OF IT.

Knows Very Well There Would Not Be "The Ghost of a Chance" for His Election.

Grover Cleveland will figure in no more estimates or conjectures regarding the democratic nomination for the presidency. He is out of the race unequivocally. This time there is not even the suggestion of a "string" attachment to his declination. Nor is there any likelihood that he will at any late stage of the convention follow the example of Horatio Seymour in 1868. Seymour was chairman of the democratic national convention that year, and when the delegates began to press the nomination upon him he exclaimed determinedly: "Gentlemen, your candidate I cannot be." Then he was nominated and the nomination was accepted.

There can be no doubt, says the Los Angeles Herald, that Grover Cleveland means exactly what he says in his letter to the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. He declares that he will not "in any circumstances or upon any consideration," again become the nominee of his party for the presidency. Then he still further clinches his determination by saying: "My determination not to do so is unalterable and conclusive."

The cause or causes leading to Mr. Cleveland's withdrawal hardly need be considered now. It is more than probable that he would like once more to warm the presidential chair, but he is too sagacious a politician to be deluded with the thought that another such election is possible. He knows very well that there would not be "the ghost of a chance" for his election. There would not be even a ray of hope for him in view of the ineradicable antipathy of the American people to the three-term idea, to say nothing of the bitter hostility that would be encountered from the Bryan wing of the party.

What will be the next disclosure in the democratic kaleidoscope? The Brooklyn Eagle attempts to throw Mr. Cleveland's cast-off mantle upon the shoulders of Judge Parker, of the New York court of appeals. But Parker is hardly known outside of his state. He would make a respectable figurehead, but his name would arouse no democratic enthusiasm. Hill and Whitney are the only other New Yorkers whom the party would consider seriously, but neither of them is likely to secure the prize, such as it will be.

The withdrawal of Cleveland elevates by several pegs the chances for the nomination of Arthur Pue Gorman.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

☞Mr. Bryan has filed an appeal from the Cleveland decision. This refers to the judge, not Grover.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

☞It is stated that Ruth Bryan's husband will go after a republican nomination for congress. "How sharper than a serpant's tooth it is—!"—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Grover Cleveland's letter of declination is marred by the fact that it seems to have been prompted by personal feeling rather than patriotic zeal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞Mr. Bryan's facility in changing tone and tenor in his oratory as he goes from one state to another worked out when he went to Europe. The result is we hear Mr. Bryan actually praising his native land.—Marion News-Tribune.

☞The president's message throughout is moderate in tone, and his recommendations are such as have been proved by our national experience to be desirable, and they can be adopted by congress with confidence in the approval of the country.—Troy Journal.

☞Judge Parker's friends in New York state that he would not accept the nomination from a divided party. As no other sort of democratic party is in sight, Parker may be said to be out of the running.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The Cincinnati Enquirer is nothing if not skeptical. It says that Mr. Cleveland, while he feels precluded from being an outspoken candidate, would not object should the nomination come to him with such an overwhelming popular demand as no patriot would have a right to resist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

☞Senator Foraker shows that he has no wish to avoid a discussion of the tariff. He thinks the people of the country have so upheld the republican policy with their votes that the party need not fear the fullest discussion. The more the question is discussed the more certain does republican victory become. Debates on the subject, however, have a tendency to unsettle business, as many business men stand in fear of a chance in the present order of things.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞The regular session of congress just preceding a presidential election is not looked to for important legislation. This session promises to be no exception. The representatives of the people will debate what has been done during the past four years and lay plans for what is to be done during the coming four years. But no great changes or advances are to be anticipated until the people have expressed themselves at the polls on November next.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

☞So long as Mr. Cleveland does not desire to be placed in nomination, there are numerous democrats who see no reason why he should be drugged and kidnaped.—Washington Star.

☞Senator Foraker has thrown a firebrand into the democratic camp by announcing his willingness to have the tariff fight go the full 20 rounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞The man who has been running Senator Hanna for president is apparently taking a few days' rest, and Senator Hanna gets a day or two off from the denial business.—Philadelphia Press.

BRISTOW AGAIN.

His Complete Report Adds Some to the Story of the Postal Frauds.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The full report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow was made public yesterday with the exception of the exhibits, which are withheld because of the pending criminal cases. The report reveals many new facts brought out by the months of investigation and not embodied in the official abstract made public a fortnight ago. These are mostly in the way of important supplementary information regarding the alleged connection of executive officers of the department with fraudulent contracts for supplies, alleged efforts to promote mining stock among postoffice department employes, irregularities in outside postoffices, etc.

Regarding the sale of promotions in New York City and Jersey City, the report mentions Bayonne, N. J., as involved and says that Otto F. Weis, the registry clerk at New York, now dismissed and an intimate friend of Beavers, says he collected from $8,000 to $10,000 for the "legislative fund" for the clerks. Weis' bank account where these funds were deposited aggregated $19,154, and Mr. Bristow expresses the opinion that this represents the amount of Weis' collections. Weis stated that he used about $3,000 of this money for expenses, and that the balance, $6,000 or $7,000, he paid to Benjamin Parkhurst, "an intimate friend of Beavers, and superintendent of a postoffice station in this city, but removed last April."

The report cites increased amounts for leases of postoffices against the recommendations of inspectors, and quotes Section 3737 of the revised statutes inhibiting contracts with congressmen and says that Beavers nevertheless made contracts with members of congress for the rental of premises, either in their own names, the name of the agents, or some member of the family. Mr. Bristow says:

"A careful investigation, however, does not show that the government has been defrauded by the payment of excessive rentals to members of congress, either directly or indirectly. I recommend, however, that all leases where a member of congress is a party be cancelled."

COLOMBIAN TROOPS.

An American Cruiser Found a Large Party of Them on the West Side of the Gulf of Darien.

Colon, Dec. 18.—The United States cruiser Atlanta, Commander William H. Turner, has returned here from the Gulf of Darien. She discovered December 15 a detachment of Colombian troops, numbering about 500 men, but, according to their statements totalling 1,500 or 2,000 men, at Titumati, on the western side of the gulf, just north of the mouth of the Atrato river. The commander of the Atlanta sent ashore an officer, who conversed with the Colombian commander. The latter protested against the presence of American warships in Colombian waters, inasmuch as war between Colombia and the United States had not been declared, and politely requested the Atlanta to leave the gulf, because it belonged to Colombia. Commander Turner ignored the request and the Atlanta returned to Colon to report to Rear Admiral Coghlan.

The Colombians carefully and systematically made efforts to avoid furnishing any information as to what purposes had brought them to the gulf, or whether they were building a road towards the republic of Panam. But, it can be said reliably that they are awaiting superior orders. In the meantime there is strong probability that they are building a road towards Panama. The distance separating Titumati and Yaviza is 60 miles.

The Colombians declared they had 2,000 men between the mouth of the Atrato and Tiburon, well supplied with food, clothing and ammunition. They also have several pieces of artillery mounted at coastal points. Their demeanor, though polite, clearly showed hostility and deep chagrin at having been discovered. Many indications pointed to their intention of bringing further men and supplies to the gulf.

LABOR PARTY WON.

An Election in Australia in Which Women Upset All Calculations.

Melbourne, Victoria, Dec. 17.—The first of the commonwealth general elections at which women exercised the right of suffrage was held Wednesday, with the result that all political calculations were upset. The struggle was chiefly over the fiscal question. The government party favored protection and the opposition supported free trade, and the third in importance, the labor party, agreed to sink the question of fiscal differences with a view to securing the balance of power, which they virtually held in the last parliament.

The women voters were excellently organized and cast a heavy ballot, almost exclusively in support of the labor ticket, the result being that the labor party won many seats, mainly from the protectionists, in districts where the three parties contested.

Colorado Miners' Strike.

Telluride, Col., Dec. 15.—The Miners' union has voted to continue the strike in this region until a settlement on an eight-hour day basis is reached with mine and mill managers. Managers say they will not recognize the union or grant its demands.

Found Dynamite.

New York, Dec. 15.—Two one-pound sticks of dynamite with fulminating caps and fuses attached were found Monday by laborers in the Acker, Merrill & Condit building, in process of construction at Forty-third street and Broadway. Mysterious explosions occurred Sunday morning in this building and the Broadway tabernacle, Forty-third street and Broadway, the contractors on which have been employing members of the new Housesmiths' union, formed some time ago in opposition to the union of which Sam Parks was walking delegate.

SIMPLY OBEYED ORDERS.

Secretary Root Defends Gen. Wood—Says War Department Authorized His Actions.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Secretary Root was a witness yesterday before the senate committee on military affairs which is investigating the protests against the confirmation of Gen. Leonard Wood to be major general.

The secretary's statement was an elaborate and carefully prepared defense of Gen. Wood. The secretary made a specific reply to each of the charges that have been urged so far against Gen. Wood's confirmation and assumed responsibility for many of the matters charged against Wood.

He devoted particular attention to the attack upon the integrity of the official accounts of the Cuban treasury and Gen. Wood's administration and he was prepared with an immense amount of data to answer the charge of loose and faulty accounting and auditing. He said the weakness of this charge might have been established long ago had the senate printed the accounts which he transmitted to that body last winter in answer to a resolution.

Secretary Root was asked about the charge which Maj. Rathbone had made that Gen. Wood had influenced the courts in the prosecution of Rathbone, and had tampered with the courts. The secretary explained at some length the court system in Cuba, saying that the court of first instance was in reality an officer directed to prosecute and to obtain evidence. He was something like a grand jury in finding evidence, but was further empowered to go out and obtain evidence, mingle with the people, procure affidavits and otherwise to collect evidence against alleged offenders. The secretary said he knew what Gen. Wood was doing in this matter and approved it. The secretary said that he directed that the prosecution of the offenders be vigorous and Gen. Wood was acting in this matter under orders from the war department.

The secretary also took up the subject of the Jai Alai company's concession and said that this was not a gambling company, nor was the game of pelota played under the management of the company a gambling game any more than was a horse race or a game of baseball. Men could bet on the results as upon other games of skill. He said that the concession was granted before the American occupation and that the concession for which Gen. Wood had been criticized was that of an addition to the building of the company.

The only question in regard to this grant was whether or not it would be contrary to the Foraker amendment. The whole matter was referred to the war department by Wood.

CRUSADE AGAINST PERJURY.

The Crime Said to be an Everyday Occurrence in New York Courts—Four Alleged Perjurers Arrested.

New York, Dec. 18.—A crusade against alleged wholesale perjury in bankruptcy proceedings was inagurated Thursday by the federal authorities with the indictment and arrest of four alleged perjurers. They are Leon Wecheler, formerly a manufacturer of clothing; Kassel Oshinsky, real estate dealer; David Levy and David Lachman. The later two were formerly associated together in the cotton goods business on East Fourth street, but were thrown into involuntary bankruptcy by creditors in October.

According to United States Commissioner Alexander, who is appointed by the United States district court to take testimony in the major portion of bankruptcy proceedings, the bankrupts and those associated with them have, during the last year, grown bolder and bolder in the matter of perjury.

"It has become so that truth in bankruptcy matters is the exception and not the rule," said the commissioner. "The bankrupts and those associated with them would appear before me and perjure themselves day after day, and violate their oaths even when they knew that I knew they were lying, with absolutely no fear of the consequences."

The indictments recite several incidents of the kind mentioned by the commissioner.

The four men were arraigned before Judge Thomas, on charges of perjury. All pleaded not guilty and were released in $2,500 bail each.

Four Men Killed by Dynamite.

Dubois, Pa., Dec. 18.—Four Italians were killed and two probably fatally injured by a dynamite explosion at Cramer, ten miles from here, Thursday. The men were laborers on grading work for the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg road and were blasting. Their dynamite was frozen and when they attempted to thaw it the explosion followed, shaking the ground and buildings for nearly a mile. The bodies of the four men were gathered up in baskets. The injured were frightfully mangled and were taken to Adrian hospital at Punxsutawney.

Dreyfus to be Reinstated.

Paris, Dec. 18.—The Liberte confirms the report that the council of the war office has considered the details of Dreyfus' reinstatement in the army and that the regiment he will command, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, has been chosen. It is added that a determination has been reached to deal rigorously with officers who express disapproval of Dreyfus' reinstatement.

Overrode Weaver's Veto.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.—Mayor Weaver yesterday returned to city councils without his approval the loan bill appropriating $16,000,000 for municipal improvements and both branches of councils promptly passed the bill over the veto. The mayor in his veto message stated that while he would approve a large number of items in the bill he thought that separate ordinances should be drawn for each item provided for, so that the voters could pass on each item and not be compelled to vote on the entire $16,000,000 as a whole.

A Useless Search.

Don't you hunt foh trouble;
Jes' ten' to what you's got.
It ain' no special credit
Even if you finds a lot.
—Wahington Star.

QUITE CONSIDERATE.

"Must you go so early?"

"Yes, I think I must. I know the other girls are just dying to discuss my engagement, and I don't want to spoil their pleasure."—Chicago American.

The Wife No One Wants.

There was a young lady at Bingham,
Who knew many songs, and could sing 'em;
But she couldn't mend hose,
And she wouldn't wash clothes,
Or help her old mother to wring 'em.
—Chicago Tribune.

Wise.

Actress—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring. I can never marry you; I love another.

Actor—Give me his name and address.

Actress—Do you want to kill him?

Actor—No; I want to try to sell him the ring.—Chicago Journal.

Higher Education Doomed.

Stranger—Did Miss Finemind, who lectured here on the higher education of women, make many converts?

Sweet Girl—Mercy, no. She can't be over 20, and yet she had two deep wrinkles between her eyes.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Friend's Advice.

Belle—What are you going to give Cholly for a Christmas present?

Lena—Oh, I don't know. My heart, I suppose.

Belle—You'd better give him something he can't break.—Town Topics.

His Theory.

"Papa used to call me an angel," said the bride of six short months.

"No wonder," rejoined the man who had promised to pay the household freight, "you are always harping about something."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Achievement.

Briggs—Well, old man, I can at last look the world in the face—all my debts are paid.

Griggs—How did you do it?

Briggs—Oh, I succeeded in borrowing the money.—Detroit Free Press.

Padded.

Jack—Maud Manwantd looks to me as though she padded pretty liberally.

Jim—You bet she does. Why, she tried to make me believe her father is worth a million, and the old boy is a clerk on a salary.—N. Y. Times.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON,
Emporium, Pa.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.
All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Lettering neatly done.

AMERICAN HOUSE
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T.
EMPORIUM, PA
TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage, &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL,
WM. MCGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county. 30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM MCDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours. no27-1yr Wm. MCDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New in all its appointments, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.

Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.

The Secret of Strenuous Life

By GEORGE H. MARTIN,
Supervisor of the Boston Public Schools.

THE larger part of the world's work is done from necessity. The toiling millions toil because they must. Hunger is a pitiless tyrant and rules the world. Some work is done from a sense of duty. There is another motive exemplified by Peary in his search for the North Pole. He does it because he wants to do it, because he likes it. Necessity, duty and interest divide the world's work among themselves. Necessity keeps the old world alive. Interest finds new worlds. This is the impelling motive in all master workmen. Their heart is in the work. And under the higher names of love and passion, interest has moved to all noble deeds. The kind of work done by interest is the work by which the world gets on from generation to generation, by which the secrets of nature are discovered, and its forces overcome, by which new truths furnish new inspirations and impulse to men.

The spirit in which interest does its work is peculiar to itself. The workers from necessity are always looking over the edge of their work, waiting for their play to begin. Duty pays its tithes even to the mint, anise and cumin. Interest breaks the alabaster box of priceless value.

Necessity does its work haltingly. Duty does its work resolutely. Interest does its work eagerly. Duty does its work honestly. Interest does its work generously. If we search the world over for the people who are most undaunted by difficulties, we shall find them among people who are doing freely what they like to do. The secret of the strenuous life is interest with freedom.

All this is as true of children as of men and women. The life which in men we admire, in children we look down upon and call it play. A boy never chooses play because it is easier than work. The boy building a dam across the brook and setting up his little machine is doing what Fulton was doing with the steamboat and what Marconi is doing with wireless telegraphy. The discipline of play leads to and fits for the strenuous life.

Here is a supreme law of life. It is the business of education to recognize it and to preserve the freedom, the abandon, the eagerness, the joy of the child life to make life continuous. This effort underlies the philosophy of the kindergarden and equally the theory of electives in school and college.

It is objected that life is hard, full of trials and disappointments and that the preparatory discipline should be severe and stern and unyielding. But submission to the inevitable is not the highest type of virtue.

The Value of Self-Culture

By DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS,
Chancellor of the University of Nebraska.

EDUCATION is worthy a larger thing than intellectuality can ever be. It is the physical that enables the man to be intellectual. Education cannot be properly carried out unless the training of the will is included. More lives have been wrecked because of the poverty of will power than the poverty of intellectual power. There are three directions in which the will should be trained, and those are to do our absolute own best by putting forth the last ounce of power and to be long-winded. The five important parts of our nature that must be considered in educated persons are physical, will, aesthetic qualities, sensibility and morality.

The most important source of culture is the physical universe in which we live. All nature is just as kind to us as to the king, queen or the millionaire. We have only to open our spiritual eyes to enjoy it all. A second source of culture is literature, thoughts of Jesus and men put down in books. Most all the nourishing thoughts are contained in the masterpieces and within reach of everybody. The English written Bible is the most inspiring piece of literature given to us. Another source of culture is humanity. Let no one be so conceited as to think that he has advanced so far intellectually that he cannot learn more from the hod carrier or common person in general. They all have some evidence of culture.

Woman and Woman's Work

By MRS. O. T. BRIGHT,
Prominent Chicago Club Woman.

THE woman who is unable to perform any task which she expects her servants to do is still a savage. The boast of some women of their ignorance of the simplest detail of household economy is shocking in the extreme, and smacks of the shoddiest kind of snobbery. Woman should understand woman's work, which is the care of the home, whether necessity requires her active share in the work or not. I heard a woman once boast with arrogant pride that if her servant should leave her she would not know how to even boil water. Such a confession instead of being to her credit is one of shame to her and a discredit to womanhood in general.

It is fair that the parents of a young woman should demand that her fiance be able to support her, but it is equally fair that they expect the girl whom he marries to be able to manage the home and spend his money to the best advantage.

The present wave of domestic science as a serious study deserves the support of every woman's club. Its aim is to raise the standard of the home, to give more thought to the needs of life and the means for attaining them.

Commercial Supremacy Desired

By HON. LESLIE M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury.

The conflict between the great powers of the world is not longer military, but commercial. Europe is not seeking to establish naval stations in the direction I have indicated, but she has already established commercial stations there, and out of these are liable to arise complications fully as intricate and vastly more delicate.

Fortunately the Venezuelan matter is being settled by arbitration. God grant that all difficulties of this character that may hereafter arise on the western hemisphere may be solved in the same way. If we had our share of the commerce to the south and west of us, instead of a paltry 10 per cent, we would be in a postion to insist that they should be so settled.

THREE YEARS LATE.

Train Started in September, 1903, and Has Just Reached Its Destination 75 Miles Away.

Persons who become fretful over the delays of surface cars or the detention of steam trains ought to sit up and be cheerful when they read what the New York Press has to say of a Texas train. The Press declares that recently a Gulf & Interstate railway train arrived in Beaumont nearly three years late, and explains the matter as follows:

The train left Bolivar, just across Galveston bay from Galveston, on September 8, 1900, and was caught in the great storm which so nearly destroyed Galveston. Bolivar is 75 miles from Beaumont. Before the train had traveled far on its journey it was caught in the storm. Thirty miles of the track were washed away, and the train was left stranded on a sandy waste.

Dozens of persons who lived on Bolivar peninsula were saved from death by taking refuge in the train. After the storm subsided they walked to Bolivar with the passengers. But the abandoned train was left on the prairie.

The storm bankrupted the railroad, and no effort to rescue the engine and cars was made until recently. Had the road not suffered so seriously in that storm the property would have proved of great value a few months later, when oil was struck at Beaumont. The road is now undergoing repairs and development, and a little while ago the train was drawn into Beaumont, where it was greeted by a cheering multitude.

American Locomotives in Bavaria.

According to dispatches from Munich, the locomotives which had been bought in order to study the American system of locomotive building have proved, because of their simplicity, their originality of constructionand their remarkable locomotion for fast and freight trains, most acceptable, especially as to durability and efficiency, and that up to this time nothing has been discovered to warrant a statement that, with the same care bestowed upon them as upon the Bavarian locomotives, the American locomotives would prove less durable than those built abroad. Indeed, many of the parts of construction have been found so simple and practical that they will be adopted in the construction of Bavarian locomotives.

Honored Lord Kelvin.

The University of Wales has conferred the honorary degree of doctor of science upon Lord Kelvin in consideration of his eminent services to science.

Irrigation in Dakota.

By means of irrigation something like 3,500,000 acres of land in Dakota have been increased in value over $230,000,000.

TOMB OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Resting Place of the Twelfth President of the United States Fast Falling to Decay.

The tomb of Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of the United States, is fast falling to decay, says the Kansas City World.

A correspondent who recently visited the place says for over half a century it has lacked the care of a kindly hand.

Apparently, nobody cares.

The tomb lies five miles from Louisville, and is somewhat off the road. Ivy riots over the weather-beaten blocks of granite. The fastenings on the door are red with rust. So far as known, no key has turned the locks for 50 years. Visitors are rare. It is doubtful if half a dozen tourists visit the tomb during a twelvemonth.

And this neglected spot is the last resting place of the hero of the Black Hawk and Florida wars. Here is the dust of that great soldier, who, with 4,000 American riflemen, drove in retreat 20,000 Mexicans under Santa Ana at Buena Vista. Here are th remains of the American Cortez and . esident of the United States. He who co..quered the swamps and everglades of Florida and made Mexico surrender is forgotten by his countrymen. Not one in 10,000 knows the place of his sepulture.

The plaintive words of Rip Van Winkle are appropriate: "How soon we are forgotten when we're gone!"

Scientific Study of Cancer.

At a meeting in London, at which the first annual report of the general committee of the cancer research fund was presented, on July 30, Sir William Broadbent said he thought that in the course of the work now being inaugurated the nature, cause and cure of cancer would be arrived at, and Mr. Balfour remarked that there was every reason to hope that the investigations of the committee would ultimately prove successful. Although it was deemed premature to make any detailed statement of the experimental work in progress, it was indicated that considerable importance is attached to the study of cancer as it occurs spontaneously in the lower animals.

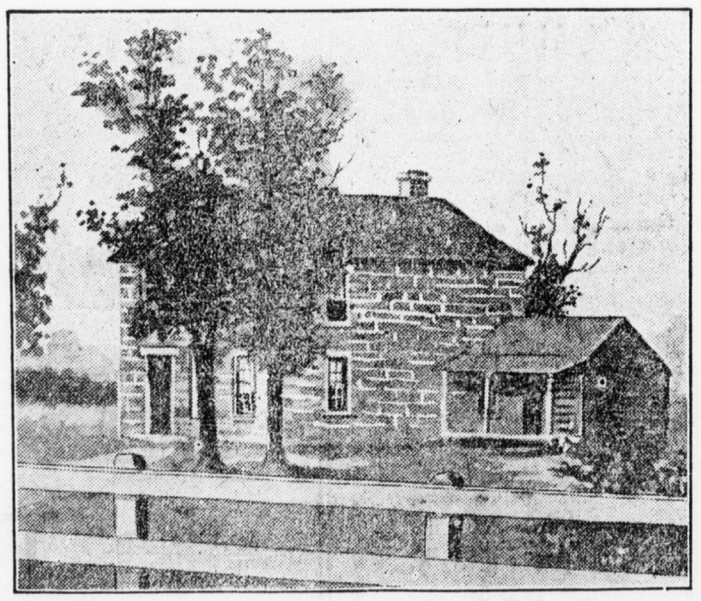
New Paper Product.

Waste paper is used as the basis of a new composition which is said to be hardier than many kinds of stone. The secret is that of a Yonkers (N. Y.) man, who has given it the name of pollardite. As a thin veneer placed on iron, wood, stone or brick, it is said to offer protection against fire, water, acids or rust, resisting the effects of extremes of high and low temperatures. It is composed chiefly of waste paper pulped and molded into form, and presents the appearance of stone in color and consistency.

GENERAL RAFAEL REYES.

Gen. Reyes, who was sent to Washington by the government of Colombia for the purpose of restoring order on the isthmus, is the most prominent soldier and statesman of the turbulent South American republic. Gen. Reyes is determined to compel the people of Panama to return to the Colombian fold, and threatens to compel them to do so by force, if all peaceful means should happen to fail. He received very little encouragement at Washington, and it would not be surprising if he would attempt to lead an army against Panama on the long land trail between Bogota, the Colombian capital, and the cities of the isthmus.

OLD JAIL AT CARTHAGE, ILL.



The old jail at Carthage, Ill., in which the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hiram were killed by a mob in June, 1844, has just been sold to the Mormons. The price paid was $4,999—about $1,000 under its real value. The structure is built of sandstone and is well preserved. In the '40's it was the sheriff's residence, one room being used for a jail, and it has always been occupied as a residence. It stands on an acre of well-improved ground. It is reported that the building will be removed to Salt Lake City, to be set up there as a memorial to the great prophet of Mormonism.

THE PANAMA QUESTION.

Hoar, Foraker and Gorman Make Notable Speeches in the Senate Concerning the Isthmus.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The senate yesterday was the scene of a most important debate on the isthmian canal question as affected by the president's recognition of the indedence of the republic of Panama. The discussion began with a speech by Mr. Hoar on his resolution of inquiry that lasted several hours. In addition to Mr. Hoar's address there were speeches by Mr. Gorman and Mr. Foraker. All three were notable utterances.

Mr. Hoar confined his remarks to his resolution and they were carefully written out and read from manuscript. He held that this country has not yet received full official information concerning the isthmian revolution, and criticised in sharp terms the conduct of this country as shown by what has been given out. He compared the conduct of the United States on the isthmus to a policeman who would manacle and hold a person about to be attacked for robbery, and who would then insist on having the spoils of the theft delivered to himself.

There was no reservation in Mr. Gorman's utterances. He practically alleged that the situation in Panama had been created to make a campaign issue, and charged Assistant Secretary of State Loomis with a violation of the proprieties in discussing the question at a banquet in New York. He also said that unless further light was thrown on the subject he would oppose the Panama treaty. He also referred to the impetuous action of the executive and declared that the senate should prevent the jeopardizing of the business interests of the country.

Mr. Foraker took Mr. Hoar to task severely for his remarks reflecting on the administration and his indiscretion in speaking in open session concerning executive matters. He defended the administration for its attitude toward the Panama revolt. A heated colloquy took place between Mr. Foraker and Mr. Hoar during an effort of the Massachusetts senator to explain more fully his position in the matter.

BY A DECISIVE VOTE.

The Senate Passes the Cuban Reciprocity Bill.

Washington, Dec. 17.—By the decisive vote of 57 to 18 the senate yesterday passed the bill carrying into effect the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. The final vote came at the close of a day which was marked by a debate which while at all times animated was never acrimonious. The principal speeches were made by Mr. Spooner for the bill and by Mr. Bailey against. Both senators were subjected to frequent interruptions.

In his remarks Mr. Bailey referred to the recent agreement of the democratic caucus to stand solidly on party questions and warned the republicans that in the future they could not depend on straggling democratic votes in support of republican party measures, regardless of whether they were in accordance with democratic doctrine.

The bill passed carries into execution the treaty between the United States and Cuba which was ratified last March. The treaty provides for a reduction of 20 per cent. from the rates of duty under the Dingley law on all Cuban articles imported into the United States and a varying reduction of from 20 to 40 per cent. from the established Cuban duty on articles imported into Cuba from the United States. After the passage of the Cuban bill the senate agreed to the house resolution providing for a holiday recess from December 19 to January 4.

Kansas City Gets the Convention.

Chicago, Dec. 17.—The next national convention of the prohibition party will be held in Kansas City on June 29. Eight cities—Los Angeles, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Baltimore, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Columbus, O., put in bids for the convention when the national committee of the party met here yesterday, but after listening for hours to the arguments of the rival delegates, Kansas City secured almost twice as many votes as its nearest competitor. The report of the treasurer, Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, showed that the committee had paid all its bills and had $7,000 to begin its next presidential campaign.

He Praises Roosevelt.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.—M. Bunau-Varilla, the minister from the republic of Panama to the United States, delivered an address last night at the meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in this city, on "The conditions under which the new republic was founded." He upheld President Roosevelt in all his acts, claiming that the Spooner act gave the president authority to do all he had done. He claimed that Colombia's course amounted to an attempt at blackmail.

Stole $20,000.

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 17.—W. C. McKeowen, secretary of the board of regents of the State University, confessed yesterday to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler that he was a defaulter to the amount of $20,000 and possibly more. Most of the money was lost at the race track. Mr. McKeowen has been suspended by President Wheeler and placed under arrest by the local authorities.

Wage Reduction Notices Torn Down.

Connellsville, Pa., Dec. 17.—A few hours after the posting of notices by the H. C. Frick Coke Co. announcing a reduction in wages similar notices appeared at the plants of W. J. Rainey, the largest independent coke producer in this section. Yesterday the workmen were mystified when they learned that the officials had torn the notices down. When asked regarding the removal of the signs the officials all made the same reply: "We do not know if there will be a reduction of wages by the Rainey Company."

MORE INDICTMENTS.

Nineteen True Bills Returned by the United States Grand Jury at Omaha—Senator Dietrich and ex-Adjt. Gen. Colby Among Those Charged with Wrongdoing.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 18.—The United States grand jury yesterday made its report to the court, returning 19 true bills. These include indictments against United States Senator Charles H. Dietrich for alleged illegal leasing of a building to the government to be used as a postoffice; ex-Adjt. Gen. Leonard W. Colby for the alleged embezzlement of government funds; Daniel Gaines, of Bassett, Neb., for alleged perjury in swearing falsely to homestead entries; ex-State Senator Eliott Lowe for alleged conspiracy to bribe a United States senator; Postmaster John S. Mitchell, of Alma, Neb., charging him with illegal sale of postage stamps; William M. Irwin, on a charge of acting as agent for Mitchell, and against R. M. Allen, president of the Standard Cattle Co., for the alleged illegal fencing of government lands. The other indictments were similar to that against Allen, but do not involve extensive tracts of land.

The jury reported it had further matters under consideration.

The indictments against Senator Dietrich and State Senator Lowe are in addition to those returned against them a week ago.

Senator Dietrich is charged with the alleged violation of Section 3739 of the revised statutes, which provides that no member of congress shall "directly or indirectly, himself or by any other person in trust for him, or for his use or benefit, on his account, undertake, execute, hold or enjoy, in whole or in part, any contract or agreement made or entered into in behalf of the United States, by any officer or person authorized to make contracts on behalf of the United States."

The indictment charges that Senator Dietrich leased to the government on April 24, 1901, a building at Hastings, Neb., to be used for a postoffice at an annual rental of $1,300. There is one count which covers the amount received for rental on the building from the date of its lease by the government up to the present time, equal to a sum slightly in excess of $2,000.

The indictment against ex-State Senator Lowe charges him with alleged conspiracy to bribe a United States senator. Two counts each of $500 are named in the bill. It is charged that these amounts were paid to Lowe by Postmaster John Mitchell in consideration of Lowe's indorsement of Mitchell's candidacy to Senator Dietrich for the appointment as postmaster at Alma.

POTTERS COMBINE.

Formed a Company to Control Prices and Regulate the Output.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 18.—It was learned here Thursday that the pottery selling company which was incorporated Wednesday has been formed as the result of an agreement among practically all of the sanitary potteries of the United States for the purpose of controlling prices and regulating the output of each pottery. Representatives of the different potteries have been in secret session here for three days arranging details. The pottery selling company's headquarters will be in this city.

It was stated semi officially that the reason for this arrangement is that a suit has just been decided in a way that will compel all the sanitary manufacturers to pay a royalty on a sanitary closet, the one that is generally manufactured. The patent is owned by a Boston concern. It is stated that owing to this royalty the price of these goods will be advanced about 50 per cent.

Formed a New Society.

New York, Dec. 18.—At a meeting of the interdenominational council of women for Christian and patriotic service held here Thursday a new union was formed "for the protection of the American home against the present menace of Mormonism and its teaching of polygamy; for an educative campaign throughout the country and to raise money for legal expenses in collecting evidence of the higher allegiance sworn by Reed Smoot to the Mormon church."

Three Men Cremated.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 18.—Martin Olson, John Rusk and Lars Anderson were suffocated to death in a fire in Peter Sundstrum's saloon yesterday. Mrs. Sundstrum suffered a broken leg by jumping from the second-story window. The three Swedes came into the saloon late Wednesday night and fell asleep, one on the floor, one in his chair and one on a couch. In these positions they were all found dead after the fire had been extinguished.

Shot His Wife and Suicided.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Pierce Purcell shot and probably fatally wounded his wife here last night and later sent a bullet through his brain. He also fired at two of his children, a boy and a girl. The girl was wounded in the leg. The bullet missed the boy. The couple had lived unhappily for some time.

A Presidential Proclamation.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The president has issued a proclamation reciting the passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill and declaring the Cuban reciprocity treaty to be effective ten days from yesterday.

Policeman Shot His Chief.

Adams, Mass., Dec. 18.—Enraged at the refusal of his chief to immediately restore him to duty from which he had been temporarily suspended for intoxication, Police Officer Gardner Northrup last night shot Chief of Police Dineen. One bullet entered Dineen's mouth, lodging in the neck; a second grazed the abdomen and a third passed through his right hand. His condition is critical. Overpowered as he attempted to fire again, Northup turned the weapon upon himself and received a slight flesh wound

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid is advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞Religious notices free.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

General Wood has proclaimed the anti-slavery law in the entire Moro possessions.

The Chicago Colosseaum, in which the republican national convention will be held next June, will seat 12,000.

Senator Morgan's mouth dredger is at work again on the Panama canal. Oh, for a hundred earth dredgers as tireless in the breach!

Mr. Chamberlain is in his sixty-sixth year but there is every indication that he will live to see England become a champion of protection.

Tramps throughout the country are reported as very enthusiastic over the declaration of a Chicago professor that bathing is injurious to the health.

A young Frenchman who discovered that his fiancee spent 50,000 france a year at her dressmakers, broke his engagement and married the dressmaker.

Tom Johnson regards his first defeat as merely "the first battle." He is ambitious and wants at least as many defeats as were administered to the "Peerless Leader."

Major General Wade, commanding the Division of the Philippines, who went to investigat the trouble at Jolo, reports that General Wood's attack on the Moros was necessary.

Canada has received permission from the Imperial Government to appoint a Canadian commander of the militia. According to the present law only an officer of the British army could hold such a position.

Since the New York election, Tammany has become a power in the democratic party. Consequently Senator Gorman is in constant communication with the Tammany leaders on all political questions.

Mr. Bryan who has just been received by the Pope, can console himself with the thought that if he had been elected President of the United States he would not been able to make his present trip to Europe.

Speaker Cannon was shrewd in allowing Leader Williams to name the democratic members of the House committee. Now all the disappointed democratic Congressmen blame Mr. Williams for their failure to get good committee assignments.

The American Mining Congress will have a bill introduced in the Federal Congress providing for the creation of a Department of Mines and Mining, the head of which is to be a member of the President's cabinet.

Another editorial pelican in the wilderness has lifted his voice against the nomination of President Roosevelt. Why will these solitary birds insist upon thwarting trends, avalanches and gulf streams.

Pianos.

E. T. Wells agent for the celebrated Wegman, Steiff and Shaw pianos. Manufacturers guarantee with every instrument. Prices and terms to suit you. Twenty-two Wegman pianos in Emporium owned by some of our best citizens. Write or call, corner Allegheny Ave. and Spring St. 43-1m.

Next Year's Campaign.

A Democratic exchange insists that the fixing of an early date for the Republican national convention assures a long campaign which will be about as disastrous to business interests as bad crops. It is strange but true that the party upon which the exchange sheds its radiance can never see anything but disaster and clamity, says Harrisburg Telegraph.

If it were unknown who would be the selection of the Republican convention for President and what its choice of policy, there might be some disturbance of business, which nevertheless would not be disastrous. Business disasters have never been caused by Republican campaigns or campaign methods. Everybody knows that Roosevelt will be nominated by that convention and that on change in tariff laws will be advocated. And knowing this, the country is going about its business undisturbed.

A different tale may be told after the Democratic convention shall have met. Leaders of that party are again talking of making the tariff their campaign issue. If this be done business will be disturbed whether the campaign be long or short, and the history of the campaign of 1892 will be repeated. Business men cannot afford to take chances, and if a Democrat should be elected on a free trade platform next year his election would be followed by an industrial and commercial depression which would foreshadow a disaster such as this country has not witnessed in thirty years.

The Republican party has always been the party of safety and security. The Democratic party is always the party of disaster and calamity; but there is no disaster and calamity except that which is of its own making.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Dec. 21, 1903.

Editor Press:—

The Chinese Commercial Treaty was ratified by the Senate without opposition. Mr. Nelson of Minnesota criticised it for not giving the United States sufficient concessions in the way of open ports and placed the blame for this on Russia, whose attitude in Manchuria might, he said, lead to trouble with this country. Other Senators agreed with Mr. Nelson, but it was argued that the treaty was the best China could give under the circumstances. Senator Lodge urged that it be ratified immediately as such action was held by the State Department to be essential. He added that the ratification of the treaty would have a good effect in the settlement of the far Eastern question.

By a bitter attack on the Administration, which reminded one of the days when he hailed Aguinaldo as a second George Washington. Senator Hoar caused a sharp party debate on the Panama question. The Senator read his speech from a carefully prepared manuscript, and this fact made his violent statements all the more remarkable. The following citation gives an idea of the character of his speech. "I want to know—and I think the American people want to know, and have a right to know—whether this mighty policeman, instructed to keep the peace on that isthmus, seeing a man about to attack another, before he had struck his blow manacled the arms of attacked so that he the could not defend himself, leaving the assailant free, and then instantly proceeded to secure from the assailant the pocket book of the victim on the ground that he was the de facto owner." This speech caused delight among the democrats, who would like to attack the Administration, but many of whom fear that opposition to the treaty would be a boomerang to the party. Mr. Bailey congratulated the Massachusetts Senator on being with the democrats on the question, and Mr. Gorman aided in the attack on the Administration by calling the President a second Napoleon. "A second Napoleon indeed. Has it come to this that the United States must have a Napoleon to shape its destinies and to distort the Presidential office from its proper function." Senator Foraker made a serious, able and dignified reply to these oratorical attacks on the President. His remarks much annoyed Senator Hoar, who then attempted to tone down his written speech before it went into the Congressional Record. Mr. Foraker demanded of Senator Hoar what right he had to call upon the President to prove that he had spoken the truth in his message to Congress.

Congress has now adjourned until after the holidays, when further debate on the Panama question is expected. There is no doubt that the treaty will be ratified.

By reaching an agreement by which the land of the Philippine friends can be purchased by our government, Governor Taft has solved one of the most irritating problems in the island. The terms of the agreement are that all the land of the friars shall he bought by the United States forseven million two hundred and fifty thousand. The Pope's approval of the agreement has been obtained and that of the War Department is now awaited. The friars first asked $15,000,000. As the money for the purchase of the lands will not be paid by the people of the United States and as the purchase will meet the general approval of the natives, President Roosevelt and Secretary will no doubt ratify the action of Governor Taft.

Senator Hoar on Panama.

Senator Hoar occupies a position in the Senate and before the country which entitles him to a respectful hearing and a personal attention given to few Americans. Men may question his judgment. He has been wrong in the past. He doubtless will be again. But no man can question the good faith with which he speaks or the high sense of public duty which guides him.

The challenge he makes in his speech in the Senate on the recognition of the Panama Republic calls for a full, careful and complete answer. We do not doubt this can be made. When all the facts are fully known it will, we believe, be seen that the end sought and the policy adopted by the Administration were justified. Whether each precise step, the time when it was taken and the instant action decided upon can be justified, is an issue which will depend in part on the facts and in part on the temperament of the critic.

But all the facts must be known, and Senator Hoar does right in asking for them. They must be furnished. His sober, temperate and high-minded challenge must not be met by attacking him and cannot be answered by asserting the need of the canal, the duty of the United States to build it or the wisdom of its early and prompt construction.

Senator Hoar accepts all this. He wants the canal built. He wants it built in his own lifetime and by "the present President of the United States." But in his speech he raises an issue and presents interrogatories which have occurred to every American citizen. Senator Hoar has a right to require not only that the United States was right in its policy at the Panama Isthmus, but that it shall seem to be right to all the world. For this purpose all the facts, all the conditions and all the law, constitutional, public and international, bearing on the case need to be known. They must all be judged without prejudice or prepossession. The fact that Columbia is "weak" or the United States strong has nothing to do with the case.

The broad issue which must be pleaded at the bar of public opinion now and at the bar of history in the future is whether, taking the world duty presented by the claims of trade, the present and future needs of 100,000,000 in North America and 60,000,000 in South America, the rights of the Republic of Columbia under a "proclaimed" constitution and of the inhabitants of the isthmus to peace, order, self-government and prosperity, the United States was or was not justified in stopping a regime which had cursed the isthmus, across which a great public work must go, with insurrection, riot, rapine and bloodshed fifty-three times in fifty years.—Philadelphia Press.

MEATS

It will pay you to call on us before you buy your meats. We handle nothing but the best steer beef to be had.

Our Groceries

Our Groceries are also first-class and up-to-date.

Home-Made Sausage,
Home-Made Mince Meat,
Ground Bone.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

Geo. H. Gross.

Special Announcement

Murry & Coppersmith Co.,

EMPORIUM, PA.

Exclusive Hardware, Stove and Plumbing House.

Having in their two large stores, erected by Walker, Howard and Co., especially to be used as a modern hardware, stove and tinware establishment, one of the best and well stocked stores in the state, comprising about $20,000 worth of HEAVY and SHELF HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, PLUMBERS' GOODS and in fact everything or anything to be found in a well regulated Hardware store, have decided to make a

Sweeping Reduction

Of ten per cent. to all Cash Customers During the next Thirty Days

This great cash inducement is offered in order that we may reduce our stock, thereby favoring all who may wish to save a few dollars. This offer applies to every article in our store.

Our Great Stove Leaders

The beautiful stoves represented in this adv. we have the exclusive agency for Cameron county and invite all to call and see the beauties. They are guaranteed to us and we guarantee them to our customers. The illustrations in this advertisement are true representations.

PENINSULAR

Not Christmas Headquarters

We are not posing as headquarters for Christmas goods, yet we have many beautiful, useful and durable articles that will surprise you, both as to price and quality. What makes a nicer present than a gas chandelier, gas table lamp, pair of skates, carving set, carpet sweeper, flour bin, aoate or porcelain ware and many other articles. While we don't pose as Santa Claus, you will come here for the durable and sensible Christmas presents.

Our reduction of stock sale is no clap-trap catch scheme, but an honest deal. Come and see.

We are always ready to contract for IRON and TIN ROOFING SANITARY PLUMBING, Etc

Horse Blankets and Robes

at greatly reduced prices to close out this line of goods. Big inducements.

Catch on to **Ten Per Cent** Reduction

Murry & Coppersmith Co.

EMPORIUM

MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Sept. 28, 1903.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 25
Felt's Fancy, "	1 40
Pet Grove, "	1 40
Graham, "	65
Rye "	65
Buckwheat "	75
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 35
Chop Feed, "	1 35
Middlings, Fancy "	1 50
Bran, "	1 20
Corn, per bushel,	75
White Oats, per bushel,	50
Choice Clover Seed, / Choice Timothy Seed, / Choice Millet Seed, / Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Commence the New Year by subscribing for the PRESS.

Judge Mayer presided at Argument Court here on Monday.

Miss Mary Robinson is visiting with her sister Belle, in New York City.

W. H. Mitchell, of Driftwood, attended license court in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard are visiting in Philadelphia this week, taking in the sights.

Miss Mattie Collins, county Supt. of Schools, has taken rooms with Mrs. D. W. Felt.

The Misses Leet are home from their respective colleges to spend their Holiday vacation.

Rev. R. J. Knox was called home from Altoona to attend Wm. A. Spangler's funeral, last Saturday.

Lee Welsh and wife, of Warren, Pa., are visiting in town, guests of their parents, W. H. Welsh and wife.

Chas. A. VanLew contemplates a visit to the west in the near future to look after some property interests.

Miss Nina Bryan, of Emporium, was in town over Sunday, the guest of Miss Ruth Richardson —Driftwood Gazette.

Mrs. Mame Keller of Emporium, and Miss Daisy Cornell of Findlay, O., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Sargent, of Hyde avenue.—Ridgway Democrat.

Mrs. J. H. Wheeler, who was visiting her mother and brother at this place, was called to Kittanning on Saturday, on account of the death of Mr. Wheeler's sister.

Our Borough schools being closed until Jan. 4th, many of the teachers have gone to their homes—Miss Snedden to Reynoldsville, and Miss Maxwell to Cogan, Pa.

Place your name on the patrons' list at once and secure a seat for "Miss Bob White," the most popular comedy opera of the day, to appear in Emporium 18th January.

Mrs. Chas. Diehl, of Portland Mills, arrived in town last Saturday and Mr. Diehl will be here in time to spend the Holidays with his family at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. LaBar's.

Fred Lloyd, son of T. B. Lloyd, will arrive this evening, on Flyer, from Philadelphia, where he is attending business college, and will pass his vacation with his parents.

Mrs. L. M. Corwin, who has been visiting relatives in Emporium during the past month, left on Monday for Renovo, to visit a few days, before going to her home at Sunbury.

Misses Mary Welsh and Anna Cleary accompanied by their friend, Miss Edna O'Donnell, of Erie, Pa., who is visiting in Emporium, were PRESS business visitors on Saturday last.

Mrs. J. B. Schriever and daughter, of Scranton, Pa., arrived in Emporium on Monday to visit relatives and friends during the Holidays. Mr. Schriever will arrive Christmas day.

W. W. Mattison, who is spending the winter at his southern home at Emporia, Fla., has been seriously ill the past two weeks, but we are pleased to learn he is improving. Mr. Mattison is a frequent visitor to Emporium, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Green.

Miss Ruth Minick fell Thursday on the icy pavement on the corner of Main and Broad streets and struck her left arm sharply. She thought that there was nothing serious till yesterday, when on account of the pain Dr. W. L. Williams was called in, who found that the left elbow was fractured and dislocated.—Ridgway Advocate.

Hon. Andrew Kaul, Mr. Tyler, his nurse, and Mrs. Kaui, left Philadelphia a few days ago for a sojourn in sunny California. They took a southern route, going via New Orleans. At about the same time Hon. J. K. P. Hall, Mrs. Hall and children, Lyle and Genevieve, took a northern route for the same destination. The time of their return is not definitely known.—St. Marys Gazette.

Mrs. Mabel Spangler, of Emporium, visited with her sister, Mrs. Larry Clark, a few days this week....A. H. Shaffer, of Emporium, county surveyor of Cameron county, was a business visitor in Johnsonburg Saturday last. ....Miss Mary Davison is expected home to-morrow from Wilson College, at Chambersburg, to spend her Xmas vacation with her parents in this city. Johnsonburg Press.

Ed. Cook has returned to Emporium.

John and Vernon Heilman are expected home for Christmas.

Our merchants report a lively trade. All stores appear to be crowded.

Mr. R. B. Crum, of Sinnamahoning, was a PRESS visitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. Gallagher and Miss Mazie contemplates a visit to Philadelphia the first of the year.

N. P. Warner stopped in Emporium, over Sunday to visit his parents. He was en route for the west.

Miss Lillian Heilman arrived home Saturday evening, from Williamsport, to visit during the Holidays.

Mr Josiah Howard entertained his Sunday School class Monday evening, with dinner and a sleigh ride.

T. F. Moore, the prominent lumberman, is quietly enjoying the Xmas season with his family at this place.

Chemist Ericsson, who is confined in a dark room, is doing nicely and it is believed his sight will be saved.

Miss May Holbrook left Tuesday for Marietta, O., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Forbes, during the winter.

Leo Hayes left Wednesday morning to enjoy the Xmas season with friends at Binghamton, N. Y., and Sayre, Pa.

Miss Dorothy Howard celebrated her 5th birthday, Tuesday afternoon by pleasantly entertaining her little friends.

Miss Encie Howard has returned home from Albany, N. Y., to spend three weeks with her mother and brothers.

Frank G. Judd has been very ill for a week and confined to his bed, with a severe attack of the grippe. He is able to sit up to day.

Rev. Twitchell, the new Baptist minister, occupies the J. P. Felt residence, corner Broad and Fifth streets. His family arrived Tuesday.

Mrs. E. O. Bardwell returned on Sunday from visiting friends at Olean, guest of Dr. J. M. Card and family. She had a pleasant visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Douglass will arrive in Emporium on Saturday to visit over Sunday, guests of Mrs. Stoddard and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Coppersmith.

Mrs. Geo A. Walker, who has been dangerously ill at the residenoe of her daughter, Mrs W. L. Sykes, at Galeton, was brought home Tuesday evening.

Mr. Rhodes, who has been employed as pattern maker by Emporium Machine Company many years, is dangerously ill, at the home of his daughter, at Johnsonburg. Little hope of his recovery.

A Brakeman's Prayer.

Recently a brakeman on the O. & W road got religion and his first prayer was somewhat like this, according to a friend who took it down as accurately as possible:—"Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged thee, lift my feet from off the rough road of life and plant them firmly on the deck of the train of Salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence. Make all the couplings in train with the strong link of thy love, and let my hand lamp be the Bible and Heavenly Father keep all the switches closed that lead off on the sidings. Have every 'Semaphore Block' along the run of life show the white light of hope, so I can make the run of life without stopping, and Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule and when I have finished the run of life on schedule time, pulled in the great dark station of death, may thou the superintendant of the universe, say with a smile, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come up and sign the pay roll" and receive your well earned check for eternal happiness."

Emmanuel Episcopal Church.

Christmas Day: 10 a. m., morning Prayer and Holy Communion. The offering at this service will be for the Diocesan Christmas Fund.

The Sunday School Festival and Christmas tree will be held on Christmas Eve at 7 o'clock.

Items of Interest.

Full line of trunks, satchels and suit cases at N. Seger's.

Overcoats for Christmas presents at N. Seger's. Sensible presents.

Many beautiful Christmas presents at N. Seger's. Prices right, to.

Thousands of useful presents, at holiday rates, which means a reduction, at N. Seger's.

Smoke the "W. H. Mayer" five cent Cigar. Union made. Sold by all dealers. 24-tf.

Read carefuily the Holiday advertising displayed in this issue af the PRESS and wait on these enterprising firms.

Get your husband or son one of N. Seger's fine overcoats. What makes a nicer present.

Smoke the "W. H. Mayer" five cent Cigar. Union made. Sold by all dealers. 24-tf.

Mrs. Larrabee's Sabbath School class will have on sale, at the vacant store, December 30, bread, pie, cake, cookies and doughnuts.

The proceeds of which will be given to a very deserving person.

The class will appreciate anything their friends are kind enough to give them, also the patronage of all who are so inclined. CLASS NO. 10.

You will not see any spread eagle ad about Taggart's holiday goods this year, but to be convinced that his stock is very much larger than ever, all that is necessary is for you to call and see for yourself which is the very best ad. possible for you to see.

When you buy a dollar's worth at Taggart's ask for a key to the red box which contains twenty dollars. If your key fits the box you will get ten, four or six of it. No joke about it. It's a fact—key costs nothing.

At Taggart's, baby carraiges sideboards, bureaus, doll beds, cradles, pianos, trunks, dolls, games, writing desks, books, china cups and saucers, bed room sets, blackboarks and an endless variety of toys, etc., to make glad, the hearts of the little girls. And for boys, sleds, drums, tool boxes, desks, guns, toy pistols, violins, mouth organs jumping jacks, steam locomotives with beautiful trains, hose carts, fire engine, steam pumps, street cars, books, dominoes, checkers, backgamin boards and everything else to make the boy happy. NOW FOR YOUNG MEN AND THEIR SWEETHEARTS. The most beautiful Buckhorn comb and brush sets, manicure work boxes, shaving sets, cuff and collar boxes, glove and handkerchief boxes. A beautiful variety of fancy mirrors, and fancy goods of every description. Call, little girl, little boy and young men and sweethearts, and make yourselves happy.

Millionaires' Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the overfed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system and makes life worth living, no matter what your station. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size 75c, at L. Taggart. 38-ly-1.

Worse than Ann's Age.

Hardly has the average man had time to give to the consideration of the problem concerning the age of Ann when a correspondent of the New York Times sends in the following proposition: "As you showed us an easy way of solving the question of the ages of Mary and Ann, will you, or some of your readers, give a solution of the following: If six dozen eggs cost as many cents as the number of eggs that eight cents will buy at the same price, what is the price per dozen? This is not to be done by algebra, however."

Card of Thanks.

Editor Press:—

Please convey the thanks of the children, of the late MRS. PHOEBE SCHOUTEN, to those kind neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted and aided their mother during her illness; also for their consoling influence.

THE FAMILY.

Choice of Western Routes, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

In planning your western trip why not take advantage of the offer of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to allow you a choice of routes? The Southwest Limited, Chicago to Kansas City; The Overland Limited, Chicago to Omaha and San Francisco, and The Pioneer Limited, Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis, offer a variety of routes and excellence in service and equipment not obtainable elsewhere. Complete information regarding these three main traveled roads free on request.

John R. Pott, D. P. A., Rooom "D" Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa, 44-2t.

Did you ever sit near the man who knows all about the magician's tricks? Did you ever sit near a man who knows the performers music so well that he hums it with him? Did you ever sit beside the man who beats time to the moonlight sonata on the back of your chair? Did you ever sit near the man who cracks the lecturer's joke before the point comes? Did you ever sit near the man who during the performance tells the people about him all the news of the week? If you have ever been near this man, did you ever express your feelings without breaking the Ten Commandments severally and collectively? If you have, you are in Job's class. You don't deserve to live on this mean, sordid earth; you should be translated. —[Clarion Republican.

Bilious Colic Prevented.

Take a double dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Romedy as soon as the first indication of the disease appears and a threatened attack may be warded off. Hundreds of people use the remedy in this way with perfect success. For sale by L. Taggart.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

Scenes on the way Described by Mr. Kasper Sippel.

POINTS OF INTEREST NOTED.

Down Lake Erie, on the Rock Island Railroad, to the Land of Sunshine and Flowers.

EDITOR PRESS:—

AZUSA, Cal., Dec. 9.—It will probably be of some interest to our friends in Cameron county to read a partial account of the points of interest as noted by myself and son along the way, from Emporium to California.

We left Emporium, Tuesday, Nov. 23d, arriving at Buffalo about one o'clock, p. m. Snow fell to considerable depth and at some places sleighs were being used.

At two o'clock we left Buffalo, on the Rock Island Railroad, down Lake Erie. Here the country was interesting to us; the land is mostly level, with thousands of acres of vineyards. We soon found ourselves to be in our own State again and at eveningtime the city of Erie was reached. Erie is a very pretty city and at night is a blaze of light from the thousands of electric lights.

It being dark as we passed through the State of Ohio, we could see nothing of the scenery along the line, but Cleveland's railroad system was a wonderment to us, one track passing over a lumber yard, was at least 30 feet above ground and another track as far above that one.

We reached Chicago about eight o'clock in the morning—Wednesday—and spent the day in sightseeing—a wonderful city for business, everybody in a hurry—my neck became lamed looking at the tall buildings. They certainly have skyscrapers in Chicago. We visited the great store of Montgomery Ward & Co. and ascended to the twenty-fifth story in an elevator, from which point one can "have-a-look" at the city and the tall buildings without breaking his neck or leaning against a lamp post to maintain his equilibrium.

At 10:30 p. m., Wednesday, we left Chicago by the Rock Island route, in tourist berth, riding all night through Illinoise, missing many interesting points, but making the acquaintance of a number of fellow travelers the night passed pleasantly. Right here I will touch the matter of the tourist car, and one's privilages, for the benefit of any who have not, but may sometime wish to travel this way across the continent:

Two seats are opened and the cushions are converted into mattresses. These seats are arranged eight on each side, above and below, sufficient to accommodate 62 people. Sheets, blankets and pillows are provided. Provisions are made for light cooking, therefore tea or coffee or eggs may be added to your lunch. The palace car is more luxurious but expensive—the privileges are the greatest in the tourist car, and you feel more at home—cooking your own meals.

We pulled into Newton, Iowa, Thursday morning, and soon reached DesMoines, the Capital, a beautiful and business teeming city. The soil in this locality is very rich. The next cities of importance reached was Atlantic City and Avoca. Then we came to Council Bluffs, with its high electric tower which lights the whole town, a magnificent town surrounded by a range of hills from the west around to the north-east. Omaha, a thriving manufacturing city, and Lincoln, Neb., the Capital, and Fairbury are next reached. Through this section the lands are more fertile than we had yet seen, and just rolling enough to carry off the water. It is during our slumbers that we pass through the State of Kansas, but at about day break we wake up in Colorado, and by the aid of a good moon we began to take in the great planes, and in the day light we could see cattle and sheep ranches, thousands of head of stock, and that the lands are high and dry, no irrigation, consequently wild grass, poor pasture, and swarms of kyotes and jack rabbtis. We passed through Lymon and Colorado Springs, the latter being one of the finest towns on the route. Here we strike a warm air for the first time and the atmosphere is pure and light. We are in sight of the Rocky Mountains and Pikes Peak. This is where we change cars, or divide our party, some going via. Midland railroad while we take the Rio Grand railroad to Grand Jc. where we join our party again. The route we took is certainly grand, going south to Pueblo, then west through the grand canyon, the mountains and thrilling scenes on the cars as we rolled along over hanging bridges, through solid rock cuts and great tunnels, viewing the grandest scenery of nature, and as I tried to scale the monster heights my lame neck reminded me again of the Chicago skyscrapers.

We next touch Utah, near Salt Lake City, but soon reach the land of milk and honey—fine fruit and fertile soil, where herds of thousands of sheep and cattle are grazing. Ogdon is next, where some of our party change cars for Washington, and we go west around the lake, through a desert country of sage brush and alkali flats, toward Nevada mountains, the greatest sight on the trip. The winding, horse shoe curves as we climb to the top, adds and gives zest to the beauty of dame nature, and the snow sheds and tunnels makes the trip more thrilling. At last we are at an altitude of 10,000 feet and viewing a beautiful, sparkling lake, the highest in the States. Here the mountains are covered with pine and fur timber. We descended the mountains and at nine o'clock, Sunday evening, reached Sacrimento, Cal., where we saw, for the first time, palm, orange and lemon trees, and where roses and all kinds of flowers are in bloom.

KASPER SIPPEL,

Tour to all Mexico.

Via the Iron Mountain Route, Special train of finest Pullman Cars to leave Chicago and St. Louis, January 26th, 1904. Thirty days in Republic of Mexico, including the three Circle Tours and a trip to the Ruined City of Mitla. All points of interest visited. Tickets include all expenses. Tour arranged and operated by the American Tourist Association. For full information as to Route, points of interest visited, rates, etc., address Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, 905 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice to Delinquent Tax-Payers.

All taxes assessed in Emporium Borough for the year 1903 must be paid in full on or before January 15, 1904. If not paid by that date the same will be placed in the hands of deputy collector, Frank Mundy, with instructions to enforce collection.

C. W. SHAFFER,
Collector Emporium Borough.
43-2t.

One Hundred Dollars a Box.

Is the value H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C., places on DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He says: "I had the piles for 20 years. I tried many doctors and medicines, but all failed except DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cured me." It is a combination of the healing properties of Witch Hazel with antiseptics and emollients; relieves and permanently cured blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, sores, cuts, bruises, eczema, salt rheum and all skin diseases. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Warning.

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Superintendant at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903.
24-tf.

Bargain in Books.

A complete set of Brittanica Encyclopaedia, consisting of thirty volumes and key. Are all new and in original packages. Will be sold at a bargain, Apply at PRESS office. 36tf

Correspondence

Bookkeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands strictly on its merits. Call or write, Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

Real Estate for Sale.

The Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church will sell the old church site and parsonage property at a bargain. Apply to I. K. HOCKLEY, Chairman of the Board or J. H. DAY, Secretary. 37tf

Subscribe for the PRESS; only $1.50 a year in advance.

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 5

BANK BY MAIL

And get the 4 per cent annual interest and absolute protection of this strong bank.

Assets over $7,700,000.

GERMANIA SAVINGS BANK

WOOD AND DIAMOND STREETS PITTSBURG, PA

Only Seven More Days Then Christmas

Bright wide-awake people are taking advantage of these suitable, sensible, substantial gifts in the line of pictures, and picture frames, burnt wood and leather work, Photo Pins and Photographs at

BAIR'S Art Gallery.

He has everything in in this line to beautify a home and they make the best Xmas presents.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store.

Wish all patrons and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and is endeavoring to help make it so by rendering up-to-date service and supplying goods of unquestionable character at prices consistent with fair dealing and sound business principles. How well it is succeeding will leave to others to determin.

OUR MOTTO:

QUICK SALES AND FAIR PROFITS.

Gives to the patrons of the DAY GROCERY STORE, better value than can be found elsewhere in this little county. As "the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," we reccommend that you give us a trial and see if we do not prove what we assert. Christmas buying is in full swing, but we're not sold out yet.

Here's the Special List for Saturday, This Week.

12C	Can of Tomatoes,	10C	25	Lb. bag Sugar. Best Granulated	$1.40
15C	Can of Salmon,	12C	1	Lb. can, Royal Baking Powder,	45C
10C	Can of Sardines,	8C		Baker's Chocolate, the genuine, Lb.	35C

Store opens Christmas morning for the correction of any errors that may have been made during the rush of Christmas buying.

J. H. DAY.

'Phone 6.

OUR SERIAL.

LIKE A DISTANT HILL.

Success is like a far-off hill,
Serenely wreathed in mellow haze;
It looms there, dim and distant, still
When, after many trying days,
With waning hopes and shattered will,
We lift our weary heads and gaze.

And like the far-off hill that through
The softening haze shows gentle slopes,
The clouds oft hide it from his view
That in the darkened valley gropes;
The road winds much in leading to
The height whereon he sets his hopes.

The hill that looms before us, far
Away across the misty space,
Shows not a gap nor break to mar
The even beauty of its face,
But when we reach it many a scar
And cleft its rough steeps interlace.

Success is like the hill we see
Far off, where mighty rivers spring,
And few that reach it wait for free,
Fair days the future is to bring;
It will not come to us, 'tis we
That have to do the traveling.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Scoundrels & Co.

By COULSON KERNAHAN

Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

I remember my awakening distinctly. Whether I had been disturbed by a sound or a movement I cannot say, but suddenly the stilled waters of my slumbers became troubled. It was as if, from a mirror reflecting a calm stretch of sky, a satyr face had leered. I stirred uneasily, and lay for some moments half asleep and half awake, but conscious of impending disaster; and when at last I opened my eyes, it was to find a man's face pressed close to mine. He was bending over me as I lay, and his eyes, as I met them, seemed to fasten on mine and to hold me as a hawk's talons hold the screaming sparrow out of which he means to tear the life. So spellbound and fascinated was I by the intentness of the man's gaze that I was at first hardly conscious of the fact that he was pressing a revolver barrel to my forehead.

"Put up your hands," he said, imperatively, and the ring of command in his voice recalled to my mind the scene in the yacht's cabin when the candidate for the seventh place on the council had been bidden to stand forward. But had I not heard my companion's voice I should have known him—if only by his eyes—for Councillor Number One, the leading spirit and originator of the infamous brotherhood. Excepting for the fact that he wore no beard, he was dressed exactly as when I had seen him on that eventful evening. The dark mustache and the equally dark and bushy hair, were evidently natural; and I remember that as I lay there squirming under the cold kiss that the revolver's ugly lips were pressing to my forehead, I said to myself, in the dazed, half mechanical way in which, in moments of supreme peril, one notes details, "So ho! my friend! It was from yourself, was it, that you took the pattern of the disguise which the seven councillors have to assume. When you want to disguise yourself all you have to do is to slip on the beard which you, no doubt, have in the bag I see in the rack behind you, so that you can assume or discard your disguise at a moment's notice, instead of having to 'get yourself up,' as the rest of the councillors have to."

"Councillor Number One" evidently included thought reading among his accomplishments, for, as if in reply to my self-communings, he nodded pleasantly and said:

"Quite so. You are remarking, no doubt, upon the fact that, except for the absence of the beard, my personal appearance very nearly resembles the disguise you are yourself wearing. You haven't seen me in deshabille before, have you? But before we discuss that subject I have a question or two to ask you. I'll trouble you to sit up, still keeping your hands above your head. And be careful how you move, as it would be highly unpleasant for you were this revolver to go off, as it certainly will, if you try any hanky-panky with me."

I rose to a sitting posture, with upheld hands, as bidden. Had my head been fastened to my body with gummed paper I could not have moved more gingerly, for the revolver barrel never budged an inch, but clung leech-like to my forehead while I shifted.

"And now," said Number One, politely, "I'll trouble you, sir, to tell me who you are."

"I am Councillor Number Seven," I said.

"That's a lie!" he replied, calmly. "You ought to be Councillor Number Seven, but who the devil you are, and how you come to be here and in that disguise, I don't know and can't think. If, as seems likely, you are a detective who has found out something, and you meant attending the meeting to-night, and plan taking us in our own trap, it is possible that you know enough of me to understand that I'm not a man to be played with. Tell me who you are, how you came to get that disguise, and where the real Number Seven is, and I'll spare your life, under certain conditions. But you must be quick about it, and make a clean breast of it with no trickery, or, by God! man, I'll scatter your brain pan for you. No, it's no use your trying to look outside to see where we are, and if there will be a stoppage soon. I got in at Stepney, and the station we have just left is Upminster. So the train won't stop any more this side of Benfleet. Out with it, man, unless you want your brains outside your head instead of in it. Who are you?"

"Councillor Number Seven," I protested stoutly, seeing no way out of it but to lie.

"You're not. That game won't do for me. Now do as I bid you or it will be the worse for you. First of all, remove your hat. Now unhook the beard and take it off, too. That's right, keep your hands up still. Now turn your face this way, to the light, and let's have a look at you, but move carefully, for the trigger of this revolver is hung as light as a watch balance. No, I'm hanged if I know you. Come, you are quite a young man, whoever you are, and it's a pity to throw away your life out of sheer obstinacy. I'd rather spare you than shoot you, especially as I want to know who's blown on us. When you are dead meat what good will it do you whether we are nabbed or not? Once more, who are you?"

"Councillor Number 'Seven," I repeated, doggedly.

"'Twon't do!" he said, decisively. "But come, I'll give you a chance. You say you are Councillor Number Seven. What's his real name, then?"

This was a poser which I tried to evade by answering his question with another question:

"Didn't you tell me yourself at the last meeting of the council on board the yacht that the names of the different members were kept secret?"

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" he said, with a whistle. "You were concealed on that yacht, were you? You were a brave man and a bold one, my friend, to have put your head into that den of lions. It seems a pity to spill such brains as yours for nothing. Let me see if I can't find out something about you for myself, since you won't tell me. Put your left hand in the breast-pocket of your coat and take out any papers you have there. But don't forget that the revolver is at your forehead all the time, and at the first sign of disobedience or of anything like hanky-panky—snap goes the trigger, and bang goes your life."

I did as he told me, and took from my pocket the only paper which it contained. It happened to be no other than the very document giving notice

THAT OPPORTUNITY HAD, I FELT, NOW COME.

of the place and date of the meeting, to attend which I was then on my way. As the reader knows, I had taken it from the pocket of the dead man whom I was personating, and when I realized what document it was, I knew that the sight of it would bring matters to a crisis.

As yet, however, Number One had not recognized it, for it was folded when I took it from my pocket and held it out to him.

"No, thank you, my friend," he said, with an ugly smile. "It's very kind of you to wish to take me into your confidence in regard to your private papers. You have no doubt overlooked the trifling fact that if I took that paper into my hand to open it, my attention would be withdrawn from your agreeable self. Not that you would take any unfair advantage of my pre-occupation, I am sure. But somehow this little bit of cold steel with which I am cooling your heated brow seems to have so beneficial influence upon you—seems so to stimulate your faculties and to render you so willing and obliging—that I should be sorry to deprive you of its influence. Perhaps you will favor me by opening that paper and holding it out before you, so that I can read it without having to remove this little plaything from your forehead. No, wait a moment. I think we'll have a bigger target this time. If your head were by any chance to jerk aside while I am engaged, I might miss you when I pull the trigger, and get into trouble with the railway company for damaging the paddings of the carriage. Sit still now, while I shift the popgun."

So saying, he slowly lowered the revolver till it was between my eyes. Then he brought it down the bridge of my nose until it was over my mouth, and I could smell burnt powder, and thence he let it travel down my chin and my neck till it was pressing against my breast-bone.

"Just an inch or two to the left," he said, suiting the action to the word, "and we shall be all right. There! now we're snug and comfortable. If you'll kindly open out that paper and hold it so that I can read it, I'll be obliged to you."

I did as he told me, but with unwilling fingers, for I knew that the sight of it would, as I have already said, bring matters to a crisis.

Nor was I mistaken, for the start which he gave when he set eyes on it was so great that I felt the revolver leap against my chest, and was minded to cry out to him to have a care lest he slipped the trigger.

"My God!" he said, "this is worse than I looked for. Either that man Number Seven has played us false or else you killed him before you got possession of this."

As he spoke he bent forward slightly to assure himself that the document was not a forgery, and thus gave me what I knew was my only chance. His fine words about wishing to spare my life I took no account of, knowing very well that had he not wished to discover who I was and how I came by the knowledge I possessed, he would have shot me at sight. If by promising me my life he could induce me to tell him whether what I knew was known to others, he would then be aware with whom he had to deal; but if he were in too great a haste to make what he called "dead meat" of me, he would have no other opportunity of obtaining the information he desired.

But that he would spare me one minute longer than suited his purpose I did not for a moment suppose, and I had all along decided that I must wait for my opportunity, and when it came, take it. That opportunity had, I felt, now come, so when he bent forward to look more closely at the document, I let go of the thing and struck with all my strength at the hand that held the revolver hoping to dash the weapon aside. Had things been as he thought they were, that moment would have been my last, for he had, no doubt, expected some such onslaught, and had made of his arm a very bar of iron, so that my blow scarce budged the revolver an inch. At the same moment he pulled the trigger, and, knowing what was coming, I shut my eyes and waited to feel my life rush out of the hole made by the bullet.

But, to his and my astonishment, the revolver gave tongue to no more deadly sound than a click, and, looking down, I saw, to my amazement and joy, that it was my own unloaded revolver he was holding.

I had, no doubt, surprised him by awakening while he was bending over me, and, catching sight of my revolver in my pocket, and having no weapon of his own, he had in all probability snatched at it, and had presented it at my forehead, with what result the reader knows.

Again he pulled the trigger, and yet again. Each time the weapon derided him with a harmless click, as if it were, so to speak, putting its tongue in its cheek.

With an oath he flung it from him, and at that moment the engine of the train whistled for the stoppage at Benfleet.

"That settles the matter," said Number One, standing up to stretch himself and then sliding his hands into his trouser pockets negligently. "I'm beaten, and I'm ready to take my defeat like a gentleman and surrender quietly. Do you intend to hand me over to the authorities here or at Southend?"

"I didn't say I was going to hand you over to the authorities," I answered; "I'm not a detective. But the authorities at this hole of a place and at this time of the night consist in all probability of a boy who takes the tickets. I don't think we'll trouble him."

"As you like," he said, indifferently, sitting down with outstretched legs and looking at his boots critically. "As you like, my friend. It's all the same to me."

I made no answer, but when the train was moving again after leaving Benfleet station he walked to the window near which I was sitting and leant out, as he said, to get a breath of air.

As he leant, resting on his arms, he kept up a constant chatter of conversation, turning his head every now and then to look at me.

I pretended to be indifferent to what he was saying and to his movements, but I promise you that I kept a keen eye upon him all the same. And as the event proved, I had reason to suspect him, for when he turned round to look back at me with some banter by which he hoped to distract my attention, he slyly slipped out a fist and turned the door-handle. This done he withdrew his head and walked to the other end of the carriage.

"I'll wish you good-night, my friend," he said. "I'm going to open this door and hang on to the footboard till the train is slowing off outside Leigh, and then I shall drop off and slip away."

I very naturally sprang to my feet to prevent him, when having got me, as had, no doubt, been his plan, between himself and the unfastened door, he suddenly leapt upon me, to push me against it, and so out upon the line. But I was not the fool for which he took me, for, divining his purpose, I dropped suddenly down, so that missing me he fell heavily against the door, and the handle being turned, pitched out head foremost upon the line.

Very quickly I shut the door again, and when we got to Leigh I took his bag from the rack and giving up my ticket passed out. The village was now almost in darkness, so, turning in the direction whence we had come, I skirted the line till I came to a gate, which I climbed and walked back between the rails till I came to the body.

Number One was lying on his back with his brains dashed out.

"I've been instrumental in sending two of these seven ruffians to their account," I said. "Now I'll pay a visit to the gipsy wagon, according to instructions, an interview the other five."

CHAPTER VI.

I ATTEND THE COUNCIL OF SCOUNDRELS.

"Who's there?" said a voice from within, in response to the stealthy summons which I rapped upon the door of the gipsy wagon where the council was assembled.

"Number Seven," I made answer, in accordance with instructions.

I heard a bolt slip in its socket, but the door was opened so cautiously that there was scarcely space for me to squeeze in. Nor should I have been sorry to have squeezed out again the next instant, for, though the light was of the dimmest, the air was too sooty and greasy with the stench of burning colza that it stuck in my throat like a mouthful of oily soup, and I felt my stomach twisting in protest under my belt.

The next instant the light, which apparently had been turned down at my summons, was turned up again. I cannot say that the interior of the wagon was much pleasanter to the sense of sight than to the sense of smell, for the smoky lamplight so jaundiced the faces of the six of us, that we resembled nothing so much as a batch of sea-sick passengers who look askance at each other, wondering who will be the first to give the signal to succumb.

"We are waiting for our chief, Councillor Number One," said the man who had opened the door. "Did you pass any one like him on the road, Councillor Number Seven? He would, of course, be wearing his councillor's disguise, but whether he had his bag with him, as usual, I can't say."

I did not consider it advisable to inform this honored colleague of mine that the bag to which he alluded was tucked away in a hayrick, where I had bestowed it only a few minutes before, and that the owner of the article was lying on the railway line with his brains on the wrong side of his head, so I contented myself by replying that I had seen no one after I had left Leigh.

The man at the door inclined his head gravely in acknowledgment, but said no further word, and for some quarter of an hour we stood there without speaking. Except for our breathing and the ticking of our watches, there was a silence which every moment became more oppressive and more aggressive. To my overwrought nerves it seemed singing with disaster. It was like a brooding presence, ominous of evil, and soon—what with the fetid air and the heat of the place—I began to feel light-headed, and could have sworn that this same silence had slowly begun to gyrate around me, like a gigantic wheel that increased in momentum with every revolution. Nor was I the only one of the company with "nerves," for when a sleepy but would-be-sober beetle, gravely wheeling homeward from some seductive beetle-haunt, blundered against a window pane—as a drunkard, who, vowing that he can walk straight, reels against a tavern door—the whole six of us jumped like startled cats at the sound of his horny tap.

[To Be Continued.]

TOM REED'S DOG STORY.

Statesmen Used to Tell of What Happened to Animal Which Attacked a Kansas Cyclone.

Congressman Vandiver's refusal to run for governor of Missouri against Mr. Folk, because he does not want to "run against a cyclone," says the Kansas City Star, serves to recall the late Thomas B. Reed's story of the Kansas dog that did tackle a cyclone. "You see," Speaker Reed used to say, "a family from the east moved into Kansas, and they didn't know much about cyclones. They had a dog, a fresh, innocent pup, bred in the effete and windless east. One day a cyclone came along. The folks scooted for the cyclone cellar, but the dog, being an eastern product, didn't understand. He hailed the advent of the cyclone with joyous barks and started off to tackle it. The result was that when the cyclone did business with that dog, which charged down upon it with open jaws, the dog was blown plumb inside out. It was a dickens of a predicament for the dog. After the cyclone passed along and the old folks came out of the cellar, they found the dog there, picturesque, but of no further value as a dog. The farmer surveyed the dog ruefully. He was a good dog and he hated to lose him. Then the foolishness of the dog struck him, and he said wrathfully: "There, drat ye; that's what comes of keepin' your mouth open in the face of a storm."

The Bishop's Conjecture.

The bishop of London whose work in the East End extended over many years, recently said that spice rather than sugar characterizes the speech of the children of the slums, while the reverse is true of the West End little ones. To make his point the bishop told this story.

"Some years ago," said he, "I preached one Sunday in a West End church. In the course of the sermon a small girl, who had her own ideas of entertainment, began to talk aloud.

"'O mummy,' she said, 'I'm awful tired. Can't the bishop go back to Heaven now?'

"That was not all sugar, to be sure," the bishop continued. "It may have been a left-handed compliment. But no child in the East End ever thought I had come from Heaven."

Then, after a pause, the bishop added, reflectively:

"They knew me too well, perhaps."
—Youth's Companion.

Some Small Realms.

In four hours and 40 minutes, says a Berlin geographer, a person can walk across the territories of seven German states. Start at Steinback, in Bavaria, he explains, and go next to Lichtentanne, in Saxe-Meiningen. This journey will occupy half an hour, and in another hour and a half you will arrive at Rauschengesses, which is in the principality of Reuss. After walking for another 40 minutes you will reach Gleima, in the duchy of Rudolstadt, and half an hour later you will find yourself in territory belonging to the younger branch of the Ruess house. Leaving that point you will next arrive at Drognitz on Prussian territory, and if you continue to walk for another half hour you will find yourself in the duchy of Altenburg.—Detroit Free Press.

ON THE "DUDE" TRAIN.

Johnny Drummer, Who Is Side-Tracked to let the Limited go by, expresses his sentiments regarding that Superb Train.

'It has been my dream of joy supreme
To ride in plush and velvet splendor
Parlor car for a swell tailender
Platform fenced with a swell brass fender
On the Regular Limited Train

Electric bell right under your nose
Porter to come and brush your clothes
Grub in the diner the best that grows
A downy bunk for a night's repose
On the Regular Limited Train

Chorus

Biff! Bang! a mile a minute
No other method of travel is in it
I want to go ripping, skipping and zipping
Away on the Limited Train.'

These lines are not original with me. They are taken from a tuneful little ditty sung in George Ade's comedy "Peggy from Paris." The jingle danced through my brain the other day as we lay on the siding at Prairie Junction, or some such place, to let the Santa Fe's west bound California Limited go by. It was a gorgeous train of palace cars, and behind the plate glass observation windows beauty and fashion and youth and old age were lolling among the luxuriant cushions, some visiting, some reading, some pleasantly dozing, some making wreaths of cigar smoke, some gazing dreamily through the windows at the passing cities, and fields, and forests and rivers.

I stood on the rear platform of the last car of our train and watched the California Limited as she faded away toward the golden west. And I thought of the difference between travel now and travel in the days of '49, when it took the gold-seeker half a long, weary year, filled with all kinds of hardships, to travel the distance that is now covered in three days. I thought of the slowly moving wagons, the dust, the stones, the jolting, the thirst, the hunger, the homesickness, the snail-like crossing of plains, the laborious climbing of mountains, the weary dragging weeks, the never ending trail.

In these palaces that had just glided by were people going to the same place to spend the winter months where the climate is perpetual summer. And they were not to endure a single hardship on the journey.

When night came they were to lie in beds whose soft embrace makes sleep a luxury—and in the day time the velvet cushions of their seats were to be made deeper still by pillows—and thy were to spend a delightful part of their time in the gilded and glittering dining car, where every dainty that ever tickled the palate is enticingly served—in short, they were to have on the trip all the comforts of home—and of the best kind of home.

I stood there and watched them pass out of sight while my soul was consumed with envy. But I derived some consolation out of resolving that sometime I, too, would see California, and I promised myself that if I ever did go there it would be over the Santa Fe. "JOHNNY DRUMMER."

"Has the doctor given up all hope?" "Oh, no; he thinks the estate will settle the bill if his patient dies."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Confidence is the secret of strength.—Monod.

Stops the Cough
and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

A woman's train of thought is often on her dress.—Everybody's Magazine.

Talent is sometimes taken for genius, especially by the man who has it.—Puck.

The hope of this world is in the hard things we have to do.—Chicago Tribune.

Character may be sold, but it cannot be bought.—Chicago Tribune.

Luxury is good for the good and bad for the bad.—Chicago Journal.

Some people fear to try lest they should succeed.—Chicago Tribune.

Who makes quick use of the moment, is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.—Thackeray.

They stood by the old well together. "How shall we drink?" he said. "There is no bucket here." She lowered her eyes, when she raised them again they were full of water.—Princeton Tiger.

Mrs. Nuritch—"I think I'll take this bracelet. Are you sure it's made of refined gold?" Jeweler—"Oh, yes." Mrs. Nuritch—"Because I do detest anything that isn't refined."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He was interviewing the miserly rich man on how to succeed. "My motto has always been," replied the man of money, offering his visitor a stogie, and lighting a good cigar himself, "'Never Despair,'" "I thought," replied the interviewer, "that it was 'Never Give Up'—but it amounts to the same thing, after all."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Learn Him with a Club."

The Geary (Okla.) Journal publishes the following: "One of our school teachers received the following note from the mother of one her pupils recently: 'Dear Mis, You write me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beet him up eny time it is necessary to learn his lesens. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nowledge into him. I wante him to git it, and don't pay no atenshen to what his father says. I'll handle him.'"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW, A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU:

BROMO-SELTZER 10¢

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The FREE Homestead Lands of WESTERN CANADA are the Star Attractions for 1904

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Millions of acres of magnificent Grain and Grazing Lands to be had as a free gift, or by purchase from Railway Companies, Land Corporations, etc.

The Great Attractions

Good Crops, delightful climate, splendid school system, perfect social conditions, exceptional railway advantages, and wealth and affluence acquired easily.

The population of **WESTERN CANADA** increased 128,000 by immigration during the past year, over 50,000 being Americans.

Write to the nearest authorized Canadian Government Agent for Canadian Atlas and other information; or address SUPERINTENDENT IMMIGRATION, OTTAWA, CANADA:—

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

JOHNSTON CO. NEWPORT, R. I. **24** per cent. yearly. Dividends monthly. Send for their $1000 offer.

THIS ELEGANT SOLID GOLD SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

Send Stamp; address envelope for Folderette explaining offer. No postal cards answered.

STRATFORD PEN CO., STRATFORD BLDG., WALNUT ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Make Lazy Liver Lively

You know very well how you feel when your liver don't act. Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated and your whole system is poisoned. A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability and despondency and bad feeling.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Act directly, and in a peculiarly happy manner on the liver and bowels, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by increased appetite for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste. Beware of imitations! 10c., 25c. All druggists.

Best for the Bowels

413

TWINS 92 YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Eveline Tilton and Miss Emeline Perrine, of New Hampton, Probably Oldest Pair in Country.

Undoubtedly the oldest twins in the United States, if not in the world, are Mrs. Eveline Tilton and Miss Emeline Perrin, of New Hampton, Iowa.

These twins were born in Vernon, Conn., May 22, 1811, and were of a family of five children, two others of whom were twins. At the age of 15 they were taken by their mother to Geneseo, N. Y., their father having died a short time previous at the age of 40. Miss Eveline Perrin was married to Valentine Tilton, May 27, 1857, at Angelica, N. Y. A short time later they moved to Tiskilwa, Ill., and from that place to Jacksonville, Iowa, in 1857. Mr. Tilton died in 1861, and Mrs. Tilton, his widow, went to New Hampton in 1883. Emeline Perrin remained with her mother, Hanna Wright Perrin, until the latter's death in 1854, at the age of 77. In 1873 she moved to Wauconda, Ill., where she resided until 1883. Then she came to live with her sister. Miss Perrin has been blind eight years, and is a devoted Methodist. Mrs. Tilton has been blind a year and is a Presbyterian.

High Salaried Jockies.

The star jockeys of the period all command incomes on a level with bank and railroad presidents and the most eminent men of the professions. Arthur Redfern is paid $10,000 a year by W. C. Whitney and earns as much more from others. Capt. S. S. Brown, of Pittsburg, pays $15,000 a year to George Odom, who is believed to receive as much more for his services to others. "Pittsburg Phil" paid Willie Shaw a $15,000 fee for the season.

Well Remembered.

Valley City, N. Dak., Dec. 14.—Two years ago Mrs. Matilda M. Boucher of this place suffered a great deal with a dizziness in her head. She was cured of this by a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has not been troubled since.

Shortly afterwards she had a bad bilious attack and for this she used Diamond Dinner Pills and was completely cured in a short time.

In January, 1903, she had an attack of Sciatica of which she says:

"I was almost helpless with the Sciatica, but remembering what Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills had done for me before, I commenced a treatment of these medicines and in three weeks I was completely restored to health. I have great faith in these medicines for they have been of so much benefit to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are very popular in Barnes County, having made a great many splendid cures of Sciatica, Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. Many families use no other medicine.

Grateful Woman.

After expressing her gratitude to all who "administered to my dear husband in his fatal sickness" a Leavenworth women adds, in her card of thanks: "And especially the accident insurance agent, Mr. Fairlock, who assures me that congestion of the stomach comes under the head of accidents."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Weisslitz, Buffalo, N. Y., cured of kidney trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, **woman's** kidney troubles.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden, I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney troubles and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicine, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—MRS. PAULA WEISSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N.Y.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Fancy Masque Ball Costumes

THE season of masquerade dances is with us again, and many a young woman is wondering of what she can make an acceptable costume, and one that will be just a little out of the ordinary. We are not going to attempt to explain just how all the dainty costumes pictured by the artist may be made, for there is no need of explanation, the pictures tell their own story. It is safe to say that from those pictured may be found some which will be so far above the average as to stamp the wearer as a girl of originality and genius. See that of a bat, for instance. Is it not unique enough to suit the most exacting, and can you not imagine how charming it would be when made of gauzy black material that need by no means be expensive. The ribbon girl is another charming costume, that is far away from the ordinary, and is not difficult of construction, nor necessarily expensive. To prove that all of these are late and up-to-date we need only say that our artist sketched them from costumes made for the present New York season, and that each and every one of them will be worn before the beginning of Lent.

Gossip of the Winter Fashions

THIS summer saw the lace collar, that was so very wide we had to call it a cape. Too universal, it seemed everywhere, and its original use altogether too popular to be desirable. But there were other possibilities awaiting the lace cape. I saw yesterday a lovely evening coat of pale blue cloth, of which the entire top was formed by a lace cape, the lace, needless to say, dyed the precise pale blue of the cloth. Here is a tip, thought I, for some one with a lace tippet. She can give it to her dressmaker, and instruct her how to contrive with it and some creamy white cloth a most delectable coat. It must be explained that the lace top must be lined with a layer or two of chiffon, under which there should be a warm woollen interlining, and then, of course, the satin that lines the whole coat. There is, on the whole, no more popular idea than the cream cloth coat, especially for theaters.

The sequin smiles, thinking how the sartorial seers have in the past prophesied its doom, for the sequin flourishes

A GOWN OF VELOURS MOUSSELINE.

undaunted. It knew it was indispensable all the time; and whereas once it was just the black or the silver sequin, we now have the saucy thing in every color of the rainbow and in all sorts of substances. The robe cannot exist without sequin, and the world of women cannot exist without the robe. The robe has been woman's best solace for the dilatory sins of the dressmaker. With a robe and a maid of average abilities a frock may be called up as if by the wand of a fairy godmother, and no unsophisticated simplicity of a hasty pudding recipe would this be, but something filmy and sparkling and becoming. The eternally useful black frock, for example, is almost always fashioned from the sequinned robe. I saw recently an altogether good black sequinned robe, in which the embroideries enclosed appliques of black Chantilly lace, whilst the bodice pieces were delightfully complete and ample and such a frock could be fitted to slip on over a black foundation or a white foundation, or over a foundation of white with color between—emerald green, for instance—or sapphire blue, or vivid cerise, or mauve.

A chic whim across the "silver streak" consists in elaborately braiding coats with braids of the same color as the cloth; this identical braiding is fascinating, and looks so well with fur facings. The short sac coat of a mole-colored cloth costume I have seen was much braided over with identical braids and faced back with musquash moleskin, the relieving note being found in a waistcoat of scarlet velvet studded with tiny gold buttons. There is infinite charm in this effect of vivid color, gilt studded and just almost out of sight, as it were, or, as one might say, overshadowed, as was this, with furry fronts..

The note of gold that a year of two back invaded everything is getting rampant again, and when it reappears in such attractive whims as bullion embroideries, or tiny gilt buttons, or the galons that border toques and enrich coats, we can but give it a smiling welcome. A tailory toque of fluffy cloth (matching one's tailor costume or the blouse therewith worn) bordered with gold galon, and finished with a cockade of the same, is the nicest notion of the moment for morning wear, and the universal whim just now in Paris. Such a hat of emerald-green fluffy cloth with a knitted waistcoat of emerald green looked awfully nice the other day with a black coat and skirt of severe build. The severe build of tailoring is going to reassert itself, so all the tailory authorities declare, and these cheery, vivid red and green and pink, and blue and white knitted waistcoats seemed to have just timed themselves to the event. If we once again exploit the severe tailor-made, we shall have something better than ever before, something with such a cheery waistcoat, and fitting immaculately, and fashioned of most pleasing cloths and tweeds. We shall supplant with a perfect mould the fascinations of the picturesque tailoring, and who shall say the perfet mould is not as becoming as the picturesque—at least, where that which is within be shapely or can be rendered shapely?

But I can never see why we should be either only severe or only picturesque; why cannot the two styles coexist, fulfilling their separate ends—the elegantly severe tailor-made for certain uses and the elegantly picturesque frock for social occasions. A frock of velours mousseline that I saw the other day that had a lace pelerine bodice pleaded most eloquently the cause of the picturesque; indeed, so persuasive are these picturesque costumes, I cannot see how we are going to part with them for the gowns of stiffened and aggressive richness that formerly co-existed with the plain tailor-made. We cherish hopes that Fashion will make a new departure, persuading these two extremes to dwell together to the end, that we may enjoy both. But about that picturesque frock with the lace pelerine. What a nice notion it was! So suggestive a pelerine like that might be fitted over any last season's frock, and the lace might be either exactly the color of the material or else the ordinary cream or twine tones.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY ENDORSES PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen: "I can cheerfully say that Mrs. Schley has taken Pe-ru-na and I believe with good effect."

W. S. SCHLEY.—Washington, D. C.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY, one of the foremost notable heroes of the Nineteenth Century. A name that starts terror in the heart of every Spaniard. A man of steady nerve, clear head, undaunted courage and prompt decision.

Approached by a friend recently, his opinion was asked as to the efficacy of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy. Without the slightest hesitation he gave this remedy his endorsement. It appeared on later conversation that Peruna has been used in his family, where it is a favorite remedy.

Such endorsements serve to indicate the wonderful hold that Peruna has upon the minds of the American people. It is out of the question that so great and famous a man as Admiral Schley could have any other reason for giving his endorsement to Peruna than his positive conviction that the remedy is all that he says it is.

The fact is that Peruna has overcome all opposition and has won its way to the hearts of the people. The natural timidity which so many people have felt about giving endorsements to any remedy is giving way. Gratitude and a desire to help others has inspired thousands of people to give public testimonials for Peruna who heretofore would not have consented to such publicity.

Never before in the annals of medicine has it happened that so many men of national and international reputation have been willing to give unqualified and public endorsements to a proprietary remedy. No amount of advertising could have accomplished such a result. Peruna has won on its own merits. Peruna cures catarrh of whatever phase or location in the human body. That is why it receives so many notable and unique endorsements.

Address The Peruna Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

Ask Your Druggist for free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1904.

Worry wont cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 4

SOUTHWEST

If you are interested in this new and prosperous country, offering so many opportunities, and rich farming lands, which can be secured at low prices, we will gladly furnish you information about lands, business chances, etc. Advise exactly what you want, what State or Territory you prefer, and the amount you have to invest. The Homeseekers' Excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, afford an opportunity to visit the great Southwest at a small cost. If you are interested, write to-day for full information. Address

GEORGE MORTON, GEN'L PASS. AGENT, M. K. & T. R'Y. 11 KATY BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

CALIFORNIA FARMS. Catalogue sent free. C. M. Wooster Co., San Francisco.

Great CHEST and LUNG DEVELOPER

Increases size of chest 2 to 4 inches. Used early prevents Consumption, if developed helps to cure it. Sold by druggists and department stores throughout the entire world. Mailed postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. To foreign countries 35 cents. Address DR. JOSHUA ALLEN, 2162 East Cumberland Street, Philadelphia, Pa. AGENTS WANTED.

PATENTS 48-page book FREE, highest references. FITZGERALD & CO., Box K, Washington, D. C.

A. N. K.—C 2000

DEAFNESS absolutely relieved at small cost. Send for circular or call. Micro-Audiphone Co., 362 W. 30th St., New York.

AN EXPERT.

He Wanted a Confidential Clerkship Because He Could Be Very Confidential.

Secretary Shaw says that shortly after he assumed his duties as head of the treasury department he was called upon by an old gentleman from his own state of Iowa, who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries of that department.

"In spite of the fact that I was very busy at the time," says Mr. Shaw, "I gave the Iowan the better part of an hour, for he was as pleasant and entertaining an old chap as one could meet—bright, chipper and witty."

On account of his age, the secretary felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he informed him that he did not see his way clear to give him the appointment. This did not dampen the old gentleman's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly well qualified to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will consider my application further."

Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added earnestly:

"Oh, sir, I could be so confidential!"

Tess—"He was pleased to say I sing like a bird." Jess—"I heard him say that to you, and just after that he began to talk to me about owls and their habits."—Philadelphia Press.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes cost but 10 cents per package.

They who court fame never win it.—Ram's Horn.

TWO PRAYERS.

Queer Requests Made in the Supplications of Imaginative Preachers.

"Speaking of 'queer breaks' occasionally made by pastors in addressing their faithful flocks, here is one that I think takes the cake," observed a New Yorker to some friends as they were chatting at the club, according to the Times.

"The case in question was that of a young clergyman whose imagination sometimes exceeded his common sense. At any rate, on one occasion he began his prayer as follows:

"'Oh Lord, we thank Thee that there is one small spark of grace remaining in our hearts. Water it, we beseech Thee, Oh Lord, water it.'

"That reminds me of the favorite climax of the minister of the one church in a little country place where I was staying one summer," remarked one of the others when the laugh had subsided. "He was of extremely pacific tendencies and rarely ended his prayer by any other phrase than the following:

"'Oh Lord, we pray Thee that the dove of peace and the eagle of freedom may soar heavenward together, bearing between them a banner with the motto, "E pluribus unum," A-a-men.'"

Mr. Trucker—"I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some good out of my money." Mrs. Trucker—"Oh, not yet, Samuel! But when one of us dies, I shall give up housekeeping and see a little of the world."—Town and Country.

Champion Liar Found.

The Manila American has discovered "the champion circulation liar." He is acting as editor of the Thundering Dawn, a Buddhist organ just started in Tokyo. Here is his greeting to the public:

"This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

It Sometimes Happens.

"Of course," says the shoe dealer, "there are times when it is necessary to stretch the truth a trifle."

"Yes, sir," answered the head salesman, "and often a fellow has to stretch a lie."

"I don't see how?"

"Well, when a woman with a No. 6 foot declares that a No. 3 shoe is just her size and asks you to put it on the shoe stretcher over night 'just to make the instep a little higher.' That's one of the times."—N. Y. Times.

Jealous, Probably.

"Yes; he proposed," Miss Passay continued, blushing, "and when papa came into the room he found me in Mr. Huggins' arms."

"Ah, now I see," exclaimed Miss Speitz. "I wondered what your father meant to-day when I heard him telling my father that Mr. Huggins had an old head on young shoulders."—Stray Stories.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist. "Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.—Columbia Jester.

HEALTH is the Most Important

No one can tell good baking powder from bad merely by the appearance;

The price is some guide, but not an infallible one;

Some cheap brands may raise the dough, yet contain unwholesome ingredients.

There is one safe, sure way, i. e., to follow the recommendations of the

U. S. GOVERNMENT ANALYSTS,
THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES ON HYGIENE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,
THE BEST HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Christmas

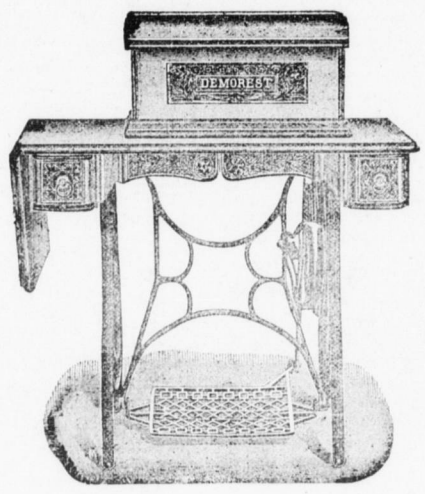
Greeting

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

During the winter when the gas is low at times a large lamp is needed. We have several which would make handsome Xmas presents.

A GRAND CHRISTMAS PRESENT



A Demorest Sewing Machine, cheap and guaranteed to last as long as a high priced one.

Candy, Popcorn Balls, Mixed Nuts and Oranges are what the little folks like. We are well supplied this year. Cheap as well as choice candies of every description. Large and small Oranges and the best Mixed Nuts.

Umbrellas,

the article that is always needed. Our line is unsurpassed, with prices that every one can buy one or more.

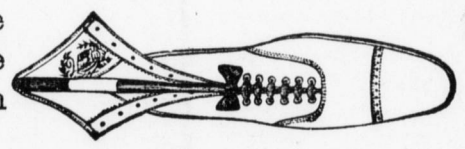
Our display of fine Hankerchiefs are superb. The most fastidious, would be sure to find several to please them.

Pipes and Cigars

The annual comic paper jokes on Christmas cigars will be missing this year, if you give your husband or beau a box of our cigars. Sure to please every smoker.

Buy a Carpet Sweeper for your wife and make a hard job easier. We handle the celebrated BISSELL, which we offer very reasonable.

Shoes for presents are always acceptable. We always have on hand, shoes that are neat and serviceable for young and old, men, women and children.



Come and look at our large and handsome line. Surely they will please you.

Dress and Waist Patterns

in heavy and light weight flannells and other fashionable goods which make up very neat is a present we would suggest for wife or daughter. We are well stocked with these goods at very reasonable prices.

We have lots of goods which it is impossible to display for the want of room. If there is anything you may want and can't see, ask for it, as it is always a pleasure to show goods, whether you buy or not.

We make a specialty of Staple and Fancy Groceries; the best always on hand. A few of them which we have especially for Xmas are Fancy Cranberries, Olives and Celery, Frying and Stewing Oysters, Canned Peas, Corn, Tomatoes, Pears, Peaches, Plums and Apricots. The are exceptionally fine goods for the Xmas season.

We trust we may enjoy your confidence and patronage for the coming year, as in the one just past, and promise to use our best efforts to please and give you the best goods for the lowest prices, consistent with quality.

To allow our clerks to enjoy this festive occasion our store will be closed all day.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

EMPORIUM, PA.

A KINSMAN of THE HEART

A Christmas Story

By JOHN J. a'BECKET

Copyright, 1903, by John J. a'Becket

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye
Or a word exchanged with a passerby;
The glimpse of a face in a crowded street,
And afterward life is incomplete.
—W. R. Hereford.

"DO you think she is a bride?"

The duchess dropped the sugar into her tea without removing her glance from the young woman in question. It was Christmas day at Shepheard's, in Cairo. The subject of her inquiry was interesting enough to seem a grateful present to the guests.

"Could any one doubt it?" replied Baldwin. "It is as evident as that the smart, disagreeable male is the husband."

"Disagreeable!"

The surprise, almost protest, in the duchess' tone had warrant. The young gentleman was tall, of elegant carriage and with the hall mark of breeding. His clothes were quite de rigueur. Her grace would have pronounced him distinguished without feeling constrained to qualify his moral or intellectual traits. After another quick appraising look at the man she said bluntly, "You think she is so very charming?"

"Your grace must see that she is charming," returned the young man calmly. "It was the man, not the girl, who betrayed his disagreeableness. Look at that!"

The girl had drawn closer to her companion and said something. He compressed his thin lips and gave a short nod of his head in acceptance of her remark without turning toward her. He was impatiently pushing on after the porter, the girl pressing after with a gliding briskness which kept her close at his heels.

The duchess smiled again.

"Of course he might have turned," she said indulgently. "But there's the luggage."

"Of course they should have turned. There's the bride," returned Baldwin dogmatically.

"Granting you the merit of your discovery," the duchess resumed with playful sarcasm, "there are other obvious points. For instance, they are Americans. That is as palpable as usual."

"Accept an American's thanks," murmured Baldwin, "not for the truth, but your forgiving tone. Yet, do you know, the note of the thoroughbred American is to be facilely cosmopolitan—solvitur cosmopolitando."

"So few of that kind come abroad," replied the duchess absently. "But how very rude of me! My dear fellow, I never realize you as an American. You always seem to me a charming alien interloper at the United States embassy in London. Do American women know Latin, by the way?"

"Your grace knows everything." The young attache assumed the air of being driven into a commonplace as he added, "Ignorance with you seems a courteous affectation."

"You have seen me put three lumps of sugar in my tea," replied the duchess archly, "and know that I like sweet things. Don't imagine that I shall protest because you pay extravagantly pretty compliments."

She smiled brightly, then settled back comfortably in her chair, raised her lorgnette in a businesslike manner and went on: "Let us pursue our analysis of your interesting countrymen. Set me right if I go wrong. She is—eight—t And from—New York? Not acquainted as yet, aux fonds, with Mr. Husband? He is very rich." Then, dropping the rising inflection, she added, with an assurance that excluded doubt: "She has a Raudnitz traveling gown on. She will wear a smart Worth gown at dinner."

"I need not tell you that you are right about the gowns. I can only know that such an exquisite figure deserves to be clothed as acceptably as possible. As to her age, you are possibly right; almost certainly so as regards the disagreeable husband's means. Girls of her type marry money. As to her habitat, I hardly think it is New York. The New York girl is quick and too proudly knowing to hesitate in thought or movement. But she does not hurry. That is New Englandy or western. Yet her soft, gliding grace unmistakably shows the southern girl."

By this time the couple under discussion had disappeared within the hotel. They had evidently just arrived on the afternoon train from Alexandria. Shepheard's was crowded that year. The little tables on the terrace in front of the hotel were nearly all occupied by people, chattering and laughing as they beguiled that delightful hour of the Cairo day with afternoon tea. New arrivals are lawful prey for lodgers' comments, and to have come two days before is to hold a resident's vantage ground, which warrants a critical inspection. Young married people, moreover, newly arrived or not, are ever and wheresoever targets for tongue shafts. Two youthful beings mated and licensed for happiness surely suggest the fullness of life. The human doubt as to whether they have it makes conjecture interesting.

The young attache consulted the register later and learned that they were Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Bonvale, whereupon he recalled what friends had told him of their marriage at the American chapel in Paris in the beginning of December. The groom was from Bordentown and, as the duchess had surmised, rich. He not only belonged by birth to the class which is not obliged "to do anything for a living," but electively pertained to that unhappy portion of it which assumes the ennui of an existence stimulated by no fixed ambition, lightened by no definite endeavor. Such vital hardship has been known to drive a man to drink.

The bride was one of two sisters celebrated in European centers for esprit and beauty. They were of fine New England stock, both parents descending from families of high repute for political and literary achievement. Baldwin was forced to admit that for once a glowing report had not paved the way to a disappointing reality. He had not supposed the girl was so young; still less had he imagined the compulsion of her charms.

Clarice Bonvale was so radiantly beautiful that the most blase observer could not but surrender to some thraldom. Her face was aristocratically oval. Her clear olive skin, smooth as a rose leaf, was suffused with the most delicate pink, as if Cupid were breathing on her cheeks; a well modeled nose, a mouth with clean cut, subtle curves and sensitive to a degree, which revealed perfect teeth when the lips parted and lent a lurking mobility, almost childlike, to her lower face. But her eyes and hair were the girl's crowning glory—such round, lustrous eyes, so brilliantly soft and, despite a keen alertness in their glance, incongruously beseeching. The long, silky lashes, with their upward curve, failed to lend even a suspicion of language to their brightness. The delicately arched eyebrows were an added note of wistfulness. In the wavy masses of hair there was a subdued glint as of burnished copper. On her hands, which were very temperamental, two or three unique gems flashed with dignified splendor.

"A transplanted Helen," thought Baldwin after a critical survey of the beautiful young creature. She was a type, and he relished a new type of the "eternal feminine" more than he would a bottle of Johannesberger from Prince Metternich's own cave. During his dinner he watched her from his table with keen but well cloaked vigilance.

The duchess was right again. The girlish bride wore a Worth dinner gown elaborately wrought out in the highest elegance of the prevailing mode. Her neck was so round and plastic that Baldwin felt it a delight to see the shapely head pivot on it, while the tempered modesty with which her corsage screened her exquisite bosom showed a masterly knowledge of the value of modified exposure.

The groom? Why, he was the groom, a side light on the bride. Baldwin regarded him solely as a correlated being, an accompaniment to his wife, a worthy one so far as externals went. He was not above noting that Mrs. Bonvale partook moderately of the champagne which Mr. Bonvale ordered. He consumed most of it and with something more than the relish with which a gentleman drinks wine at dinner.

"They are married, and it is the honeymoon," Baldwin remarked airily to the duchess as he passed her table.

During the evening in his role of benevolous spectator and student of his kind Baldwin did not neglect to observe that the young husband left his wife alone two or three times, though as yet she had apparently discovered no acquaintances at Shepheard's. These withdrawals were to repair the fatigue of travel by supplanting the wine at dinner with more potent if smaller drafts. Besides his absence of desire to supply his wife with any other companionship than his own, the perfunctory character of Mr. Bonvale's attentions attested no tender solicitude to make himself as agreeable as possible. He seemed to guard rather than protect his wife.

Later on Baldwin felt the young wife's artlessly roving gaze veering in his direction. He considerately abstracted his own. When he let his glance drift her way again, thinking she would have passed him by, he was momentarily flattered to find her eyes fixed on him dreamily. Almost at the moment her husband turned and, with what Baldwin thought a tactless quickness, let his own eyes follow the direction of his wife's to ascertain the object of her regard. With still less tact he brought his thin lips tightly together, and his white forehead puckered like a peevish child's. He must have intimated to the lady his desire to withdraw, for he brusquely rose and looked about with the repellent air with which some people insinuate their exclusiveness. She got up at once and followed him from the room with graceful deference.

"He seems to like to stalk ahead and let his woman trail after him a la the aboriginal lords of creation," reflected Baldwin with a somewhat contemptuous smile. "The honeymoon is dwindling to a crescent, I fancy, and I should not wonder if there were a Bonvale impaled on its horns before long. But which?"

The Bonvales spent six weeks in Egypt. Mrs. Bonvale had that oriental sojourn in her memory ever after with something of the feeling with which the children of Israel may have reverted to their bondage in that land. She had little expected in a region saturated with antiquity to make acquaintance

A LONG CHRISTMASTIDE.

Holidays That Extend Into the New Year.

While in this country, as in England, Germany and other parts of Europe, the joyous spirit of the Christmas festival is by no means limited to Dec. 25, but finds expression in many ways in the life and amusement of the people both before and after that day itself, comparatively little attention is paid here to the observance of the numerous designated holidays which in other lands go to make up Christmastide. The period opens with St. Thomas' day, which falls on Dec. 21, and closes with St. Distaff's day, on Jan. 7. The first named festival is known in some parts of England as "Doling day," on account of the distribution of the bounty of charitable individuals, and in most English cities at the present time the day is given up largely to the anniversaries of charitable societies and the distribution of benefits among the poor and needy. It is also the day chosen for the election of church officers, a custom adopted here in some denominations, and it appears also from the old rhyme that certain public officials were elected at the same time:

My masters all, this is St. Thomas' day,
And Christmas now can't be far off, you'll say.
And when you to the ward motes do repair
I hope such good men will be chosen there
As constables for the ensuing year
As will not grudge the watchman good strong beer.

As for St. Distaff's day, which closed the merry round of Christmastide, that anniversary is now rarely observed anywhere, but in the good old times in England it was not the least among the happy festivals of the year. It takes its name from the fact that on this day it was the custom for women to resume for a few hours their labors at the distaff or the spinning wheel. It was sometimes called "Rock day" in honor of the rock, which is another name for distaff.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

From the Gospel According to St. Luke, Chapter II, Verses 7-20.

And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them.

Druids and Mistletoe.

The Druids always sought the mistletoe by the full moon and, when they found it, rejoiced and worshiped. After cutting off its twigs with a golden sickle they sacrificed two milk white bulls beneath the tree. The sacred shrub was then immersed in water, and the resulting concoction became their remedy for all diseases. The early Christians would not permit the use of the mistletoe in their churches because of its heathenish origin; consequently it was hung only within the private abode and usually in the kitchen. Any maid caught standing beneath a branch had to forfeit a kiss to the gallant eagerly awaiting his opportunity. With each kiss a berry was plucked, and when all of the berries disappeared the bare branch was useless to the young man who wished to claim the privilege of thus saluting the fair damsel thereafter. The mistletoe was said to have been the original magical shrub or forbidden tree in the garden of Eden.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Christmas at Ninety In the Shade.

Christmas in the West Indies is very well observed. To meander about among palm trees or orange groves and fields of sugar cane on Christmas day, with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, certainly has the zest of novelty to a northerner. If you are in the British West Indies on Christmas day your attention will be most attracted in all the Christmas gatherings of which you form a part, whether in the streets, the home or the church, by the close association of whites and blacks. The "color line" is not a live question.

Boots as Stockings.

German children do not, as a general practice, hang up their stockings Christmas eve, but use their father's big boots instead.

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK.

CON-FI-DENCE

The act of confiding in or placing firm trust or reliance on any person or thing.

In this great Republic the people have confidence that it is a Government of, by and for the people.

And the people have confidence in the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

That it is of, by and for the people.

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Their Confidence in the Bank,

AS SHOWN.

Their Capital - - - - - $50,000.00
Earnings of 19 years left in the Bank, 55,000.00
$105,000.00

The People's Confidence in the Bank

AS SHOWN:

Deposits, Dec. 14, 1903 - - - - - $421,433.17
Deposits, Dec. 14, 1902, - - - - - - 366,769.23
Gain in one year, - - - - $54,663.94

The First National Bank has the confidence of thousands of depositors, WHY?

Because the only royal road to a man's confidence is to deserve it; there is no other.

EMPORIUM, PA.

A Good Beginning for the Year

"I BELIEVE in beginnning the New Year well," observed young Mr. Talkington, as he carved the turkey; "I am not superstitious, but—"

"Yes," said his wife, demurely, "I remember how well we began it last year."

"You were to start on a trip that day, weren't you?" queried a guest.

"Yes, and the train, a new one just put on, left at 9:25. Ned said we should arise at five, thus beginning the New Year well and catching the train comfortably. He ordered a cab for 6:30, so it would reach the house at night;

HAD TIME TO BURN.

he did this over night and also wound up the cook's alarm clock. Ned duly waked me the next morning."

"With difficulty, dear."

"You waked me, anyhow, and your voice sounded like the dentist's saying, 'Step this way, please.' We hadn't heard the cook go down, and going to investigate I found her asleep. She said the alarm had gone off at 2:15, and she'd been up every half hour since to see if it was five. The volcano was awake then!"

"Oh!"

"When I returned, Ned pointed to the clock on the mantel and said it was 5:17, and we were late."

"Well?"

"Nothing—only that clock was a wedding present and so handsome that nobody ever expected it to keep time. Investigation proved it was just four, and we went back to bed for an hour. I was dreaming that the cook's New Year's resolve was that she would never leave me, when an awful noise waked me. The cook called that it was eight, and as breakfast had been ready three hours she thought she'd better call us!"

"But did you reach the station in time?"

"Yes. In my haste I did my hair with three pins and Ned put on his dress coat and odd shoes—we are both forgetful, you know. We scalded our throats with hot coffee and choked ourselves with overdone steak. The cabman, who had arrived at 6:30 sharp, demanded full pay for the time he had waited, else he'd deduct from the number of Ned's useful eyes!"

"Dreadful!" chorused the guests.

"While he did this the cook gave warning and told me that the catch on the back cellar window was loose.

"We were in time. To Ned's feverish inquiries the ticket agent calmly responded, 'Oh, yes, we had plenty of time—24 hours and 29 minutes!'"

"Why, how on earth could that happen?"

"The train, as I said, was a new one, put on for the first time on New Year's day, and—and the calendar to which the agent pointed told us that to-day was December thirty-first!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Their New Year's Dinner

"SO you went to Isabel's New Year's dinner?" said the brunette. "Lucky you! Tom and I dine with his mother on the first day of each year, listening to a discourse on economy which lasts from oysters to coffee."

"Knowing that all your bills will be in the next morning's mail, too," cried the blonde. "Yes, we accepted Isabel's invitation, and—"

"How do you like Isabel's new dress? Is it as cold as—"

"Her reception of a tardy guest? Not quite. I was ready at only ten minutes after the last moment at which we could safely start—and if that is not being punctual, I'd like to know what is! 'Eleven sharp!' Jack called to the driver, and then I looked up to see—Isabel's old house!"

"When the dinner was given to display the new one?"

"Exactly. After running a block through the snow in his thin shoes and nearly being arrested as an escaping thief, Jack got the driver to return. Once inside, he declared I hadn't told him Isabel had moved."

"Because he had kept on reading his paper while you told him about it?"

"Yes. I had even told him how the bathroom was tiled. But, dear, I had forgotten whether the new number was 250 or 2550."

"What on earth—"

"Jack threatened to go home and get dinner on the chafing dish—the cook had holiday. Then I remembered thoughtfully writing out the address while Mae and I discussed that new dressmaker, and putting it in Jack's waistcoat pocket, because I am so forgetful."

"How thoughtful."

"Jack gave the slip to the driver and promised him something awful to drive fast."

"Then your troubles were ended?"

"N—no. I had written down the ad-

JACK WAS WAITING.

dress of the new dressmaker, instead of Isabel's."

"And you were no better off than before?"

"Worse. Jack's language was awful. I said we could just drive along the avenue until we came to the house, which I would recognize immediately."

"So—"

"He said we were invited to dinner, not to breakfast. Then he asked the driver if he happened to know where Mrs. De Style lived."

"Nonsense. He—"

"He knew. It was about six blocks from our house. Stupid of Jack not to have asked sooner. And he seemed to think the whole affair my fault!"

"Well, you reached Isabel's after all."

"Ye-es, in time for the salad. And—and I really should not like to repeat the things our hostess said when she had a chance to speak to me alone."

A New Year Conquest

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

A Story of the Great Southwest

GREAT clouds of yellow dust, a dazzling blue sky, sweeping winds, long reaches of level lands—the midwinter southwest, and on the siding the palatial train of the cattle king who was now off among the ranches looking after sleek and well-bred herds.

The cattle king's daughter, whose prospective wealth entitled her to the rank of princess, sat under the striped awning on the rear platform of the train, gazing wearily at the monotonous landscape.

"How long are we to stay here?" she demanded of the porter who was industriously trying to keep the leather-covered chairs clean. He did not answer—he did not know. She went back to the parlor of the other private car and accosted the quiet woman who sat by the window sewing. "Auntie, how long is this to last?"

"Until your father gets back or there are orders."

"I'm tired of it—I'm going out of doors."

She seized a jacket and cap, slipped down the side steps and disappeared behind the squalid depot. A dilapidated livery stable stood in the sunshine. "I want a riding horse—quick!"

The man fairly trembled in his anxiety to serve the city girl, and in a moment she was cantering over the sand and sage brush, headed straight for the green hills in the distance.

Away and away she sped, delighting in the free rush of the wind, the swish of her pony's hoofs through the grass and the exhilaration of the open lands.

At last she turned the horse's head—where was the station? Nothing but a rolling plain, not shining with sunlight, but dampened by shadow. With a little cry of terror she sent her mount racing ahead and strained her eyes for the engine smoke on the horizon.

"Ah, there it is—but so far away!"

She surmised what had happened—her father had reached a station farther down the line and wired for the train to join him, and they had not discovered her absence before starting.

As she looked she saw off to the left another rider—a wide-hatted ranch-

"I WANT A RIDING HORSE."

man—toward him she rode. As she drew nearer her cheeks grew red and her eyes brightened. Once she stopped and turned as if to leave him. Then he came close to her.

"Oh, Mr. Mason, what shall I do?"

Frank Mason, the handsome ranch superintendent, scarcely recognized her, bowing so slightly that it seemed to be merely the motion of his horse.

"What is the matter, madam?"

"Don't be mean"—the girl's eyes were beseeching.

"But you told me never to speak to you again—only this morning."

"Yes, I know, but you see how it is—the train has gone—it is almost evening and here I am."

"It does look serious, doesn't it? Where do they think you are?"

"They don't think. Aunty's probably gone to sleep and won't wake up until midnight—the others think I'm in my room, in papa's car."

"It is serious—and nobody's at the ranch to take care of you. I suppose they will come back to-morrow anyhow."

"To-morrow!" The girl fairly screeched the word. "We must get them now—to-night, don't you understand—now!"

"But it is 50 miles to the next telegraph station—how can the engineer get orders?"

He looked toward the train, which was disappearing in a cut between some creek bluffs a mile or two below the station.

"You see, it's New Year's day and everybody but the stable boys and station agent has gone to the county seat to a celebration. There's a dance to-night, so they won't be home—yes, it is serious."

Their horses were moving slowly toward the station, yet a long distance away. They were talking earnestly and did not notice the curious movements of a herd of cattle that had strayed from the grasslands toward the station and now, hundreds and hundreds of them, were pushing close to the two figures. The girl's bright jacket and the flashing red of the cap that topped her brown curls may have caused their exceeding interest. When a huge fellow trotted in front of her weary horse, the girl stared about her in alarm.

"Oh, Frank—Mr. Mason—look!"

The young ranchman seemed much excited. "Hurry!" he exclaimed, and urged his horse into a run. She cantered by his side, alarmed by the strange apparition of the herd, which it seemed had risen out of the sod.

The ranchman saw something else that the girl did not—a cluster of earth mounds thrown up in the level of the plain, the work of prairie dogs or some other burrowers of the plains. Before he could caution the girl, her horse stumbled, fell, staggered, went tumbling in a heap with a broken leg.

Now it was serious. The cattle, more curious than ever, scampered faster toward the object of their interest; the fallen horse plunged and snorted; the skirts of its rider held fier prisoner.

In an instant Mason was by her side, tugging at the fair burden. When she was free he found her helpless from a strained ankle, and with tenderness he lifted her in his arms and to his own saddle. Then jumping beside her he turned the nervous animal, drew his revolver and shot unerringly the

"I'M SORRY I WAS SO RUDE."

struggling beast on the ground—then away toward the station resting on the broad and dusty plain.

Arrived there, he lifted her gently to one of the benches which stood in the tiny waiting-room; he transformed it into a settee with blankets from the livery stable; he heard with pleasure her words of satisfaction.

"That pin you wear—where did you get it?" she asked, irrelevantly. "It looks like Harvard."

"It is Harvard—I graduated there."

"And you are herding cattle?"

"I am superintending a ranch—my father owns it—10,000 head."

"And you live?"

"In Chicago—my special train is at St. Louis now with my sister and mother aboard, bound here."

So this was the "cowboy" she had patronized and made fun of as he came to the train day after day to see her father. She had been amused by his assurance and had quarreled with him that very morning. Now she was at his mercy—and she found it rather pleasant.

"This is a strange beginning for the New Year," she broke out. "I wonder when the train will be back."

"I think it is a good beginning—I'm sure I don't know about that train—there is no connection with it yet."

"I'm sorry I was so rude this morning, Fr—Mr. Mason."

"Don't worry, Anna—Miss Seamans." He smiled, cautiously, at her.

"It is fine of you to care for me and protect me this way," she went on, "and I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try. This is not the first time I have seen you—I danced with you two years ago at your cousin's ball."

"I do not remember, but you have been very good now. I shall not forget it."

"I know—but don't you think it would be a fine thing to have me take care of you all the time?"

She gave a pressure of her hand—but no more. Almost at the door was a rumble, a high note "T-o-o-t!" and the striped awning of the rear car came into view a few feet away.

"Quick—love, will you?" His words were eager, and as he lifted her in his arms once more for a journey to the train she whispered: "Yes."

Almost as soon from the opposite direction came Mr. Seamans and his foremen. He greeted the pair with smiles and laughed at the daughter's injuries when he found they were not serious.

"Stay on with us," he invited Mason. "We'll bring you back before we leave for Chicago."

"How did the train come back so soon?" asked Miss Seamans, rising from her couch. "I thought it was 50 miles to the next station!"

"Wireless telegraphy," suggested Mason.

"Shucks," said the aunt, contemptuously. "The engineer pulled it down to the creek to fill the boilers. We weren't gone half an hour."

The girl looked quickly into the laughing eyes of the young ranchman.

"I believe you knew it all the time," she exclaimed.

"I did not tell you differently," he pleaded. "You remember I was under orders."

She was not satisfied. That evening as they sat out under the striped awning on the rear paltform and watched the landscape, glistening under the winter moon, as the train sped southward, she continued: "Really, Frank, didn't you bribe the engineer to run behind the hill so it would scare me?"

But he did not answer—nor has he answered yet, though his wife propounds the question every New Year's day.

New Year's Resolves

Better to Make and Break Them Than Not to Make Them at All

SOME facetious individual has defined New Year's day as "a time when men make good resolutions in the confidence of breaking them as soon as possible." But he has much to learn to his own profit who sneers at good resolutions because some men break them. To resolve to do right does not mean necessarily that one will keep the promise, but such purpose, whether outwardly expressed or inwardly understood, is proof that the individual is conscious of abiding sin of some sort.

It is the self-righteous individual who is in danger. Good resolutions are born of repentance; and repentance when genuine is a cardinal virtue. The self-righteous fellow does not resolve to do better because his vanity tells him there is nothing wrong in his makeup. He may go along committing blunders every day and doing no end of mischief. Such a fellow is beyond redemption. Like Ephraim of old, he is joined to his idols and should be left alone.

Doubtless there are many thoughtless and some insincere good resolves made on New Year's day. Nevertheless it is a good thing that many men do begin the new year with resolves to strive after what is higher and better. It is a marked and glorified improvement upon the custom once so general but now, thank God, obsolete, of men going from house to house paying calls and guzzling wine or stronger drink until before the round was completed they were hopelessly drunken.

It is a great deal better for a man to resolve a hundred times and fail in each resolve than to go along contented with his lot of sin and shame. There is hope for a man just as long as there abides in him desire for what is better. It is well to enter into argument with one's self only after due deliberation, but a broken pledge to do right is far better than no pledge at all.

There is nothing strange in association of good resolves with the dawn of a new year. On the contrary, the occasion is one that suggests just such a general practice. The old year has ended. Its memories suggest "sins committed while conscience slept," practices that degraded the moral man, follies that brought shame and vices that weakened body and brain. But memory is not all. Body and mind tell the sensible man that such practices end in physical wreck and moral decay.

The year is new and clean. The sun, just risen, looks upon it for the first time. Men of business close up their pages for the year ended and begin new and fresh ones for the new year that has dawned. They figure out accurately their losses and their gains in the old year, subtracting one from the other.

As the merchant begins his year anew, why may not the moral nature of a man be renewed if the memories of the past year and the physical shortcomings of the present suggest the need of a striving after what is higher and better?

That the practice has been abused is no argument against its use. That some men have made good resolutions only to break them is not evidence that reform is impossible. Striving after what is right is Godlike. One may raise his standard so high as not to be able to attain it, but there is virtue in every attempt to make better one's life. Indeed one may find at the closing of a long life that he has tried but to fail, and yet his very efforts to do right will be counted to him for righteousness.

The objection is, if it can be called an objection, that men are too much influenced by special occasions for special efforts. There is no more virtue in New Year's Day than there is in All Fool's Day. It would seem foolishness to wait for any such time or season for a starting period in right living. The present is the time for action, and one day is as good as another in the sight of God, as well as of men.

But the man who has put off the day of resolves to be good until the dawn of the new year will strengthen himself and work righteousness by starting out clean with the year. He will only hurt himself by devoting too much time to resolving. What he most needs is to avoid the pitfalls and snares which formerly overcame him. He has need to change resolves into action. It is his duty to retrospect in order to know himself. Each conquest of self is added strength for future victories.

Happy indeed is that New Year's for the man who, having resolved in its dawn to do right, finds at its gloaming that he has been true to his promises.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THERE IS HOPE FOR HIM.

Deacon Goodie—Cheer up; my man, you'll be out on the first of the year.

Jail Bird—Yes, but what can I do after being a thief and holdup man?

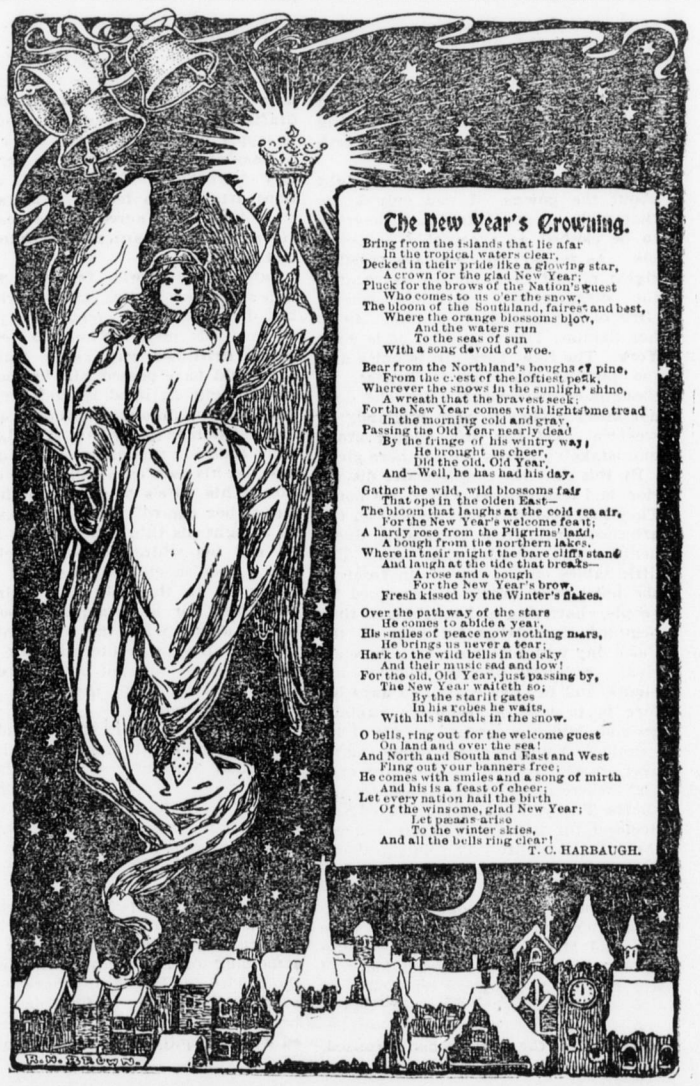
Deacon Goodie—Oh, you can go in the coal business, or start a plumbing shop.

AT 11:59 P. M.

"One kiss," he begged, "before I go."

"Well, take it; but you cannot have another one this year."

And then the clock struck the New Year.


The New Year's Crowning.
Bring from the islands that lie afar
In the tropical waters clear,
Decked in their pride like a glowing star,
A crown for the glad New Year;
Pluck for the brows of the Nation's guest
Who comes to us o'er the snow,
The bloom of the Southland, fairest and best,
Where the orange blossoms blow,
And the waters run
To the seas of sun
With a song devoid of woe.
Bear from the Northland's boughs of pine,
From the crest of the loftiest peak,
Wherever the snows in the sunlight shine,
A wreath that the bravest seek;
For the New Year comes with lightsome tread
In the morning cold and gray,
Passing the Old Year nearly dead
By the fringe of his wintry way;
He brought us cheer,
Did the old, Old Year,
And—Well, he has had his day.
Gather the wild, wild blossoms fair
That ope in the olden East—
The bloom that laughs at the cold sea air,
For the New Year's welcome feast;
A hardy rose from the Pilgrims' land,
A bough from the northern lakes,
Where in their might the bare cliffs stand
And laugh at the tide that breaks—
A rose and a bough
For the New Year's brow,
Fresh kissed by the Winter's flakes.
Over the pathway of the stars
He comes to abide a year,
His smiles of peace now nothing mars,
He brings us never a tear;
Hark to the wild bells in the sky
And their music sad and low!
For the old, Old Year, just passing by,
The New Year waiteth so;
By the starlit gates
In his robes he waits,
With his sandals in the snow.
O bells, ring out for the welcome guest
On land and over the sea!
And North and South and East and West
Fling out your banners free;
He comes with smiles and a song of mirth
And his is a feast of cheer;
Let every nation hail the birth
Of the winsome, glad New Year;
Let psalms arise
To the winter skies,
And all the bells ring clear!
T. C. HARBAUGH.

The Message of the Bells

A New Year Story

By ELIZABETH PRICE

Sun clouds scudded gustily across the sky, hiding the peaceful face of the moon, whose radiance touched the edges of her somber veil with a fringe of silver. The great gray tower lifted its head far aloft in the midnight stillness, and the wind moaned around its rough-hewn corners a requiem for the dying year. Within the tower sat the old bell-ringer, waiting for the stroke of 12 from the clock, and, as he waited, his thoughts drifted back to the years long buried in the dimness of the past—the years when his floating white hair had been crisp and black, when his long, slender fingers were strong and supple and struck from the midnight chimes music of entrancing beauty.

Ah! life had been worth the living in those far-off happy days. People had predicted a wonderful future for him, and in spite of the poverty that retarded his progress, and a great ambition possessed him. Obstacles were pushed aside, difficulties overcome, as he worked by day and studied by night, and the bells in the tower spoke marvelous things to the many who listened, and who, listening, praised. Their praise was sweet, but Elspeth's was sweeter, and, when one New Year's eve, he told her of his love and won her promise to be his own, his heart beat with a rapture that thrilled through the chimes that night till listeners wondered and children came back from dreamland to hear.

Oh, happy memory! Oh, long ago! It was on another night like this that Ruprecht was born; and the joy which beamed from the pale young mother's face was reflected in his own, as he left her baby on her bosom and rushed to the bell-tower to make his chimes a paen of praise to the Father who had filled his life with blessing. How they loved him—that baby—their only one—their all! How he and Elspeth had watched each new development—how proudly guided the first tottering step; how carefully repeated the first lisping word! How joyfully they trained and taught him, while the father, too busy in his struggle for their maintenance to realize his great ambition, transferred it uncomplainingly from his own future to that of his son! Nor had their hopes been vain. The boy studied—improving every opportunity with untiring zeal, until at last the great organ in the cathe-

"THE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL WARNED FOR TWELVE, AND THE MUSICIAN TURNED TO THE PIANO AND PLAYED AGAIN SIMPLY AND LOVINGLY PLEYEL'S HYMN."

dral below thundered its glorious music responsive to the touch of the boyish fingers. People thronged to hear. Ruprecht's services were demanded elsewhere—brilliant prospects opened before him, and the inevitable separation drew near.

New Year's Eve! How many anniversaries this shadowy hour held! The boy bade them good-by while Elspeth clung to him and sobbed, and her husband rushed away to tell the chimes his agony as he had poured into them his joy. As he sat waiting even as now, a step came up the stair, and some one entered the belfry chamber, and the voice he loved said tenderly: "Mein Vater, let me play the chimes to-night. I will leave with them a message to comfort you when you are sad—a message for you and the mother, too.

"When I hear it in the far-off land it will be my mother's voice that sings to me, and when you play it, mein Vater, it will say to you, 'Ruprecht loves me.' Then you will pray 'God watch over my boy and keep him safe for me,' and the All-Father will hear."

When Ruprecht struck the massive keys it was the simple old Pleyel's hymn he played, but he lent his beautiful voice to the clangor of the bells and sang his mother's favorite words:

"Children of the Heavenly King
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise
Glorious in His works and ways."

A moment later he was gone. The years had been many and long since then, but no tidings ever came, and Elspeth's hair grew white before the look of expectancy in her dear eyes changed to the clamness of resignation. He was dead, of course. They knew now that it must be so, though they had not given up hope till they had left the old home and followed their wanderer to the new country. They had heard of the wrecked ship, to be sure, but hope dies hard. Perhaps if they had been patient—had stayed on amid the scenes of his childhood—he might have come back to them; but how could they be patient when the world was so wide, and half of it lay between them and the land that had called their child. They were only waiting now—he and Elspeth—for the summons which should call them to the happy reunion in a home where there would be no sad good-bys, where music knows no minor, and hearts forget how to ache.

The first stroke of midnight sounded and an instant later the bells pealed forth, while the old man sang with trembling lips and voice that no one heard but God—as he had sung every New Year since that one:

"Children of the Heavenly King
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways."

Then, as the last reluctant echo died away, he stumbled down the narrow stairs toward home and Elspeth.

Not far from the belltower stood a mansion, where a great throng had assembled to watch the old year out and the new year in. Silken draperies rustled, jewels gleamed, music rippled on the perfumed air, and happy voices rang sweet and high. But every sound was silenced, and bright eyes grew dim in the flood of melody which suddenly poured about the gay throng. They crowded toward the music room, trying to catch a glimpse of the player. Those who were near saw a slender man, with fair curling hair brushed back from a brow as pure as a woman's. The face was pale and the eyes sad, but about the sensitive mouth played an expression of rare sweetness and beauty. Quietly he sat before the grand piano, playing without the slightest effort such masterful music as had hushed the listeners to awe-struck silence.

"Who is he?" was the question passed from one to another when at last the cessation of the music broke the spell.

"He is a friend of father's," their hostess told them. "Father met him abroad some years ago, and by helping him in a search for some missing friends, won his heart. The search was not successful, but that did not seem to lessen Prof. Von Bulow's gratitude, and they have corresponded in a desultory way ever since. Father invited him here for the holidays this year, but he declined the invitation, then this evening suddenly and unexpectedly appeared. These great musicians are always eccentric, you know. I heard him tell father that this is an anniversary he doesn't like to spend alone. Some love story probably. No, he isn't married. He spends his entire time with his wonderful music. That is really all I know about him." With that the interested guests were forced to be content, for the player had vanished from among them as suddenly as he appeared, and soon the gayety resumed its sway.

At 11 o'clock the hostess seated her guests in a circle, saying: "Now we will turn down the lights and tell ghost stories till midnight. Everybody must contribute something. The more gruesome and harrowing the better," she added laughingly. The young people fell in with the spirit of fun, and ghosts walked, hobgoblins shrieked and ghouls moaned, till the more timid begged for mercy.

It was almost 12 o'clock when a new voice suddenly broke into a momentary pause. Everyone looked up to see the musician standing in the door.

"My friends," he said, "my story is not of the spirits of the unseen world—it is of a lad in the far-away Fatherland, who once, on a night like this, left home and friends and went out into the wide world, with music as the priestees who presided at the altar, where burned the fires of his ambition. So brightly did this fire burn that its glow hid the quieter emotions which lingered in the shadow, and father and mother and home were left behind. The youth had not dreamed of the pain of broken ties—but he afterward learned it all.

"Shipwrecked, a weary sickness and deliverance, miscarried letter returned to its writer long afterward—all these came between the lad and his loved ones, and when at last, overcome by the deadly 'heimweh,' he turned toward home, he found it empty—the loved ones gone, while the chimes in the tower which the father had played ever since the lad had lived, responded sadly to the touch of strange, unfriendly hands.

"With breaking heart the lad turned back to the country of his adoption, hoping, against hope, to find the dear ones, who had followed him there during his long silence. The years have passed and the lad is a man, but the father and the mother he has not found, nor does he expect to greet them again until the New Year of Heaven dawns for him, as he believes it has already dawned for them. So, when the midnight comes I play each New Year's Eve as I—as the lad played on that last night long ago—my message to my dear ones."

The clock on the mantel warned for 12, and the musician turned to the piano and played again simply and lovingly Pleyel's hymn, singing as in the long ag the beautiful words his mother loved.

As the last note died away in the qui room the tower clock began to strike, but was drowned by the music of the chimes. A thrill ran through the hushed circle as they recognized the strain they had just heard, but the musician arose with a mighty cry: "Mein Vater!" and ran out into the night, guided by the music of the bells.

When the old bell ringer shut the door he could not see, for the tears that blinded him, the hurrying figure on the pavement. A moment later he was gathered close to the heart that had yearned for him through all the space of silence and loneliness, and together, in the opening of the glad New Year, they went out from the shadow of the bell tower, home to Elspeth, whose mother heart came near to bursting, with the joy of a son's home coming.—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

A Necessary Inducement.

First Tramp—I wuz at de House of Industry on Christmas.

Second Tramp—To get yer Christmas dinner, I s'pose?

First Tramp—Of course. You don't s'pose anyt'ing less dan free turkey an' cranberry sauce 'd bring me near a place wit' a name like dat?—Brooklyn Life.

THE NEW YEAR.

Where I'm waitin', waitin',
Jessamines are white;
Dews are drippin', drippin',
Through the perfumed night;
An' I'm way off yonder
Comes the "wheet-te-whee!"
Of the happy fieldlark,
Bubblin' down to me.

An' the sun's a-shinin'
In each drop o' dew,
Where I'm waitin', waitin',
Waitin', here fer you;
Know you're comin', comin',
An' I wait fer you
'Mongst midwinter roses
Drippin' wet with dew;

Know that you will bring me
Pleasure, but I know
Ev'ry bubblin' cup o' joy
Has its dregs o' woe.
But I'm waiting for you
Where the dewdrops blink,
Anxious for your comin',
Dyin' for a drink;

Waitin' for the future
You are bound to bring;
Waitin' 'mongst the dewdrops
Where the field larks sing;
Waitin' for the goblet,
Bitter-sweet an' all,
On my knees I'm waitin',
Where the fieldlarks call.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE HUNTS' HAPPY DAY

A NEW YEAR STORY

By Ernest Gilmore

It was a New Year's day. There had been a big storm and although the wind had spent its force the snow fell steadily.

"Regular winter weather and no mistake about it," observed Mr. Richard Hunt, as he came in rather noisily, stamping the snow from his boots, "but I like it. So cold and bracing."

Mrs. Hunt, who was sitting near an open fire, laughed.

"I like the house best such a day as this," she said, shivering a little. "I don't believe I'd be willing to face the cold, even for the sake of the bracing."

"I think I heard you say you were going to see old Mrs. Helfer to-day," Mr. Hunt remarked, as he seated himself comfortably. "Have you changed your mind?"

"Yes, I've changed my mind. I did tell you that I was going to see her, but I'll have to wait until some other day. Poor old Mrs. Helfer!"

"Is she sick?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose she's very lonely since her daughter died?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't wonder if she has a continual struggle to make both ends meet since that disastrous bank failure?"

"I don't believe she does make the ends meet. I feel very sorry for her."

"But not quite sorry enough for you to go and see her as you intended to do to-day?" teasingly.

"Some other day will do as well—will it not?" she questioned, wondering at his persitence.

"Not if she needs you to-day. Come, get on your wraps and I'll go with you."

"Why, Richard Hunt, what's got into you? I thought you never liked to go calling, especially at such places."

"You thought right, my dear," smiling pleasantly, "but can you tell me

"I GUESS MR. RICHARD HUNT'S A-BIN HELPIN' THE LORD."

what there is to prevnt my turning over a new leaf on New Year's day?"

She laughed.

"It would be a good idea," she said.

"Well, then, encourage me in it."

"So I will."

She arose at once and was soon ready to face the storm, with a basket on her arm.

"What's in it?" Mr. Hunt asked, as he relieved his wife of the basket.

"Sugar and spice and everything nice," she quoted.

A little maid opened the door when they reached Mrs. Helfer's. To Mr. Hunt's question as to how the latter was the child answered:

"She's not very well, ma'am," and then, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "I guess she's awful lonesome. She bin crying—I saw her."

The weary old face brightened when little Polly led the callers in, but both Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were observant and read "between the lines" that the dear old lady was not only sorrowful but troubled.

"I wish you a Happy New Year," said Mrs. Hunt, taking the thin old hands in a close grasp.

"Happy New Year!" Mr. Hunt echoed, his greeting as cordial as his wife's.

"Thank you," responded the old lady warmly, "and I wish you both a Happy New Year."

"We had a fine turkey for dinner to-day," said Mr. Hunt, "and I rather think my wife brought you a piece," uncovering the basket. "Yes, sure enough, here it is!"

"Now, Dick," said his wife, "you've made your speech; sit down, please."

He sat down with a sigh, pretending to feel hurt. He looked so comical that Mrs. Helfer's spirits arose so far that she laughed.

"I am greatly obliged to you both for remembering me," she said. "I'm going to confess that I've been longing for some turkey for a week and now here it is."

The trio chatted pleasantly for a little while and then Mr. Hunt arose suddenly.

"I've thought of an errand or two," he said. "You two can have the floor to yourselves until I return. I'll not be gone long." He met the small maid in the hall.

"Polly," he said, "I don't want to pry into Mrs. Helfer's affairs, but I'm really anxious to know if she has everything she needs. She's an old friend, you know, and a friend of my mother's. Does she need anything, Polly?"

"Yes, sir, 'deed she do; but she didn't say so. She ain't no complainer—that's what she ain't. She ain't had no coffee since—since—"

"Go on Polly, talk fast. Since when?"

"Since her money took wings an' flew. I dunno where it flew to, but that's what someone said—it flew, an' she don't hev butter no more. I wanted to tell the grocer's boy we was out, but Mrs. Helfer she say: 'No, not now, Polly; some other time.'"

"It doesn't seem hardly warm enough in the house, Polly. Do you have plenty of coal?"

"That's what we don't, sir," she said, with decision. "We'm jess about out. I guess by to-morrer it'll be all gone. Miss Helfer's a'most a shakin' with cold sometimes. She had two shawls aroun' her when you rung the bell, but she took 'em off."

Mr. Hunt had heard enough—quite enough.

"Poor, dear old soul!" he said to himself, as he went out on his ministering journey.

He kept his promise—he was not gone long. He put a bunch of bright carnations into the old lady's hand and then he said to his wife smilingly that it was time to "move on."

Polly let them out of the front door. Returning to the room, she found the old lady in a rapture of joy. There were tears in her eyes, but she was smiling. The fragrant, rosy carnations were still in her hand. On a low chair beside her was the basket the Hunts had brought.

"Look, Polly," she cried, in a glee that was like a child's.

And Polly looked and laughed. What she saw was a plate of sliced turkey, dainty biscuit, a print of butter, a mince pie, a frosted plum cake, oranges, grapes, nuts, raisins and candy.

"Oh, my!" cried Polly, "what a fine New Year we do be havin' after all!"

Presently the grocer's boy delivered a heavily filled basket and a message.

"Tell yer missus Buck Bowers sed he'd be here to-morrer mornin' at eight o'clock sure."

"What for?" asked the amazed Polly.

"What for?" mockingly. "Why, to bring the load o' coal, of course."

"Oh, my gracious! I b'lieve there's fairies aroun'—I do so!" and after closing the door on the grocer's boy Polly felt inclined to stand on her head by way of celebrating the delightful new state of things.

She left the basket standing in the hall, as it was too heavy for her to attempt to carry, but she could smell the coffee and took that package with her, also two or three more.

"Oh, Miss Helfer," she exclaimed, "another big basket's come, an' it's jes' full o' everything. Here's coffee fer you—an'—tea an' sugar. An' to-morrer ther's a big load o' coal a-comin'."

"Polly!"

"Yes, mum."

"What does it mean—all that great basket of things you're telling about and the coal coming to-morrow?"

"I dunno."

"But who sent the groceries? Who is going to send the coal?"

Polly looked mystified. She stood boring the toe of her old shoe into the rug. Suddenly a light broke over her face.

"I guess it's the Lord, ma'am. You sed the Lord ud provide—I heard you—an' He's done it."

The old lady folded her hands.

"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" she said, fervently.

"I've thought of something, Miss Helfer," Polly suddenly broke out, excitedly. "I guess Mr. Richard Hunt's a-bin helpin' the Lord."

The old lady smiled.

"We have the same thoughts about it, Polly, you and I," she said.

"Don't be waiting till the sorrow
All has passed away;
Don't be waiting till to-morrow,
Smile a bit to-day.
When the clouds all dull and dreary
Hang about the earth,
That is when a greeting cheery
Counts for what it's worth."
—Christian Intelligencer.

Her Observation.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am sometimes sorry that Christmas does not come on the 28th of the month instead of the 25th."

"I don't see why."

"I have observed in going through the shops that so many things are cheaper on the 27th than they are on the 24th."—Washington Star.

Rites for the Old Year.

Little Mabel had been taken by her parents to a New Year's watch party, and as the clock struck 12, some one shouted, "The old year is dead; hurrah for the new!"

"Mamma," said sleepy Mabel, "will we have to stay for the funeral?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Happy New Year's Day

By BERTHA E. GOODIER

"Now, Elsie Lawrence," the girl severely addressed the woful reflection in the great glass door of the station, "I hope you're not going to cry. Remember, you're much too old for such childishness. It does seem bad that father must go home, and on New Year's day of all days, but you must be brave, as he said, and have just as happy a New Year's day as you can."

It did seem hard to be left all alone. They had come to this wonderful city, Elsie Lawrence and her father, and arrangements had been made for placing the girl in a seminary.

When Elsie Lawrence walked through the beautiful marble-tiled station and stood looking out at the white world that lay before her it seemed that the tears must come, for she was, oh, so lonely.

Outside it was just as crisp and as clear and as sunshiny as a New Year's day should be. The snow sparkled with a million diamond lights, and sifted onto the roofs and the trees a tender white covering that made the city seem a fairy-land. Elsie dreaded to face that biting cold. It was so pleasant and warm inside. But, surely, one could not spend New Year's day in the waiting-room of the station. As she went down the broad avenue toward Miss Morgan's seminary Elsie quite forgot the cold and the loneliness in the interest of watching the people who were hurrying this way and that. It made her a little sad, too, when she thought that everyone in all the great city was having a happy time except herself. Everyone, it seemed, had some place to go; sleighloads of young people were passing, and often they cried out "Happy New Year!" to someone on the street.

Elsie thought of the girls at home, in Fairhaven, and she wondered what they would say if they could see her, standing on the corner of two broad streets, wishing so earnestly that she knew someone on whom she might make a New Year's call. With a clatter and a rush and much sliding of wheels over the shining track, a great yellow car

"ELSIE STAYED JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THEM TUCKED AWAY IN LITTLE BEDS."

stopped before her, and was now unloading its human freight. Over its windows it bore the sign, "California Street!"

California street! Elsie's eyes brightened. Impulsively she ran forward and was soon whirling along in the car. She was no longer sad; no longer lonely, for she was going to make a New Year's call on the Washingtons—George, Martha, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Arathusa and Amaryllis. She had been to see them once before. On the day of her arrival Miss Morgan had taken her to the miserable little shanty, and now she was going to see if she might not bring a little sunshine to the six little orphans, whose mother had died but the month before.

She picked her way carefully among the ash heaps and tomato cans that littered Moxey's alley till she stood on the little doorstep and pushed open the rickety door. And what a sight met her eyes! The six little Washingtons sat huddled about a stove in which a few coals gleamed faintly. Martha the eldest, a girl about Elsie's age, crouched on a stool, and in her arms she held Baby Amaryllis, so swathed in a ragged quilt that she looked like a little pappoose. Abraham Lincoln crept close to Martha's knee, and was whimpering with the cold. Andrew Jackson and his twin, Arathusa, were huddled together, while George Washington, the man of the family now, was searching the dim corners of the bare room, hoping against hope that some bit of coal might be there.

Martha explained in a dull, hopeless sort of way, all that Elsie had guessed at a glance.

"Mammy, she lef' us all alone, an' thar ain't nuthin' to eat, an' no money to buy none. I couldn't go to work scrubbin' count o' the awful cold I cotch, an' George Washington, he ain't no bigger'n a minute, an' folks won't give him no sidewalks ter shuvel. I 'clar' ter goodness, Missy, I don' know what goin' to come o' we all, 'cause mammy allwus said it wus better fer to starve ner to beg."

"Well, you needn't beg, Martha, and you're not going to starve on New Year's day. You just bundle those children up, for I'm going to take you all to some place where it is bright and beautiful, and oh, as warm as summer-time!"

In contrast with her present surroundings the great, fine depot seemed all this. Martha obeyed wonderingly, and it was a strange little procession that filed out of the darkness of Moxey's alley and a very breathless company that clambered into Jerry Flynn's hack, which Elsie had hailed in the grandest manner possible. Jerry Flynn trembled for the moment at the thought of his bright broadcloth linings, yet there was no need. The little Washingtons were as clean as soap and water would make them. Their little black faces had been scrubbed till they fairly shone, and now that hunger and cold were forgotten in the joy of riding with this beautiful lady who had said that she would take them to some place where it was warm like summer-time, their black eyes were shining, too.

"To the Union depot," Elsie had told Jerry Flynn, and at the station they shortly alighted. "How much?" asked the girl, holding in her hand the crisp new two-dollar bill her father had given her that morning.

"Well, ma'am, my rates is a quarter apiece," began the smiling Jerry.

"A quarter apiece!" Elsie made a rapid mental count. "Oh, I won't have any money left to buy them something to eat!"

"But seeing it's New Year's," went on the hackman, "give me half a dollar, ma'am, an' we'll call it square," and Jerry Flynn was rewarded by the smile in Elsie's eyes.

It was as warm as summer-time, and oh, so beautiful. At first the little guests could only sit in a solemn little row, staring wide-eyed at the marble pillars and glittering chandeliers. They made the quaintest picture, and every one stared and then smiled; and after awhile the Washingtons began to smile, too, and to feel less strange and to nudge one another and whisper together in the jolliest-way. Elsie, meanwhile, was holding earnest conversation with the proprietor of the lunch counter.

"But you see," she said, "I have only a dollar and a half, and I must keep something to get back with. Six cups of coffee at ten cents would be 60 cents, and six pieces of pie at ten cents—oh, how can I ever buy enough for those poor children!"

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I didn't know you was buyin' for that orphan asylum over there. Possibly I could find enough for you for a dollar. How's that? I'll take the contract of fillin' them up for a dollar."

And Elsie was glad to accept this really generous offer. They had pie and coffee and sandwiches and pork and beans. Some of the articles, of course, were not as salable as they might have been a few days before, but the Washingtons did not mind this in the least, but just ate and ate, pausing every now and then to smile tenderly at Elsie.

When at last no one would have another piece of pie or another orange, the children rolled up on the soft cushions and went to sleep for all the world like cozy little kittens. Elsie took the queer bundle from Martha's tired arms and fixed her own coat against the bench that the girl might rest better. Then she sat for a long time looking about her at her charges, and thinking what a funny way it was to spend New Year's day. The station policeman, who had had his eye on them for a long time, came forward now. "Were you waitin' for a train, ma'am?" he asked, touching his cap.

"No—oh, no, thank you," said Elsie, looking sweetly up at him.

His words put an anxious thought into the girl's mind. What were they waiting for, after all? Where could they go now? She listened to the rising wind and saw the sleet driven against the window. Oh, how could they face the storm—poor Martha Washington and these little ones? What could they do but wait? And for whom—unless it be the Father of the fatherless? It was a comfortable thought, and when, after another space of anxious watching, the policeman again came forward and said kindly, "Won't you tell me who you're waiting for?" Elsie smiled through the tears that would come, and answered solemnly, "We're wating for the Father of the fatherless."

He was a very kind-hearted policeman, and perhaps was remembering a little blue-eyed girl of his own as he listened to the simple story, for he drew one rough hand across his eyes and said: "Well, little girl, I guess you don't need to worry about them kids no longer, for I'll just call up the patrol and take them over to the police station in no time, and in the morning we'll see if we can't get them into the colored orphan's home. I guess the Father of the fatherless was lookin' out for them all the time, so you needn't worry no more."

* * * * * *

Elsie stayed just long enough to see them tucked away in little white beds by the kind-hearted matron, then the policeman took her back to the school. Miss Morgan was looking anxiously from one of the windows as the strange pair came up the long stairs.

"Why, Elsie Lawrence," she cried, "what on earth is the matter? Where have you been?"

When she heard the story, Miss Morgan sat silent for a long time, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice as she said: "Well, little girl, I think you have had a very happy New Year, indeed."—Detroit Free Press.

Song for the New Year.

A song for the New Year—its hopes and its fears,
And never a song that is saddened by tears;
A song that shall ring and shall sing to the years—
A song of a brighter to-morrow!

A song for the New Year—forgetting the old
Whose story in sunshine and shadow was told;
A song of the joys that Love's dear arms shall hold—
A song of brighter to-morrow.

A song of a green world and bluest of skies;
A song of a sun that in splendor shall rise;
The joy's in Love's heart, and the light's in Love's eyes,
And the world sees a brighter to-morrow!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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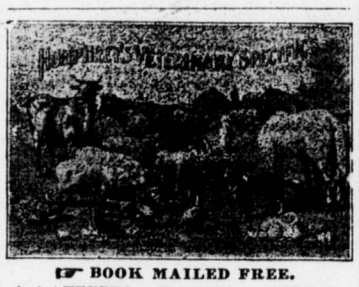

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Digests what you eat.

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One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

Balcom & Lloyd.

Prepared For the Season

We have opened and are displaying a choice line of . .

FANCY DRY GOODS

specially selected for the . .

Winter Season.

We have gathered such articles as combine elegance with and utility at

Very Reasonable ~ Prices ~

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with anything so modern as a jealous husband. Hers was dawning on her in that light. She could not flatter herself that the suspicious vigilance of her matrimonial lord was the distorted expression of a too engrossed affection. She realized it as the selfish greed for absolute domination which is compatible with the narrowest of natures. Compared to this degrading jealousy, which she quickly came to rate as malignant, her husband's tendency to stimulants, which also cropped out during this stay in Cairo, seemed almost forgivable. Yet drink produced in Lucien Bonvale that dry, insolent irritability which is one of its unpleasantest effects.

As Clarice Bonvale's eager young soul rebelled under the scourge of this double revelation a dull mist seemed to obscure the effulgent radiance of the orient, and an iron thorn pricked through its sensuous indolence. She was a soft, innocent, ignorant young thing, capable of heaven only knew what possibilities. Until now rose leaves had strewn her way through life, and homage to her wonderful beauty had been a stimulating incense to her brain if not to her heart. She had always had her mother hitherto. Now she had only her husband. That she should so phrase it to herself filled her with a childlike shrinking and despair. Never before had her soul known this helpless loneliness. It is a desolating thing for a proud, ardent young wife to learn that she has married a stranger who, as her husband, is rapidly becoming a bereaving acquaintance.

There was a dumb cry in her heart for some touch of human sympathy, for the soothing support which affection exhales. This poignant isolation was enhanced by her surroundings. The gayety of the hotel people; the superficial splendor, almost nakedness, of the orient's color; the melancholy of the tombs, mournful memorials of a human kind associated with so remote a past as to be merged in the mythical; the stolid insensibility of the sitting figures in the many shops of the great bazaar, from which drifted perfumes

IT WAS HEART ANSWERING HEART.

naif—to summarily eject the god who proved a faithful tenant and to bewail him if he did otherwise!

Brought in by King Katechos nearly 5,000 years before Christ, the last of the Apis bulls had passed out of Egypt to be brought to the Emperor Julian II. A. D. 362. Yet through the centuries their preserved exuviæ had held stately possession of the Serapeum—were waiting there for her to come where they held their silent court.

So much lavished on a beast of the field, and she, made in the likeness of God, looked in vain for sympathy, some touch of human interest that might ease her aching heart! What a mockery! This bull, flower of the herd, by force of his lordly markings raised to the pinnacle of a nation's adoration! She whom beauty had as sharply separated from the others of her sex had gained by this gift a husband whose highest form of regard was an intolerable jealousy, a life partner who was already numbing the eager vitality of her girl's heart and making it cry out to itself in the yearning of its loneliness. Why should the heart spontaneously put forth tendrils if there was naught which they might grasp for support, no other heart to which they could cling, strengthening and strengthened by the preordained clasp?

Such was the leaven of thought in the hungering soul of Clarice Bonvale as she sailed up the ten miles of river that lay between Cairo and Memphis on the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apis bulls. The trip should have been an enchanting one. Streaming sunshine, vivid color and air that would have rejoiced spring buds lent sweetness to the Egyptian day. But the mill of her heart was grinding fine its grist of bitterness. In the near foreground of every view, even the long vista of existence, stood a human being whose shadow fell upon her soul with blighting chill.

They landed at Sakkarah and made the short transit to the tombs on donkeys. Clarice smiled faintly as she felt that the kindliest emotion awakened in her by this land of Ptolemies and the resplendent Cleopatra was due to this same small beast of burden—strong, diminutive, with demure relish of its gorgeous trappings.

The tombs of the Apis bulls were as depressing as she had imagined. Out of the warm glow, the acrid smell, the scurrying flight of bats and the smoky flare of the torches in these subterranean chambers.

"What is an Apis bull? And why should it have a tomb?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, when they found a bull with certain markings the priests made the people think Osiris had gone into him, and they adored the beast," replied Bonvale, quite content with this degree of erudition on the subject.

Mrs. Bonvale informed herself somewhat more about the Apis bulls. If she was going to the Serapeum, the necropolis of defunct bovines at Memphis, she chose to know what claim this sacrosanct herd could have on the attention of an intelligent New England girl of today. She would hardly have been a true product of her environment had she regarded with aught but quiet disdain the solemn mockery of worship which lay in adoring the benevolent Osiris reincarnated in a bull, no matter what its erotic markings. Yet ages before Christ had come to flood the chambers of the mind with his mystic light the early kings of Egypt had fostered the recollection of their highest divinity by presenting to the somber Egyptians "him who slept at Philæ," renascent in a lordly bull.

Her imagination at least found æsthetic delight in picturing the majestic creature with its lustrous, silky hide, the symbolic triangle standing white upon its brow, the hair of its back swirling to simulate an eagle, the snowy crescent flashing on its stalwart flank and beneath its pink tongue the knot which fancy called the mark of the scarab, the sacred insect of Ptah.

What a destiny for a bull—to be taken from the common herd and installed as a god, cared for with infinite attention during life and after death embalmed at enormous expense and enshrined in a costly sarcophagus! If the revered animal rounded a quarter of a century it was imposingly killed. If death came to it before that time all Egypt mourned, and sorrow settled on the land like a pall. So charmingly strangely sensuous, but poorly invigorating; even the thin, penetrating cry of the muezzins, perched like human storks on the slender minarets and inciting the Moslem to mechanical devotions with their reiterated "Alla Akbar, Alla Akbar! La Allah il Allah! Heyya alasallah!" the narrow, dirty alleys, the garish Paris suggestiveness in so much of the khedive's capital—all seemed to drain her heart and leave in it a heavier burden of aching void.

The same numbing undercurrent of sadness ran through their excursions to the excavations, trips on the oily calm or sluggishly ruffled Nile, drives to Gezireh, the pyramids, sphinxes, columns or what not.

Some one has said: "The east is a land of mystery. If one cares for it at all one loves it. There is no half way. If one does not love it one really hates it and all its ways." Clarice Bonvale did not love it. She saw it all with her husband. She had come to feel him a disturbing figure in the foreground of every scene, even the widely extending one of life.

"Those ranges of boats with their curved yards make me think of great dry sedges bent by the wind, and those tall, tufted palms look like gigantic feather dusters stuck in the sand," she remarked once to Bonvale, with a short little laugh. They were sailing on the Nile, the yellow Libyan hills in the distance.

The quick wrinkle came into his smooth forehead, and there was the disgusted compression of his lips.

"You ought to learn to take things as you find them," he said, with an irritated, monitory air.

The girl's mouth quivered to a slight, proud smile, but formed no answer. She had already begun to take Lucien Bonvale as she found him, but her resentment at having to do so was not therefore the less.

She was looking forward with sharp desire to the hour of their departure. If she fell in unprotestingly with Mr. Bonvale's proposition to go here or there it was with the relieving sense that one more reason for remaining would be exhausted. In this spirit she assented to his wish to "do" the tombs of the Apis bulls. She hated tombs more than anything—first because she was too alive not to detest the thought of death, and then because she loath-

Christmas is Near

ENDLESS new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Furnishings. Our assortment of Holiday Goods is the finest ever offered in Emporium. Surely you will not go wrong by selecting your gifts here. Our prices mean a saving on every purchase and every article we sell is backed by our guarantee—your money back if not satisfied.

A Few Suggestions for Xmas

Silk Handkerchiefs,
Knit Gloves,
Lined Gloves,
Kid Gloves,
Fancy Hosiery,
Fancy Suspenders

White and Fancy Shirts,
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Cuff Buttons,
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Fine line Ties.

See our line of soft and stiff Hats in newest fall and winter shape.

Large line of Men's and Boys' winter Caps.

Suit Cases,
Trunks,
Umbrellas.

A very fine line of Men's and Boys' Foot Wear.

Call on us, We can Please You.

Jasper Harris,

The People's Clothier.

C. B. Howard & Co.

"STORE ON THE RIALTO."

While we do not have the room for a large display of Holiday Goods, we have a good supply of useful articles suitable for

Christmas Presents.

UMBRELLAS

Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas with good quality of taffeta silk cover. One hundred different styled handles. Prices ranging from $1.00 to $3.50.

LINENS

Best quality Table Linen in the city. Several pieces with napkins to match, from 80 cents to $1.70 per yard.

A large assortment of Towels, hemstitched, fringed, plain or assorted colored borders. Prices from 20 cents to $1.00 each.

Every housekeeper appreciates good linen and at "the store on the Rialto," is the place to get it.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We have a full line of everything in handkerchiefs; handkerchiefs for pillows, a large variety of them; handkerchief centres, handkerchiefs to use and some of them too nice to use, "just to look at" from five cents to 50 cents.

Our Gents' Furnishings are Up-to-Date

Lots of new things in the Grocery Department for Christmas, etc.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY,

General Merchandise.

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Rollman Meat and Food Chopper No. 11. At your dealer's, 50c. By mail or express 75c. Your MONEY BACK if not satisfactory.

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SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs and ginseng.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.

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OPPOSITE U.S PATENT OFFICE.

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Foley's Kidney Cure

makes kidneys and bladder right.

Three Gateways to the West.

Since The Southwest Limited, the new electric-lighted train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, has been placed in service Chicago to Kansas City, this company offers the best of train service to the West through three important gateways—Kansas City, Omaha and St. Paul.

The Pioneer Limited, Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis, for years has been the most popular train between these cities. The Overland Limited, Chicago to Omaha and San Francisco, is the most fomous of transcontinental trains through Omaha.

The Southwest Limited, Chicago to Kansas City, with its stardard compartment sleepers, library observation cars and other excellent equipment, offers travelers to the Southwest better service than they have heretofore enjoyed, and in consequence has proved a success from its initial trip.

John R. Pott, D. P. A., Room "D" Park Bldg.. Pittsburg, Pa. 43-2t.

Genius gets the lime light, but hustle gathers in the dollars.

Good For Children.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Croug and La-Grippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes effect, right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by enabling the lungs to contribute pure life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood and tissues. Dr. Armstrong of Della, Tex., prescribes it daily and says there is no better cough remedy made. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Borrowed trouble commands the highest rate of interest.

RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S.

Ashburn, Ontario, Testifies to the Good Qualties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

ASHBURNHAM, Ont, April 18, 1903

I think it is only right that I should tell you what a wonderful effect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has produced. The day before Easter I was so distressed with a cold and cough that I did not think to be able to take any duties the next day, as my voice was almost choked by the cough, The same day I received an order from you for a bottle of your Cough Remedy. I at once procured a sample bottle, and took about three doses of the medicine. To my great relief the cough and cold had completely disappeared and I was able to preach three times on Easter Day. I know that this rapid and effective cure was due to your Cough Remedy. I make this testimonial without solicitation, being thankful to have found such a Godsent remedy.

Respectfully yours,
E. A. LANGFELDT, M. A..
Rector of St. Luke's Church.

To Chamberlain Medicine Co.
This remedy is for sale by L. Taggart

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

NEW CAMERON HOUSE,
Cameron, Pa.,
Opposite P. & E. Depot.
HARRY McGEE, Proprietor.

Having taken possession of this house and thoroughly remodeled and enlarged the building by erecting an addition of eighteen rooms, I am well prepared to meet the demands of the public. Guests conveyed to any part of the county. Good fishing and hunting in the immediate vicinity.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 10th, 1903.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 12, 1904, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Notice of Executrix.

Estate of RHODA E. RUSSELL, Deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Rhoda J. Russel, late of the borough of Emporium, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hattie I. Russell, residing in said Borough, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

HATTIE I. RUSSELL, Executrix.
GREEN & SHAFFER, Solicitors.
December 4th, 1903.—42-6t.

LUDLAM'S Millinery Store
Special Sale of

Trimmed HatS

You can save ⅓ to ½ on all trimmed hats purchased of us this month.

Women's Dress Hats and Street Hats

All shapes and colors; these hats are the newest, most attractive of this season's styles; some are for women, girls and children. Don't miss this splendid opportunity to save money.

All birds wings and argretts at ½ price.

All Ostrich goods, ⅓ off of price.

Everything in the millinery line reduced.

A fine display of handkerchiefs, hosiery and silks for the Holiday trade.

Ludlam's,

Near Bank, Emporium, Pa.

POLLY HANGING HOLLY

WITH Polly I chanced to be hanging the holly,
With Polly the roguish, with Polly the sly;
With Polly, who's brimming with frolic and folly,
A quip on her lip and a jest in her eye.

The wind it was grieving, and shadows were weaving
Their dark web without o'er the face of the sky.
Within it was merry with green leaf and berry,
And Polly, close by, with a gleam in her eye.

"This holly, I know, sir, you wish mistletoe, sir!"
Cried Polly as o'er us a wreath we hung high.
I looked at her, laughing, to see were she chaffing,
And, oh, what a glint there shone out from her eye!

"THIS HOLLY, I KNOW, SIR, YOU WISH MISTLETOE, SIR!"

How like the rose petals on which the bee settles
Her cheeks were! Her lips were the holly fruit's dye.
"Be it mistletoe, dear, a minute or so, dear!"
"A minute?" breathed Polly, with mirth in her eye.

So it's, oh, to be handling the holly with Polly,
With Polly the mischievous, Polly the sly!
With Polly, the genius of all that is jolly,
A lure on her lip and with love in her eye!

—Clinton Scollard in Smart Set.

ORIGIN OF XMAS GREENS.

They Were Used at Christmastide Five Centuries Ago.

The use of evergreens at Christmas time is older than the Christmas tree, the Christians seeming to have copied it from their pagan ancestors. In a very old book we find this reference to the use of evergreens at Christmas time: "Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivie, bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards of the streets were likewise garnished, among the which I read that in the year 1414, by tempest of thunder and lightning, toward the morning of Candlemas day, at the Leadenhall, in Cornhill, a standard of tree, being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holme and ivie, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit, as was thought, and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempest."—Leslie's Weekly.

On the Christmas Tree.

The old fashioned stockings and hearts and crosses and animals cut out of tarlatan outlined with worsted and then filled with flat candies and tied on the tree are always popular ornaments. Sugar figures bought in the confectionery store will serve to break the monotony. The baker at Christmas time usually has his windows filled with horses, dogs, cats and men and women made of delectable cake dough and artistically ornamented with colored sugar curlycues. These are toothsome and attractive to the small boy and girl.

Candles in small candle holders are always scattered well over the tree. It is a wise precaution to keep a pan of water in which is a wet sponge in case of accidents. When a spark falls upor a bough, the sponge quickly applied to the spot will check the spread of the fire.—Washington Star.

Christmas In the West.

Deadshot Dick—Any fun in B'ar Creek on Christmas, Bill?

Grizzly Bill—Waal, we had a purty big Christmas tree.

Deadshot Dick—Anything of much account hangin' on it?

Grizzly Bill—Three hoss thieves and two Chineymen.

Suitable Gifts For Women.

Silver or silver and glass toilet articles are always acceptable to women. Some of them are brush, comb, powder box, cold cream jar, buttonhook, curling iron, glove stretcher, atomizer, perfume jar vaseline holder and hairpin case

A professor in college faid that slang adds vivility to language.

Fight Will be Bitter.

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendations of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beall, of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." Guaranteed by L. Taggart, Druggist. Price 50c, and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

Ignorance yf the law excuses no one except the judge on the bench.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious troub.e in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Kidneys and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by L. Taggart, Druggist.

Money makes the mare go and the automobile makes the money go.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street, dumping the occupants, or a hnndred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c, at L. Taggart's Drug Store.

A lawyer's interest in a case depends upon the worth of his client.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver of Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet Borough, 25c, at L. Taggart's Drug Sore.

When a man is his own worst enemy he is apt to love his enemies.

The Lone Star state.

Down in Texas at Yoakum, is a big dry goods firm of which J. M. Haller is the he.' Mr. Haller on one of his trips East to ..y goods said to a friend who was with him in the palace car, "Here, take one of these Little Early Risers upon retiring and you will be up early in the morning feeling good." For the "dark brown" taste, headache and that logy feeling DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills to use. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

God does not cease to be because He stands behiod the scenes.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion, try a few doses of Chamberlain's stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit Mich., says, "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfaetory movement of the bowels." There are people in this commnnity who need just such a medicine. For sale by Jno. E. Smith, Sterling Run. Every box warranted.

Pome men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

A glass or two of water taken half an hour before breekfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by L. Taggart.

At the age of sixteen a girl stops cryinn and begins to weep.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, stomach Troubles, and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure rebuilds wornout tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinsou, of W. Va., says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends." Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Clothes do not make a man, but sometimes break him.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or ever after the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Jno. E. Smith, Sterling Run.

The Eureka Mfg. Co., of East St Louis, Ill., want a man with rig to introduce Poultry Mixture in this county. They guarantee $3.50 a day to a good worker and they furnish bank reference of their reliability. Send stamp for particulars. Eureka Mfg. Co., Box 99, East St. Louis, Ill.

46-1-ly.

New Games

A FREE game inside each package of

Lion Coffee

60 different games.

DeWitt

DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated

Witch-Hazel

All others are counterfeits—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles; Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Contusions, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.

SALVE

PREPARED BY
E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Notice! - - -

EXAMINE the little red box in front window of

Old Reliable Drug Store.

This box contains twenty silver dollars. There are a thousand keys belonging to this box, three of which will open the lock. Every person making a cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR is entitled to a key, first key presented that will open the lock will get ten dollars, second key six dollars and third key four dollars. It costs you nothing to get a key. When keys are all out, notice will be given; then present your keys and get money as above stated. There is not a living person knows which key will open the lock.

Respectfully,

L. TAGGART.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.

DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. $1.00 per box.

Sold by R. C. Dodson, druggist

Foley's Honey and Tar

cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Thousands say that

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Six good short stories humorous stories, stories of life and action—always good.

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Fall and Winter Woolens

Have Just Arrived.

I am now ready to please the public, having just moved my Tailor Shop over the Express office, in order to cut down expenses. I can now make clothes much cheaper than they can be made any where in this section. I employ only first-class workmen and invite the public to call and inspect my stock.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

J. L. FOBERT.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT

CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

POLITICAL LEADERS

The Men Who Dominate in the Senate and House.

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

Personal Characteristics of Congressman Williams and Senators Aldrich and Gorman—How They Rule Their Parties.

Washington.—John Sharpe Williams the most efficient leader the democrats in the house have had since the days of Crisp. In some respects he is better than Crisp, for he can keep his temper under provocation and that is what Crisp could never do. Besides, Williams has the faculty of getting along personally with the leaders of the opposition. He is about as well liked on the republican side of the house as he is among his own party followers.

Hon. John Sharpe Williams

Williams and Speaker Cannon have become decidedly chummy. Williams appreciates the courtesy shown him when Cannon permitted him to pick out the democratic members of the committees and he doesn't hesitate to show his gratitude on all occasions when a matter of party advantage is not at stake—and there are plenty of opportunities during a session when the legitimate business of the house can be impeded or expedited according as the rival leaders are in a mood of mutual good fellowship or not.

Both Williams and Cannon have an abounding sense of humor. When they are together they call each other "John" and "Joe" and they crack jokes and tell stories with as much gusto as if they had never had a political difference in their lives. The democratic leader likes nothing better than to stroll into the speaker's room and go over the points. But when he gets on the floor in debate he is as spunky as a game cock and nobody would ever imagine that he had a republican friend in the world. There is nobody in the house who can tear passion to tatters more effectively.

An Old-Time Leader.

One of Williams' predecessors, a democratic leader who was a national figure when Williams was a boy, died only the other day. William M. Springer during the past ten years had not figured in politics; but prior to that time he was regarded as one of the democratic reliabilities in the house for almost a generation.

The Late William M. Springer

After he left congress Springer was for a time a judge in the Indian territory. Of late years he has been a lawyer here in Washington, scarcely more than a memory of the robust congressman who contested the nomination for the speakership with Crisp and Mills, and who afterwards stirred the economies with his famous series of pop-gun tariff bills carrying out the democratic scheme to revise the tariff one item at a time.

Personally, Springer was a lovable man, without even a remote sense of humor. Probably it was the latter failing that made him one of Tom Reed's pet aversions when the great speaker was the leader of the republicans in the house.

Two of Reed's most famous shafts were thrown at Springer. One was in a debate while Reed was still holding a secondary rank in the house. Springer, who was a rather ponderous speaker, had made the remark that he would rather be right than be president. Reed, standing in the middle aisle, drawled back: "The gentleman need not be alarmed. He will never be either."

The other was a conversational quip: "Springer never opens his mouth that he doesn't subtract from the sum of human knowledge."

It is not to be wondered at that there should not have been any great sympathy between two men of such widely opposed temperaments. It was largely a matter of taste with each of them, and concerning taste there is no use in arguing.

Leadership of the Senate.

The leadership of Senator Aldrich in the senate has been pretty completely demonstrated more than once in recent years, but never more thoroughly than during the extraordinary session just closed. The republican majority were altogether in Aldrich's hands. What he suggested they did, and sometimes they did it without putting him even to the trouble of suggesting it.

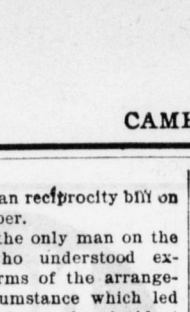
Senator Aldrich

He was one who made the arrangement with the democratic minority by which the business of the extraordinary session was brought to a close and an agreement made by unanimous consent to vote on the Cuban reciprocity bill on the 16th of December.

In fact, he was the only man on the republican side who understood exactly what the terms of the arrangement were, a circumstance which led to a somewhat embarrassing incident one afternoon in executive session. Senator Lodge tried to bring up a matter which was of no particular consequence, but which as it happened did not relate to the Cuban situation. Senator Gorman promptly objected. He said it was contrary to the agreement between the two sides of the chamber. The republicans who were present protested. They had never heard of any such agreement which would put it out of their power to do business of any kind. But Gorman was insistent. And when they pressed him for an explanation, he gave one. He said Senator Aldrich had promised him that if the democrats would consent to the vote on the 16th of December, nothing whatever would be done in the meantime during the extraordinary session except to discuss Cuban reciprocity. Aldrich had left the city without telling anybody on his own side of the chamber about what he had done, but they accepted Gorman's statement, and that was the end of it.

Gorman as a Leader.

Gorman, on the democratic side, occupies just about the same kind of position that Aldrich occupies on the republican side of the chamber. It may be that he hasn't quite the same degree of control of the machinery; but whatever he says goes, despite rumors to the contrary. He is the man to do business with, and when he makes a promise as to what the democrats will do, they feel morally bound to do it.



Senator Gorman

That is what Uncle Joe Cannon calls legislation by unanimous consent, and, of course, it is a very reprehensible way of doing business. But it is likely to continue just as long as the present senate rules live, which, according to present appearances, will be to the end of time.

Gorman and Aldrich are very much the same type of men. They are first of all business men. They understand the currents of trade and appreciate the effect of legislation on commercial interests. They are organizers and debt handlers of men. They can read character and they can keep their own counsel. They understand weaknesses in others to which they can appeal. They are always in the game.

Gorman is more of a public speaker than Aldrich. He is not an orator in any way, but he has a faculty of aggressiveness in debate which Aldrich has never shown. Aldrich when he talks uses a conversational tone, and goes about it as if he were explaining something before the board of directors of a railroad. Gorman is never exactly conversational. There is always some little touch of mystery in everything he says, and his face is jesuitical in its inscrutability. Aldrich, on the other hand, is seemingly the most frank and confiding of men. One wonders how it can be that this smiling, easy-going, companionable fellow can have so many tricks up his sleeve.

New Railroad Station.

The ways are cleared already for the great Union station, which is to be completed for the 4th of March, 1905, and which will be when completed the finest thing of its kind in the world.

Plans of the New Depot

By contrast with the present wretched avenues of approach to Washington it will be almost inconceivably splendid.

The new station, which will be only a stone's throw from the capitol, will be built of white granite—a peculiarly white and dazzling stone, quarried at Bethel, Vt., which will surpass marble in architectural effect.

The station will face directly toward the dome of the capitol, and the entire facade will be clearly visible from the capitol steps at the end of the broad avenue. The architectural effects have been drawn from the triumphal arches of Rome. Sloping gently away from the building will be a plaza 500 feet wide and 3,000 feet long, adorned with balustrades and fountains, while there will be a terrace 100 feet wide surrounding the structure.

The station itself will be 620 feet long and from 65 to 120 feet in height. The three entrance arches, each 50 feet in height, will be on a scale far surpassing anything in Roman architecture. The waiting-rooms will be dreams of luxury compared with anything that has ever before been suggested for a railway station, and the dining-room will be equal to anything that can be found in a first-class hotel. There will be all sorts of unusual conveniences. One of these is an invalid's room, easily accessible from the street.

Another is a special entrance for the president of the United States. Besides there will be dressing rooms with baths and a Turkish bath and swimming pool. The entire cost of the station with approaches will be $14,000,000, of which the government pays $3,000,000.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

On Graves of Maidens.

The grave of an unmarried woman in Turkey is often indicated by a rose carved in stone.

GERMANS CHALLENGE

They Are Invading South American Countries in Large Numbers.

Emperor William Approves of Their Going, and May in Time Dispute the Monroe Doctrine with Us—Interesting Figures.

The tide of German emigration to South America flows steadily, increasingly, and the kaiser warmly encourages his people in this movement. Apropos of which, a careful student of international politics declaures that the German emperor is building up his navy for the very purpose of some day trying issue with the United States as to that well-known Monroe doctrine of ours.

The same writer says it is common talk in official circles that the emperor fully realizes the richest and most easily accessible field for German energy and emigration lies in this vast and little exploited region. Germany needs markets and she proceeds to make them where she can; and South America is one of the richest countries in the world; a country not already preempted by some enterprising one of the great nations, and its wonderful waterways make the interior accessible. The Amazon for 6,000 miles is traversible, the La Platte for 4,000 miles, the Orinoco for 1,000 miles, and lesser streams are navigable for considerable distances. That this great, marvellously rich land has lain so long undeveloped is attributable to two causes; the unstable nature of South American governments; and that shadowy but persistent Monroe doctrine which warns "hands off." But the bold kaiser says: "Who's afraid?" and enters in.

It would look as though the United States were thoroughly alive to the fact that the Germans are invading this long jealously-guarded tropical America, for some time ago all the American consuls were requested to furnish fullest information in regard to German colonization in South America. And when one glances at a map of the different districts where the German has obtained a strong foothold, one does not wonder our government is somewhat concerned with this feature of German expansion.

In Brazil alone there are said to be more than 400,000 German residents. In the province of Rio Grande there are over a quarter of a million Germans—almost 30 per cent. of the population; in Santa Catherina over 60,000—practically 21 per cent.; in two towns Germans form 80 per cent. of the population; then there are six German settlements where the

MAP SHOWING DENSITY OF POPULATION IN SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES

number of Germans range from 95 to 80 per cent. of the whole number of inhabitants. In the Argentine Republic many Germans have found homes to their liking, and quite a number in Chili.

It is estimated that more than $150,000,000 of German capital is already invested in Brazil. In Central as well as South America Germany has large commercial interests, and as some of the Central American states are now offering special inducements to desirable immigrants, probably the Germans ere long will endeavor to make for themselves homes there. But it will take Latin-America some time to rival our country in the number of its German-Americans, recent statistics showing that nearly 90 per cent. of the German emigrants still go to the United States, and less thna five per cent. to Brazil, Argentine and the other American countries.

Germany needs new fields not only because of her demand for markets, but because she has a population that is increasing beyond all capacity of the home land to maintain it. At present she is sending out more colonists than any other country in the world save Great Britian. According to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the notable feature of this movement is that the German as a colonist prefers almost any flag to his own. If this be true, then the Germans may be willing to abide by the governments that obtain in the various South American districts in which they have settled, and our old friend, the Monroe doctrine, may consider itself unassailed.

But a noted English weekly, the Saturday Review, asserts that England need feel no anxiety whatever over the navy-building going on over in Germany, declares that the readiest cause for naval conflicts will be found in the struggle between Germany and the United States for the partition or exploitation of the great South American continent. And doubtless battle-worn John Bull breathes a little easier at the though that the energetic William is looking our way instead of his.

KATHERINE POPE.

Thoroughly Incompetent.

Hewitt—Gruet has no business ability.

Jewett—No; he couldn't make money if he ran a drug store in a no-license town.—N. Y. Times.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Typical '49 mining camp in "Mining Gulch."

Approximate cost of the exposition, $50,000,000.

Rose garden, six acres in area, 50,000 rose trees.

Fair opens April 30, 1904; closes December 1, 1904.

Size of grounds, 1,240 acres, nearly two square miles.

Art pottery manufactory in operation showing processes.

Floral clock, dial 100 feet in diameter, hands 50 feet long.

Melon day—500,000 melons served to visitors without cost.

Automobile chairs, carrying two persons, reach all points.

Thirty-five miles of asphalt and gravel roadways in grounds.

Gen. Grant's cabin in St. Louis county erected at exposition.

Model strawberry farm, with 400 varieties growing thereon.

Map of United States in growing crops covers area of five acres.

Wireless telegraph station among great electrical exhibits.

Main picture comprises ten great palaces, arranged fan shape.

Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, for Virginia state building.

The Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's Tennesee home, reproduced.

The pike, a mile long, concessions costing more than $5,000,000.

Great Britain to reproduce the orangery of Kensington palace.

Three great cascades, largest waterfalls ever constructed by man.

Washington's headquarters at Morristown for New Jersey Building.

Robert Burns' cottage at Ayrshire to be reproduced on grounds.—N. Y. World.

MEN OF MEANS.

John D. Rockefeller proposes to plant three carloads of young maple trees on his estate at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Isadore Newman, of New Orleans, recently gave $50,000 to chairty to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States.

Adrian Iselin, a member of one of New York's wealthy families, is building a church for poor Italian Catholics at New Rochelle.

J. Pierpont Morgan's latest gift is a ouse to his daughter. It is said to be one of the finest residences in New York, and is located at Park avenue and Thirty-seventh street.

Moses G. Cobb, a wealthy attorney of San Francisco, died recently, leaving his entire estate to Mrs. Rose Barry, a widow who during the last three years of his life looked after him. Cobbs' widow, son and five grandchildren are cut off without a cent. A legal contest is in progress. The executor is asked to see that Cobb's body is cremated and "the ashes scattered to the waters of the Pacific ocean."

John D. Spreckles, Jr., son of the California millionaire, is selling tickets in the office of the Oceanic Steamship company offices, San Francisco. His father is president of the company and the young man has determined to master the business. He is on duty every morning at nine o'clock and works until five in the afternoon. His salary, which he has to earn, being shown no favors, is about $100 per month. Later he means to check freight on the dock in order to familiarize himself with that department.

FOREIGN FACTS AND FANCIES.

There is an ice plant in Jerusalem.

The Mexican government has decided to permit Chinese immigration.

Charles T. Yerkes is the authority for the statement that the London underground system is now half completed, and that it will be entirely finished in about five years.

The gambling receipts at Monte Carlo exceed those of last year by over $600,000. It is the custom of the banks to give those who have lost their all free tickets that will take them home.

The completion of the world's longest tunnel, Simplon, is to be celebrated in 1905 at Milan, the nearest important Italian city, by an international exposition, for which preparations are now being made. A fund of $600,000 has been raised, and the king of Italy has promised to aid the undertaking in every possible way.

The International Oil company of Japan, which is a branch of the Standard Oil company, has a large refinery at Navetsu, besides owning important wells in the western provinces. Sixty-eight native companies have been forced to combine, so that there are now two competing companies, neither of which has one-fourth the capital of the International company.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It isn't an easy matter to see happiness through another man's eyes.

We can all find reasons why other people shouldn't make mistakes.

Knowledge of a good many men consists of things that aren't so.

Most writers who drop into poetry manage to drop clear through.

All women were born to love and be loved, and they fight it out on that line.

Contentment comes to those only who want but little and are satisfied with less.

What a pity it is that people who worry over trifles haven't something worth while to trouble them!

A girl has it in her power to make any number of men happy for life—by declining to marry them.

Don't think because a man is an expert mathematician that he always counts with the fair sex.

Every man expects to wake up some day and find himself famous. As a rule he does get as far as the waking-up part.—Chicago Daily News.

A PAIR OF FLICKERS

The Naturalist Watches Them Build a Home and Set Up Housekeeping.

How the Male Called His Lady Love and Began His Courtship—Interruption by a Jealous Rival—The Nest and Little Ones.

The flicker is known throughout almost the whole of North America, and wherever he is known he is loved by all right-minded members of the community. He is of good appearance, industrious in his habits, and minds his own business. He is a good citizen, and an example to the rest of us; many of us are proud of him and the others ought to be.

Last spring I saw a male flicker alight on the slanting trunk of a dead tree, and, after hitching sidewise two or three times, he stopped near a spot where the bark was loose, and began prying off bits of it with his strong curved bill, pausing now and then to devour the insects which he brought to light. Then, flying to a higher branch, he sent forth a long call, "Wicka-wicka-wicka-wicka," which penetrated to the very heart of the woods. Presently he flew to another tree, alighting close to a hard, dead branch. Then he threw his head back, and, after a momentary pause, brought the tip of his bill to bear upon the dead branch, with marvelous force and repidity. The effect was a loud, vibratory sound not unlike the rapid rolling of a small drum, and after a moment's silence, during which the woodpecker turned his head on one side as though listening, it was repeated, seemingly louder than before.

Again and again the sound rolled forth from the resonant branch, and then, with a little "pat," a second flicker alighted upon the tree. Then the drummer ceased his drumming, for he had something better to do. The lady love he had been calling for had arrived, and the delightful task of winning her affections was before him. He drew near and bowed to her, uttering notes which sounded like as though they might be pretty speeches; then pranced in front of her, spreading his tail and his wings, displaying the golden feather shafts and the white patch on his rump. How much further he would have gone with his courtship will never be known, for at this interesting point another male flicker arrived from somewhere, and the two rivals, uttering harsh notes, dashed off together, and were followed soon after by the cause of their jealousy.

Which, if either, of the two males was eventually successful, I don't know, but, at all events, I saw a pair of mated flickers in that corner of the woods a very few days later. At last a decision

A FLICKER.

was reached, and on a dead chestnut tree work was commenced. For eight days they labored hard; then, because no more chips were thrown out, I presumed that the home was finished.

Some ten days later, I enlarged the entrance a little, that I could put my hand into the nest. Inside the nest-hole was much wider than one might have supposed from glancing at the door way, and opened out into a roomy cavity which extended downwards perhaps 18 inches, affording ample room for the mother as she sat upon her eggs. Of the latter there were seven, transparent white, with pink veinings showing through the shell. The yolks, as in all fresh woodpeckers' eggs which I have seen, were plainly visible, and floated lightly to the top, no matter which way up the eggs were held.

Next time I visited the nest, the young birds were hatched, for as I tapped on the tree-trunk there came from the hole a sound like that made by escaping steam or a singing kettle; the sound of very young flickers crying in chorus. I did not see the parent birds feed the young, but we know from the observations of Mr. William Brewster that young flickers are fed by regurgitation in much the same manner as young pigeons are given their nourishment. The parent flicker thrusts his bill down the throat of a little flicker, and with his wings and tail, and in fact his whole body, quivering with the effort, he literally pumps the half-digested food from his own stomach into that of his offspring.

Some time before they were ready to leave the nest, the fledglings would scramble up to the mouth of the nest-hole, and sometimes four or five inquisitive little heads might be seen peering out at once.

On leaving the nest, they could fly well at once, making more than a hundred yards at the first attempt. Their plumage at this age was almost identical with that of the parents.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Japanese Smugglers.

Japanese smugglers are driving the Russian officials frantic by their persistent running of contraband goods into Siberia. The other day a Jap tailor was caught at Port Arthur with a large quantity of silk. It is likely to go hard with him, as the Russian law is stringent on this point.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

A Warning to Santa Claus.

When the tree is in the parlor and the lights are on the tree
And the strings of colored popcorn are a-dangling merrily,
When the dripping of the tallow makes the drooping branches white
And the children raise a chorus of unanimous delight,
Oh, Santa Claus, be careful as you gayly skip about,
For your whiskers'll catch fire
If
you
don't
watch
out.

Oh, it's good to hear the shouting of the happy girls and boys
As you reach up in the branches and untie the swaying toys;
He is hardly half a Christian who would stop such joy as this,
And without the tree our Christmas would be robbed of half its bliss,
But, Santa Claus, be careful, as you frolic and they shout,
You'll be turned to pyrotechnics
If
you
don't
watch
out.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Christmas Is Near.

Two little curly heads, yellow and brown,
Over their work bending busily down.
Twenty wee fingers all stitching away,
Nimbly and deftly as ever they may.
Four little lips whispering softly and low
Sweet little secrets that no one must know.
These are the signs by which it is clear
That Yuletide is coming and Christmas is near!

Oh, for the mysteries no one can guess!
Something for baby, and something for Bess,
Presents for Jacky, and gifts for papa,
Such a delightful surprise for mamma,
All stowed away in the little work box
Of wee Rosy Posy and sweet Goldilocks;
No one shall open it, no one shall peer
Into its treasures till Christmas is here.

Work away, dear little hands, work away,
Swift and nimbly as ever you may.
Only a little longer, you know,
You will have leisure to stitch and to sew.
Every new morning and every new night
Brings the day nearer, the day of delight.
Brightest and merriest day of the year;
Yuletide is coming and Christmas is near.
—Persis Gardiner, in Youth's Companion.

Two Boys' Christmases.

THE RICH BOY.

And now behold this sulking boy,
His costly presents bring no joy;
Harsh tears of anger fill his eye
Though he has all that wealth can buy.
What profits it that he employs
His many gifts to make a noise?
His playroom is so placed that he
Can cause his folks no agony.

MORAL.

Mere worldly wealth does not possess
The power of giving happiness.

THE POOR BOY.

Observe, my child, this pretty scene,
And note the air of pleasure keen
With which the widow's orphan boy
Toots his tin horn, his only toy.
What need of costly gift has he?
The widow has nowhere to flee,
And ample noise his horn emits
To drive the widow into fits.

MORAL.

The philosophic mind can see
The uses of adversity.
—Ellis Parker Butler, in Leslie's Monthly.

A Merry Round.

There's a merry sound of music in the raindrops on the shed,
Like the angels was a-peltin' us with blossoms overhead,
An' the mistletoe is hangin' near the holly berries red,
Hands round the frosty winter morning!

Come in from the weather where the fire cracks an' glows,
An' the blue smoke up the chimney in a windy frolic goes,
An' Pleasure like a river with a sunny ripple flows—
Hands round the frosty winter morning!

Oh, life is worth the living, though the year is gray and cold,
The song is sweet in singin', an' the merry tale is told,
An' take of joy full measure—all the arms of you can hold—
Hands round the frosty winter morning!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Grown-Folks' Christmas.

Not by glad Christmas bells alone;
Not by the crowded, warm hearthstone;
Not by the quip, the clasp, the feast—
Scarce by the lone star in the east—
Nor yet by gift nor deed of grace,
Nor mistletoe, nor wreathed place,
Nor merry speedings to and fro,
Nor any circumstance or show—
Know we the Christmas day.

These are but symbols, hallowed dear—
The cheery crowning of the year.

But by the light in children's eyes;
By their blithe shouts and happy sighs;
By secret plottings, fond and deep;
When little heads lie still, in sleep;
By glowing sympathy that starts,
Melting the winter in our hearts;
By quickened joy and holy pride,
When to the Child all doors swing wide—
Know we the Christmas day.
—St. Nicholas.

Safe.

For those who keep this Christmastide
Beyond all pain and sin,
Beyond the reach of ill or hurt
Thy Heavenly courts within,
We thank Thee, Lord, though still our eyes
Are dim with longing tears,
And yearning arms can scarcely wait
The slow march of the years.

For those who still with us abide
Are anxious fears and cares,
So many pitfalls lurk unseen,
So many hidden snares.
To those who in the Home-land dwell,
No harm can e'er betide;
We thank Thee, Lord, for all our own
Safe on the other side.
—Gussie Packard Dubois, in Chicago Interior.

Christmas Is Coming.

What makes his wife so awfully nice,
She gives her kisses in a trice,
She's like a horse without a vice—
Ha, Christmas' coming!

Her dinners, too, are simply splendid,
With all the things he likes attended,
I wonder why her ways she's mended?
Ha, Christmas' coming!

She sees in visions bright, alack,
A sealskin muff or eke a sack,
To shine resplendent on her back—
Ha, Christmas' coming!

She sees, maybe, a diamond ring,
A pin or some such gaudy thing.
No wonder she grows kind, by jing,
Christmas' coming!
—Louisville Post.

An Annual Sorrow.

That good old fellow, Santa Claus,
Once more is under way.
The snow his eager reindeer paws.
Well laden is his sleigh.
And yet the family man will sing
A song devoid of glee,
For Santa Claus in sooth will bring
His gifts all C. O. D.
—Washington Star.

THE LONDON GHETTO

Two Impressions Which the Observer Receives on Visit There.

Tireless Energy of the Jews Both Old and Young—The Religious Devotion Which Makes Up a Large Part of Life.

In the great London ghetto, each year growing larger, the observer is perpetually asking himself which of his two impressions is the chief. His first impression is of the extraordinary energy of the Jew. It continues from morning until night; the loafer is as conspicuously absent in the Yiddish quarter as once he was conspicuously present in these streets of East London; and the energy lasts from childhood unto age—old and young seem ever occupied. By this we do not mean that the Jew is always at work. In the long array of restaurants which have sprung up to meet his foreign habit of taking his meals abroad, he spends a larger part of his time than does the English worker of the same class in any such places; a larger time, indeed, than any but the more leisured classes in England. But in his restaurants he is still busy, volubly arguing, busily writing, sometimes dictating to the professional letter-writer; and even when playing dominoes, still doing it with an air of concentrated business.

It is the same with the children as with their elders. The Yiddish child, when the board school lessons are done, promptly goes to the Talmud Torah school, where, with unaltered energy, he attacks the rhythmic verses whose learning gives him at least one more language than the English child with whom he will one day be a competitor, and that a language which is a kind of Volapuk, a passport, a freemasonry, among the most pushing of races. Here, in the Talmud Torah school, the Jewish child learns the beginning of that ritual which, however diminished in its effects by his after career, must remain a lasting influence in the life of the great number of Jews.

And that leads us to the second impression which is created in the mind of the observer in Yiddish East London, which is the large share that religion plays in the lives of the alien immigrants. Heine once wrote of the different ways in which various peoples regard liberty. One might in the same way think of the differing regards that people have for religions; and think of the religion of the Jew as a

COMFORTING A MOURNING MOTHER IN A SYNAGOGUE.

thing which through centuries he has died for and suffered for, enduring prisons and stripes and many fears.

The synagogue is not closed as our churches are on a weekday to those who would commune apart in meditation and prayer. It is always open; a perpetual token that religion is not a weekly exercise, but daily bread. It opens at five o'clock in the morning. One poor Jew told the writer that for many weeks, when he was out of work and homeless, he used to wait for the synagogue to open at early morning, so that he might slip in and stay there for a few hours. But go as early as you will, there in the dingy pews, with the faint light struggling through the dingier panes, Jews will be bending and swaying in prayer. "Lord, I love the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." These are the words with which each Jew enters the synagogue; and if in the dark synagogue the words, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, thy dwelling places, O Israel," have no material appropriateness, their spiritual fitness in the mouths of the reverent worshippers who utter them is apparent.

There is a wonderful fervor in the service; not the hysterical fervor of the Salvationist, or of that weird sect known a generation ago in England as the Ranters, but the fervor of emotion deeply felt and half suppressed. In one of M. Renouard's drawings he has depicted a woman in mourning. There was something so poignant in her grief that one almost expected to hear the congregation break into tears and lamentations; to see them rending their clothes and pouring ashes on their heads.

There are not, as we have said, many ceremonial occasions in the Jewish service. On some feast days, the Scrolls of the Law are taken from the Ark, and are carried by the priesthood round the synagogue, all the people leaning forward to touch them, and to hold up their children so that they may be blessed by the sacred writings. But in all that goes on within the synagogue there is a solemnity and sincerity which confers a splendid impressiveness; and perhaps not the least of the factors of its attribute lies in the demeanor of the congregation.

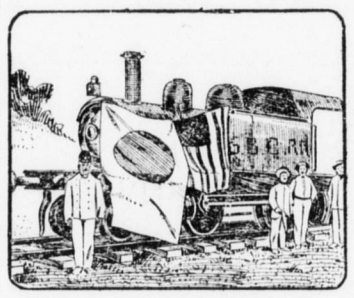
COREA PROGRESSING

Foreign Traders Seeking Acquaintance with the Hermit Nation.

America's Part in Revolutionizing the Quaint, Antique Methods of the Empire—Pressed on All Sides by Conflicting Interests.

Corea, once happily a hermit nation, practically out of the world, ever since attaining to the dignity of an independent state and the publicity attendant upon the change, has had her hands full of responsibility. And being new to the business, the responsibility has proved irksome, perplexing, and is proving so now. Would-be acquaintances from far-off lands continually knocking at her doors asking that her ports be opened to grant King Commerce, whilst equally troublesome neighbors forbid her acceding to the request. The problem of the present moment is this—the United States respectfully request that the city of Wiji on the Yalu river be opened for free trade. The Russians oppose the opening.

From a political point of view Corea's position is most unfortunate; there is Russia, colossal, energetic on one side; China, with her ancient claims, pressing close; and nearby Japan whose history and traditions are so closely linked with her own. Then



FIRST RAILROAD ENGINE IN COREA.

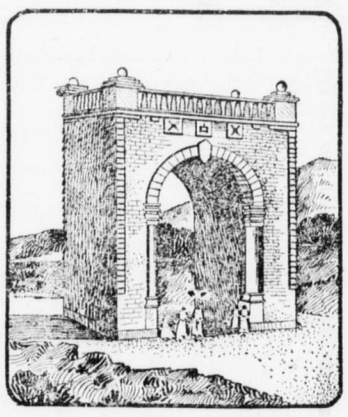
there are the energetic foreigners, interested in the resources of her 82,000 square miles.

Poor Corea! And yet what would she be in this day and age if foreign enterprise were to let her alone, had let her alone?

Missionary, trader and engineer have worked their influences, and Corea to-day has Christian churches and schools, has hospitals, dispensaries, newspapers, railways, iron bridges, electric lights and street railways. Mr. William Elliot Griffis, in his book "America in the East," thus lauds the part our own countrymen have taken in modernizing Corea: "The first railway from Chemulpo to Seoul, with its iron bridges and modern equipments, and the first electric lights and street railways in Seoul, the exploitation and development of the mines, have been begun and carried out by Americans. The renovation of the capital city from the similitude of a pigsty to one of the brightest and cleanest cities in the east is the work of native officers who had experience in Washington."

Of course it was the war of 1894-5 that made preparation for the nation's progress, and in these subsequent years the progress has been almost revolutionary. In and about Seoul is an electric railway 18 miles in length; a rail way that is now very popular with the natives, although at first they disapproved of the innovation to such an extent they tore up the tracks and destroyed buildings. The railway from the seaport Chemulpo to the capital Seoul, a distance of 26 miles, is in successful operation.

A Japanese syndicate is building a road between Fusan, on the southeast coast, to Seoul, a road that is to be 287



INDEPENDENCE ARCH, COREA, ERECTED 1898.

miles in length, have 40 stations and 20,500 feet of bridges. As Corea is mountainous the road will have to follow river valleys and mountain gaps where possible and provision has been made for 31 tunnels, one of them a mile long. The first section is already open to travel. The Seoul-Wiji railway (under the auspices of the Corean government, with French engineers and French material) was designed to tap the coal and gold mining regions, but though there has already occurred the official opening of the section from Seoul to Sangdo, owing to a lack of Corean funds the road has been temporarily abandoned.

A system of waterworks in Seoul has been begun by the American company that furnishes light for the city. The telephone is in use in Seoul, and lines are being extended to Chemulpo. Telegrams may be sent in Corea in certain specified foreign languages, in the Corean, Chinese and Japanese tongues. The postal system, a highly satisfactory one, is under French direction.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.

OF LITERARY INTEREST.

An attempt is being made to have Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, son of the Norwegian, come to this country next year and lecture on his father's plays.

Alfred Deakin, prime minister of the Australian commonwealth, is an insatiable devourer of novels, and never enters the legislative chamber without one or two. He settles down comfortably into a corner of the treasury bench and reads away when business is dull.

An intimate friend of the poet set himself to find out the rules of Tennyson's versification, and collected from his poems an immense number of laws and examples. "Look here, ——, friend, "what wonderful laws you observe!" "It's all true," replied the poet; "I do observe them, but I never knew it."—Ruskin.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, has strongly protested against the published reports of his father's ill feeling toward Thackeray. He recalls the fact that his father was the chief mourner at Thackeray's funeral in Kensal Green and also wrote a biographical sketch which "did full justice to the genius and merits of the author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis.'" Mr. Dickens adds that many a time he has heard his father speak in the most glowing terms of Thackeray's wonderful versatility.

A familiar figure in Toronto is Goldwin Smith. Every fine day he takes his carriage drive, and one sees a shrunken old man, as thin as he is tall, silent and grave of demeanor, preoccupied, it would seem, with his own thoughts. "One might make the mistake of supposing," said an observer, "that the aged citizen—he has celebrated his eightieth birthday—was a dyspeptic pessimist, that life had lost its charm for him and that time had forgotten him in its merciless march toward a future that is never overtaken. Such is one picture of the old professor—a mental snap shot taken from a curbstone."

A MATTER OF YEARS.

The average age of senators is 59 years; eight are less than 45.

Prof. Marcius Willson, of Vineland, N. J., author of a successful school series and many other works, was 90 years old recently, and is believed to be the oldest American author still able to do literary work. He was unable to attend a birthday reception in his honor tendered by a historical society, excusing himself on the ground that he was hard at work on a new book, and was also perfecting a patent which would surprise his friends.

Ex-Gov. Horace Boies, of Iowa, is now living in retirement, and shows no inclination to figure again in public affairs. He is living on his large farm near Eldora, Ia., where the former popular idol of the Iowa democracy lives in ease and comfort the life of a farmer. His farm consists of 1,500 acres and is in a fine state of cultivation. He has aged rapidly since the death of his son. A valuation of $500,000 has been placed on his farm.

"My life has been strangely ruled by the number nine," Pius X. is quoted as saying previous to being chosen pope. "Nine years I was a school boy at Riese; nine years a student at Padua; nine years a curate at Tombolo; nine years a priest at Salzano; nine years a canon at Treviso; nine years a bishop at Mantua; now for nine years I have been cardinal-patriarch at Venice. If I become pope—as long as God wills; perhaps another nine years."

IN THE WORLD OF LEARNING.

Mlle. de Flaudre has been given the degree of doctor of science by the faculty of sciences of Paris, with honorable mention.

Kuno Fischer, the eminent historian of philosophy, has at last been obliged to give up his professorship in Heidelberg. He is in his eightieth year and has been at Heidelberg since 1872.

President Eliot thinks late lunches are ruining the stomachs of the students, so he has ordered the proprietor of an all-night restaurant located on college property to vacate the premises.

Dr. Albert D. Mead, professor of comparative anatomy at Brown university, has returned to the United States after a thorough inspection of all the important laboratories and experiment stations in Europe.

Prof. Edward Wheeler Scripture, the psychologist, director of the psychological laboratory of Yale university, has arrived in Munich, with the object of conducting experiments on the human voice by means of the gramaphone. The Carnegie institute is furnishing the funds.

Glen Harrison, aged 13, is teaching a country school in the Ozark mountains near Gainesville, Mo., and probably is the youngest pedagogue in the country. He has 29 pupils, several of them considerably bigger than he, but he has whipped one or two of them and is now treated with the respect due an educator.

FRESH FROM FRANCE.

France has, within six months, paid in subsidies for new ships $38,600,000.

M. Gaub, the French chemist, says that if the hair crop could all be shorn from the women of France for one year, it could be made to produce 1,022,000 pounds of iron.

The total production of sugar in France in 1901-2 amounted to 1,051,930 tons, of which 320,742 tons were exempt from duty, as the official estimates had fallen that far short of the actual returns.

Lucie Felix-Faure, the daughter of a former president of France, who lately married George Goyan, is a distinguished woman of letters. She has studied the philosophy, literature and theology of many countries.

PEOPLE OF MANY LANDS.

During his hunt in Styria Emperor Franz Josef killed his two thousandth chamois.

Robert Caterson, of New York, recently purchased the far-famed granite mountain, of Texas.

Wu Ting-Fang, formerly Chinese minister to this country, has been appointed vice president of the newly created department of commerce in his home government. It will be his province specially to look after the foreign commerce of China.

Dr. Hans Meyer, the famous German explorer, passed through New York city the other day on his way home from Ecuador, where he spent all last summer studying the glaciers and ice fields of the high Cordilleras. It was Dr. Meyer who reached the top of Killimanjaro, the highest mountain of Africa, after about 20 vain attempts had been made by others.

Lord Milner, at present British high commissioner for South Africa, began life as a newspaper man, his first work being done for the Pall Mall Gazette. His writings attracted the attention of Lord Goschen, who procured for the young journalist a good post under the government of Egypt. Ever since that time he has been in the public service, and now occupies one of the most responsible positions under the crown. The office of colonial secretary was pressed upon him by Mr. Balfour, but he preferred to remain in South Africa.

Peter Maher, the Irish pugilist, was knocked out in one round in Philadelphia, while fighting to secure naturalization papers. He failed to answer the questions properly. For instance, on being asked: "How is the president elected?" he answered: "By a great majority." "Do you know anything about the constitution?" "It's great," said the Irish champion, enthusiastically. "Never felt better in my life. Me constitution is all right. I'm trained to the minute. The declaration of independence? Something to do with the time we licked the English, ain't it?" The commissioner turned him down and Maher departed sadly, saying to a friend: "That was the hardest fight of me life, and sure I lost."

IN THE LIME-LIGHT.

Joseph Jefferson caught a trespasser fishing in his well-stocked lake on his Louisiana farm, the other day. The venerable actor went up to him and called his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled, sadly. "You are mistaken, sir," he replied. "I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them. I haven't landed one, and my bait's nearly all gone."

It is exactly half a century since Sir Henry Irving took his first real lesson in elocution in a class held in the city of London. He was described at that time by a fellow pupil as "a tall, good-looking boy of about 15, dressed in a black jacket suit, with a deep Eton collar, and conspicuous with a mass of raven-black hair and the brightest pair of eyes I have ever seen. When he gave his first recitation he took us by storm, and we knew that a new star had risen."

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, regretfully concludes that his appearance lacks distinction in some way. He bases this opinion on a recent experience at the door of the Broadway theater. "I was passing in on my way to a rehearsal," he says, "when a young man, evidently one of the justly hated ticket scalpers, touched my elbow and offered me a dollar. 'Say,' he mumbled, 'do me a little favor, will you? Go up to the box office and buy me two 50-cent seats for to-night.' I should not have felt insulted," concluded Mr. Frohman, "were it not that I aspire to look like a man who might safely engage a box or at least an orchestra chair without exciting suspicion."

BRICK MADE IN THE U. S.

Of vitrified brick, in 1902, there were 617,192 thousand, valued at $5,744,530, or $9.31 per thousand.

The quantity of front brick produced in the country amounts to 458,391 thousand, valued at $5,318,008, or $11.60 per thousand.

Enameled brick, the entire product of which in 1902 was valued at $471,163, was made only in California, Illinois, Maryland, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

A little over 40 per cent. of the total value of clay products is in common brick. The production of brick of that class in 1902 amounted to 8,475,067 thousand brick, having a value of $48,885,869. They brought an average price of $5.77 per thousand.

The value of fancy or ornamental brick amounts to $806,453, of fire brick, to $11,970,511; of stove lining, to $630,924; of drain tile, to $3,506,787; of sewer pipe, to $7,174,892; of ornamental terra cotta, to $3,526,906; of fire proofing, to $3,175,593, and of tile to $3,622,863.

MARTIAL STRAINS.

The 16-inch gun has proved so satisfactory in every way that the question of using calibers larger than 12 inches need not be complicated by the question of practicability.

The late Lieut. Goldschmidt was the oldest musical conductor in the German army. For 50 years he had been leader of the band of the King's grenadiers. His band played at Sedan. In 1898 he was pensioned.

At the close of the Boer war 24,000 British soldiers sought employment as coachmen, grooms, porters, carmen, etc., and places were promptly found in 18,000. Lately the number of unemployed former soldiers has increased, owing to the present service of three years with the colors instead of seven years as heretofore.

VISIT TO LOURDES

Annual Pilgrimage to This Little Village in Southern France.

Holy Spring Which Religious Fervor Credits with Many Miraculous Cures—Devout Invalids Flock Thither.

In this twentieth century we are apt to smile at the superstitutions which religious fervor may produce and foster. It seems almost incredible that there are thousands and thousands of poor invalids who believe that the water from a certain holy spring will cure them of their complaints. There is something poetic and mediaeval about such unquestioning faith. The annual pilgrimage to Lourdes is a case in point. Lourdes, in the Hautes Pyrenees, in the south of France, which was once a little unknown village, has now a European reputation, having gained it solely through the numbers of pilgrims who visit the place annually. This town, which is beautifully situated in a valley opening towards snow-clad mountains, 12 miles southwest of Tarbes, dates its prosperity from the year 1858. In that year a young peasant girl, named Bernadette Soubirons,

THE BASILICA OF NOTRE DAME.

related that the Virgin had appeared to her. The apparition was repeated several times, and at last a wonderful spring issued from a corner of the grotto where it had been seen. It was soon proclaimed that the spring possessed miraculous qualities, and it says much for the power of the Roman Catholic religion, that on the faith of Bernadette's story hundreds of thousands of persons have visited the cave annually; and a hospital and convents, hotels and houses, have been built to meet the wants of the pilgrims. The girl's vision was declared to be authentic by the Bishop of Tarbes, and the place attracted such a multitude of pilgrims that a railway was built to bring them to the town.

In 1876 35 archbishops and bishops, presided over by the Archbishop of Paris and the Apostolic Nuncio, gave their seal to the story of Bernadette by assisting at the dedication of a handsome basilica, built in the thirteenth century style, which was erected over the cave. This was only a short time before Bernadette, who had become a nun, died in a convent. The many chapels and corridors below the church are lined with votive offerings. Generals leave their orders and brides their veils. The walls of the upper church are also entirely covered with similar offerings. The first chapel on the left records the 18 appearances of the Virgin and the singular words which Bernadette described her to have spoken: "Go to the fountain, eat of the grass beside it, pray for mankind, tell the priests to build me a chapel; I am the Immaculate Conception." From the upper church paths lead through shrubberies to the grotto beneath, facing the river. Here the rock is covered with the crutches of cured cripples. On

BEFORE THE GROTTO.

the one side is the famous fountain, on the other a pulpit from which a priest directs the devotions of the pilgrims. Special trains bring countless invalids to Lourdes, and the sight of so much human suffering gathered in one spot is deeply pathetic. There are numerous bands of volunteers at the town who skilfully undertake the organization of the throngs of pilgrims, most of whom are of the poorer class, and who have spent what is to them a large sum on the journey. The majority of the invalids, unfortunately, return as they came, but their faith is unshaken; they have not had sufficient faith they say.

Apart from the religious excitement which has made Lourdes one of the most prosperous towns in the south of France, it is a picturesque and beautiful place, with its old church and modernized.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Alumni coaching has proved popular among colleges of the west of late and there has been a tendency to thus replace the familiar type of leader. Arthur Curtis, an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin, and who coached the Badger football squad the past season, has agreed to continue another year. Fogg, Juneau, Abbott, Driver and Lerum, who have played on the team for two seasons, are being considered as assistants. It is regretted by those in favor of the alumni system that in most cases the change to this method is induced by the failure of the big teams to succeed in the company in which they wish to travel. Prominent among the schools of the west is Illinois, which will inaugurate a return to the system once inaugurated by George Huff. Huff was a Dartmouth man, pure and simple, but yet was strong with Illinois and in some respects regarded as an alumnus. He was succeeded by a long list of special coaches, who under the conditions at Illinois proved practical failures. They failed largely because of their youth in the coaching line and because they either did not have the brain to develop under Illinois conditions or did not stick to the task as Stagg and Yost have done. Yost, however, had his preliminary ups and downs with other schools and learned many valuable lessons. Illinois coaches have never had that opportunity. It is thought that perhaps an alumnus would, as with the case of Curtis at Wisconsin, have the regard and confidence of the school and be permitted to work out a system. It seems now very likely that the ex-center rush, Lowenthal, of Illinois, will be the man selected to inaugurate a return to the old-time style of coaching at Illinois. McCornack at Northwestern has a three-year contract. When he quits he hopes to see an alumni system of coaching established. Should he do so and have successful teams the next two years, it will be the first winning school to quit one system and go to the other with its eyes open. And a severe task it will be for the poor alumnus who steps in at that critical time and a blow it will be to the school should the system fail to make good at the jump-off.

Arthur Curtis

To "Larry" Lajoie, captain of the Cleveland American league team, belongs the real honor of having been the leading batter in the league during the season of 1903, with an average of .355. "Duke" Farrell, the veteran catcher of the Boston team, heads the list with a percentage of .404, according to the official figures, but as Farrell played but 17 games, while Lajoie appeared in 126 contests the honors of the year go to the big Frenchman. After Lajoie comes the name of the unfortunate Delehanty of the Washington team, who lost his life in the Niagara river. "Del" had played in 43 games, with an average of .338. "Nick" Altrock, the pitcher who won the final game for the White Sox in the local post-season series, is fourth on the list, with a percentage of .333 and after him comes Crawford of Detroit, Dougherty of Boston, Hickman of Cleveland, Young of Boston and "Willie" Keeler of New York. Earl Moore of Cleveland, with 22 games won to seven lost, heads the list of pitchers with a percentage of .759. While Moore is the leader he has but two points the better of "Cy" Young of Boston, who won 29 games and lost but nine, and Tom Hughes of Boston has a percentage of .750, winning 21 games and losing seven. Bernhard of Cleveland, who led the pitchers last year, is in fourth place, with a percentage of .737. Fielder Jones of the Chicago White Sox leads the outfielders with an average of .988, making but four errors in 137 games, while "Billy" Sullivan of the same team is a close second to Jack Warner of New York among the catchers, with a percentage of .987.

Earl Moore

James J. Hogan, '05, of Torrington, Conn., has been elected captain of the Yale eleven for next year. Hogan has played tackle for three years on the Blue and prepared at Phillips Exeter academy.

A decision of importance to bowlers and bowling clubs intending to participate in the national championship contests of the American Bowling congress at Cleveland, February 8-13, has been rendered by the executive committee. Under the Indianapolis plan of organization it was supposed that all entries would have to be affiliated with one of the local city organizations. This, however, is not the case. Any club or bowler is eligible upon compliance with the rules of the congress, but no club is entitled to any voice in the proceedings of the congress unless affiliated with one of the city associations.

"Bobby" Walthour, for himself and his team mate, Munroe, won the recent six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden. Forty yards separated Walthour from Leander, who was second at the finish, being ten good yards ahead of Floyd Krebs, behind whom came Fisher, an indifferent fourth.

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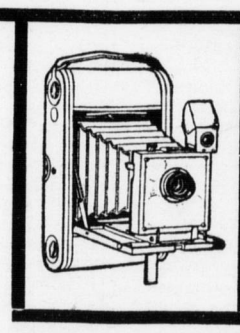

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Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ DOWN.

	daily					
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		
Lv K'ting Smt...		12 40	7 30	9 10	.....	
.....Austin.....	6 35	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....	
....Costello.....	6 44	1 14	.....		.....	
....Wharton.....	6 56	1 26	.....	3 10	.....	
Cross Fork Jct.	7 39	2 09	.....	4 23	.....	
....Corbett.....	8 06	2 36	.....	5 15	.....	
Germania,.....		2 47	.....	5 15	.....	
Ar. Galeton,.	.....	.....	.....	5 23	.....	
Lv. Galeton,.	8 23	2 53	.....	5 35	.....	
.....Gaines Jct.	8 36	3 06	.....	.....	.....	
...Westfield.....	9 13	3 43	.....	.....	.....	
.. Knoxville....	9 26	3 56	.....	.....	.....	
....Osceola.....	9 36	4 06	.....	.....	.....	
....Elkland.....	9 41	4 11	.....	.....	.....	
Ar..Addison....	10 13	4 43	.....	.....	.....	
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	

READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	P. M.
ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 45	7 10	.....	12 25	.....	.....
.... Austin,.....	8 00	6 43	.....	11 58	.....	8 45
....Costello,.....	.....	6 34	.....	11 49	.....	8 36
...Wharton,.....	.....	6 24	.....	11 39	.....	8 24
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 40	.....	10 58	.....	7 40
....Corbett,.....	.....	5 15	.....	10 34	.....	7 15
....Germania,....	.....	5 07	.....	10 26	.....	7 07
dp. Galeton.....	P. M.	5 00	.....	.....	.....	.....
ar, "	7 00	.....	1 00	10 20	.....	7 00
.... Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	9 49	.....	6 47
...Westfield, ...	6 11	.....	12 11	8 40	.....	6 11
....Knoxville ...	5 55	.....	11 55	8 22	.....	5 55
....Osceola,.....	5 46	.....	11 46	8 06	.....	5 46
....Elkland,.....	5 41	.....	11 41	8 01	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,.....	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

Read down. Read up.

P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
	9 21	7 00	lv..Ansonia..ar	9 40	7 00	.....
	9 11		.. Manhatten...	9 54	6 44	.....
	9 07		.South Gaines,.	9 57	6 40	.....
P. M.	8 59	6 37	..Gaines Junc...	9 59	6 38	.....
.....	8 45	6 25	ar } Galeton } lv		6 25	.....
	6 30	1 05	lv } Galeton } ar	10 10	4 55	.....
....	6 47	1 24	....Walton.....	9 51	4 39	.....
.....	7 13	1 50	..Newfield Jct...	9 27	4 15	.....
.....	7 30	2 06	West Bingham,..	9 09	4 01	.....
.....	7 41	2 18	.... Genesee....	8 58	3 52	.....
.....	7 46	2 24	.... Shongo	8 53	3 47	.....
.....	8 06	2 46	ar Wellsville dp	8 30	3 30	.....

STATIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	ar dp	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 55	2 00	7 15	Cross F'k Junc.	11 00	6 35	3 00
3 05	1 00	6 15	ar Cross Fork dp	11 50	5 45	2 10

P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A M
8 58	1 00	Lv Sinnamahoning, Ar	3 00	1 05
8 05	1 40	ar.....Wharton.....lv	1 40	9 55

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
396-408 Main Street.

GRAND OPENING
Holiday
Goods.

From now on the great store will have more than its usual interest to our out of town patrons. Every department has taken on a holiday appearance, and all the new and beautiful gifts have been brought out for your inspection.

TOYS AND DOLLS

There's a world of dolls—blonde and brunette, white and black, ball-jointed, kid body, celluloid dolls and steel dolls, dolls that walk, dolls with changeable wigs and dolls that you can bathe. Dressed dolls and dolls waiting to be dressed. Little dolls, big dolls and double dolls. The famous Kestner dolls from Germany, imported by us direct from the factory.

The toys and games are more pleasing and interesting than ever. Everything from a whistle to an automobile or train of cars.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

The facilities of this department are at your disposal. Shopping by mail is made as simple and satisfactory as a personal visit.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.
The American Block,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 6 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.23 A. M., New York 7.23 A. M, Baltimore, 2:20 A. M. Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

10 25 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.17 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.38 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping car from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:38 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:25 a. m.; Washington, 8:46 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	4 02	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 50	4 41	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 35
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 50
3 25	11 05	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 25	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 23	6 22	...Wilcox.....	12 05	2 45	8 04
3 56	11 38	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 50	2 33	7 49
.....	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
4 10	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway,....	9 30	2 15	7 30
.....	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
4 20	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 20	2 04	7 20
4 30	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 10	1 54	7 09
———	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 06	———	7 05
4 37	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 02	1 47	7 01
4 41	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	8 57	1 43	6 57
4 51	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 49	1 33	6 47
4 54	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 44	1 28	6 43
		7 51	..McMinns Sm't.	8 40		6 38
5 02	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 35	1 19	6 35
5 10	1 10	8 00	...Falls Creek...	8 30	1 15	6 30
5 25	1 25	8 10	.... DuBois.....	8 20	12 55	6 10
5 12	1 15	8 05	..Falls Creek...	6 53	1 15	6 30
5 27	1 29	8 18	..Reynoldsville..	6 39	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 45	...Brookville...	6 05	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 30	New Bethlehem		11 47	4 50
7 25	3 20	10 10	...Red Bank....	.....	11 10	4 05
9 30	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily,.....4:05 A. M.
Train No. 115, daily,.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days,.....8:30 A. M.
Train No. 103, week days,.....1:19 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	951
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 00	°130	°505	† 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 25	11 10	4 05	7 55	11 10
Lawsonham,.....	.....	9 40	‡1122	4 18	8 07	11 23
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 37	11 55
Brookville,....	†6 05	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,.	6 39	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 53	11 48	1 15	6 30	†605	1 29
DuBois,.....	7 09	‡11 55	1 25	6 40	†605	‡ 1 35
Sabula,.....	7 12	.....	1 37		1027	
Pennfield,.....	7 33	.....	1 55		1045	
Bennezette,....	8 01	.....	2 29		1119	
Driftwood,.....	†8 40	.....	†3 05		1155	
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood.. Lv.	†9 50	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 30	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	106	102	114	110	952
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 15	.....	†3 20	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†4 00	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....			.....		.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 10	†1110	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....	.....	6 45	11 45	.....	6 25	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 20	12 20	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 25	12 39	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois,.....	*6 10	7 52	12 55	†5 05	7 35	‡4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 17	8 05	1 15	5 12	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 31	8 18	1 29	5 27	7 58	4 30
Brookville,....	7 05	8 45	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	7 51	9 30	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham,..	8 21	9 57	†3 06	7 14	.....	6 18
Red Bank,Ar..	8 35	10 10	3 20	7 25	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	‡1235	†5 30	†9 45	.....	‡9 25
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. ‡Flag Stop. °Daily between Pittsburg and DuBois.

On Sunday only train leaves Driftwood 8:20 a. m., arrives at DuBois, 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves DuBois, 2:00 p. m.; arrives at Driftwood, 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. R. WOOD, Pass'gr Traffic Mgr.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

GOOD
Cedar
Shingles

WILL KEEP OUT THE RAIN. WE HAVE THEM IN ALL GRADES.

C. B. HOWARD CO.

Do
You Need
It?

DON'T YOU WANT A LOAD OR TWO OF GOOD HARD WOOD? I SELL IT.

ROBT. CLARK.

34tf

of the intense glitter and warm brown clearness of the upper world they plunged into the stuffy gloom of straitened inclosures underground. Descending a few steps they found themselves in a long corridor, out of which opened several small rooms some 18 by 15 feet in dimensions—throne rooms, so to speak, of the defunct and sublimated bulls. In the center of the room stood the sarcophagus, hewn from a single block of granite or sandstone, the massive shell infolding the remains of the regal bovine which so many centuries ago had housed the masquerading Osiris.

More than a thousand years before the last of them had passed out of the life of Egypt, and not her own short lifetime back, a Frenchman of Boulogne, Mariette Pasha, had unearthed their tombs, long lost in the irreverent enshrouding sand. Yet the solemnity of it all, if any there was, did not check the scornful quiver of her lip as Clarice reflected that her heart asked not for Orisis, but for one friendly touch to save it from an aridity like that of the surrounding desert. Alas, cowed by her oppressed feelings, intolerantly resentful of Lucien Bonvale's degrading jealousy, scarce daring to call her soul her own, she appealed silently to the whole world for sympathy, and there was none to heed her and bring peace to her soul.

With a quick sigh and a passing tremor of her sensitive lips she averted her dark, brilliant eyes from the sarcophagus standing grimly forth in the flare of the torches and without thought or intention turned them full upon those of an attendant.

He was a young, handsome, pure type Arab, with clear, pale skin, clean cut features, tall, sinewy, silent, gentle, mysterious, suggesting an intensity of repressed passion. In that flickering light, down in the gaunt chamber of death, his soul looked straight through the glowing eyes which gleamed beneath his straight black brows and grasped that of the girl with sense of its desolation and hunger. It was a river of cool refreshment to her parched being. Life thrilled through her. The shackles, whose tightening constrictions numbed her by their viselike grip, fell off. She breathed with the joy of a released prisoner.

Her soul in that first impulsive moment spoke back with all the eloquence which can be uttered by the eye. It was heart answering heart. Time is measured by intensity, not mere duration. The whole length of that encounter—perception, bestowal, acceptance and grateful relief—could not have been a full minute. But it was a milestone from which life was to be measured. When Clarice Bonvale left the tombs of the Apis bulls and returned to Cairo she was not an alien woman alone in Egypt. A friend was with her, a kinsman of her heart—her proud, hungry young heart. The memory of him in the long wanderings up the Nile was a tiny, bubbling spring in her being from which welled solace and strength. The rancor of loneliness had departed, the wasting touch of aridity was gone, the eager stretching forth for something on which to lean felt a prop and support. The image of that Arab youth, the strong gentleness of the passionate grasp he had laid upon her, haunted her with a soothing sweetness.

She seemed to feel it especially at Philæ. The soft charm of the little island and the graceful peace that brooded over it—she felt her new kinsman more in them. With a smile it occurred to her that here was where Osiris the Beneficent was laid to his rest, that to the old Egyptian there was no mightier oath than that sworn "by him who sleeps at Philæ." It was at the solemn tomb that guarded the stately bull which he had possessed to be again with his adorers that she had met the one who had led her out of Egypt, the dark land of her heart longings that could find no rest. When would she see him next? Would she ever see him again? And, if she did, could he say more than he had said in that first, quick, close, magnetic fusion of their souls? Well, Osiris the Beneficent, the struggler against evil, had been good to her. It was enough.

They were returning after their long leagues up the Nile. At last their feet were set homeward. There was not so much charm in that as that they were leaving Egypt, the place where she had for the first time realized Lucien Bonvale.

One night at Luxor she stood on the wharf, waiting to embark on the little steamer which puffed with impudent impotence to be gone. Bonvale had left her for a few moments on one of his fussy, suddenly thought of quests. Around her was a motley crowd, with sprinklings of many nations in its moving mass. In the noise and confusion and small babel of jarring elements strong fingers suddenly slipped smoothly, possessively, into the hand which hung listlessly at her side. A flutter ran through her. Her own fingers, with an instinct of sympathy, closed upon those which had been so gently pushed into her warm palm. She looked up with a soft welcoming of childlike eagerness.

There in the flooding light of the moon stood her heart's kinsman, the strong young Arab of the Serapeum. Impassive, powerful, with a repose that the west knows little of, his dark eyes under the strong brows burned with a fire which told of his intense feeling.

His eyes bent on her unwaveringly. He murmured softly: "I have brought you my heart and something to remember me by when you are gone so far away to your country. Do not forget me in the long years to come or that I love you."

The crowd pressed. He was gone. He had melted into it and was lost. Clarice raised her hand and with a tremulous smile looked to see what artless souvenir he had left with her for remembrance of him—two tiny images of Osiris and Isis, such as are found in the tombs; Osiris the Beneficent!

"By him who sleeps at Philæ," she said to her heart.

"Come, are you ready?" asked Bonvale, reappearing.

"Yes," she answered quietly, slipping the figures into her pocket.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later, on Christmas day again, a beautiful woman in black stood in the drawing room of her home in Philadelphia before a small cabinet. Her eyes were fixed upon something in it. Her air was pensive, resigned, pathetically sweet, as she stood there lost in memories. Her lustrous eyes seemed to soften as she gazed.

At that moment a woman who had come through the rooms without being heard on the rugs bustled up to her and exclaimed vivaciously: "I knew you would see me, Clarice. I am glad I came in unannounced so as to catch you in that pose. I wish you could have your picture taken as you looked just now. You were perfectly lovely. I never saw you with that expression before. You seemed lost in thought, yet it was happy, peaceful thought. What were you thinking about, dear?"

The lady's eyes reverted to the cabinet as if to discover the source of such soothing memories.

"Egypt," replied Mrs. Bonvale very quietly, with a faint, peculiar smile.

"Oh, I see," murmured the other, with a conventional drop in her hearty voice. "You passed your honeymoon there, didn't you? Those two little images recalled it, I suppose. Poor Lucien! Did he give them to you? Who are they, and what do they mean?"

"Isis and Osiris," said the widow of Lucien Bonvale. "What do they mean? A great deal, but I really can't tell you just what."

"Well, don't try, Clarice," said her caller sympathetically. "It's the association probably. I understand."

She put forth her hand and patted the lightly clasped ones of the woman in black.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bonvale softly, with a thoughtful look at the tiny images. "It's the association. You will stay to luncheon, won't you?"

MAINE'S CHRISTMAS TREES

The Once Despised Fir Now a Popular Source of Revenue.

A few years ago the fir tree was looked upon as a nuisance in Maine. Now it is a source of considerable income to hundreds and to the transportation companies as well.

The beginning of its popularity was in 1892, when a party of hunters who had been in a steam yacht to Newfoundland to shoot caribou called at Sargentville, on Penobscot bay, to visit some abandoned copper mines a short distance inland. The leaves had fallen from the deciduous trees, causing the dark evergreens to stand out in bold relief against a neutral background of browns and grays. The owner of the yacht was struck by the beauty of the scene and also with a practical idea. He hired men and horses and had cut about 600 of the firs, which he carried on the deck of the yacht to Boston, where they were offered for sale.

The demand exceeded the yachtsman's greatest expectations, for the whole lot was snapped up in short order. So profitable was the first venture that in the next Christmas season fully 50,000 firs were sent from the shores of Penobscot bay to Boston, where they were all sold at good prices, and in the following year the trade was extended to New York, where the firs were as eagerly taken. In 1896 the shipments of trees from Maine to the large cities had increased to about 750,000, and in 1899 over 1,500,000 were sold.

In some sections, where the fir is especially prolific, the cutting and preparing of Christmas trees is made the occasion of festive gatherings, corresponding to the huskings in fall time, whole families going into the woods and taking their dinners along. A man cuts the trees close to the roots and a boy or a strong girl cuts with a sharp hatchet the few dead limbs from the base. Women and boys tie the trees into bundles of a dozen, and then the harvest is piled into hayracks and carried to the nearest railroad station. The smaller children gather the trailing creepers of the ground pine, pluck branches of glossy wintergreen and gather the red fruit of the wild raisin shrub, all of which are packed in boxes and sent to the cities for the making of wreaths and garlands for the decoration of church and home.

The evergreen harvests are generally bought by men who make a business of supplying the Christmas markets of the cities, though many farmers and send their crops direct to mar trees five to six feet in height ers in Maine pay 5 cents ea trees six to ten feet in he[illegible] paid is 10 to 15 cents. The fiv tree sells in the city market cents, while the fifteen cent tree brings $1 or more. The total rev to Maine people this year from Christmas greens crop will probably amount to $150,000.—New York Tribune.

Gifts For Children.

Children enjoy things with which they can do something. They are happiest when both brains and hands are employed. An ingenious boy will get more pleasure out of the material with which to make a kite than he will out of a finished kite. Thus a box of carpenter's tools makes a fine present for a boy, particularly if it is accompanied by a few light boards and some nails.

A game that requires the looking up of names or characters is a present that can be enjoyed by the entire family.

A box of gay colored beads and a spool of wire will be appreciated by a quiet little girl.

Rockwell's
Drug Store.

MERRY XMAS!

DON'T let gift making worry you. Is it a Pocket book, Bill-book, Wrist Bag, Toilet Water or Perfumes and Toilet Cream? Any of the above we will be glad to sell you. We also have the finest assortment of Stationery ever offered in Emporium. Think of the charm of having first choice.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

Swell
Clothes

Are the delight of all well dressed people and a large majority of the well-dressed gentlemen in Emporium, have their clothes made by the old reliable tailors :-: :-: :-:

R. Seger
& Co.

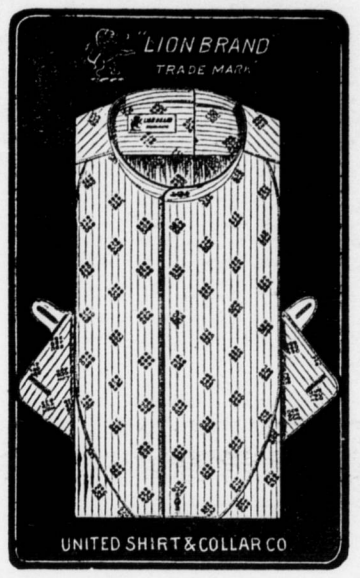
The reason why so many wear clothes of our make, is because we have an established reputation for good fits and fair dealing.

R. SEGER & CO.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

Foley's Honey and Tar
for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Fall and Winter
Announcement.
R. SEGER & SON,
Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.



Have completely renovated and greatly improved the interior of their store, now having one of the most tastily arranged

Clothing and Furnishing
Goods Stores.

They take pride in calling attention to their very extensive line of STYLISH TAILOR MADE GARMENTS from the celebrated factories of COOPER & CO., Utica, N. Y., SCHOLOSS & CO., Baltimore, Md., and HART, SHAFFER & MARX, Chicago, the most popular makers in America. These goods are all strictly up to date and warranted to give satisfaction. The finest in the land.

GOLD WATCH GIVEN AWAY.

We give our customers, both ladies and gents checks which entitle a number to a beautiful gold watch. Coupons will be issued until JANUARY 1st. These time pieces are of best make. Call and see for yourself.

OUR JEWELRY CABINET

Has been given careful attention this year and we have added many handsome designs in this department—not cheap trash, but good, honest goods and neat, handsome and reasonable. This is the largest line in Emporium.

IN FURNISHINGS we are pleased to announce the largest assortment comprising the popular makes in SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, TIES, and COLLARS. We are agents for the Lion Brand of Shirts. No better made. The popular Sea-an-El Hat on sale. Don't forget we have a full line of TRUNKS, SATCHELS, TELESCOPES, SUIT CASES, Etc.

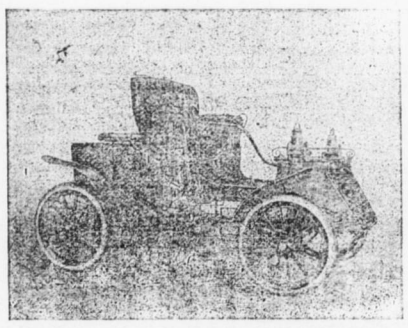
If You Don't See What You Want Ask for it.

R. SEGER & SON,

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers to the People.

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository
D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.



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E. J. SMITH, Agent,
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4 Full Quarts Pennsylvania Rye or [illegible]

7 Years Old Whiskey 7 Years Old

FOR $3.00. OUR REFERENCE: Any Bank or Merchant in Pittsburg.

Express charges paid to your nearest station. All goods packed in plain sealed cases.

This is a very fine OLD WHISKEY aged in the wood. Which makes it RICH, RIPE and MELLOW. We guarantee it to give satisfaction or refund the money. We control the output of one largest distilleries in Pennsylvania and must sell the product direct to the consumer hence we can give you better service and better value than any other house. Order a sample lot to-day. Remittance can be made by check, registered letter or money order.

We carry in stock all grades of Wines, Whiskies, etc. Special inducements for Club orders. Send for our PRIVATE PRICE LIST.

Morris Forst & Co.,
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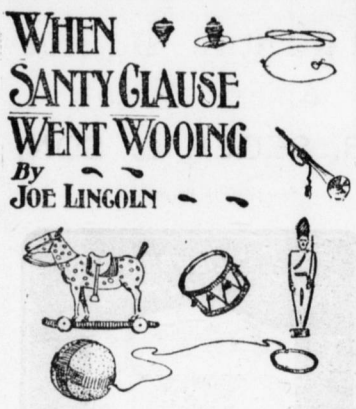
WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY
STRONG AGAIN! Sexine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa. 1

WHEN SANTY CLAUSE WENT WOOING

By JOE LINCOLN



(Copyright.)

"The best woman on Cape Cod or anywheres else; that's what I call her. Fust time ever I see her, I says ter myself, 'Shadrach Peters,' says I, 'that's the lady you've been lookin' fer all these years.' I made up my mind then that she was goin' ter be my wife, and what I once say I stand behind. You know me."

The coasting schooner Guess Again, of Falmouth, Mass, Shadrach Peters, master, was rolling and pounding through the icy waters of Vineyard Sound. Capt. Peters, who had just made the assertion above quoted, was seated on the locker at one side of her cabin, with his feet braced against the stationary table. His first mate, Mr. Alvin Small, was seated opposite, with his feet braced against the side of the table.

"Yes, sir-ee!" went on Capt. Peters; "Sophrony Baker is all right. She's a widder, she is, and they tell me that she's got two of the nicest boys ever was. I ain't never seen 'em, 'cause last September, when I was in Orham, they was visitin' their uncle over in Barnstable, but I feel it in my bones that 'twould be a pleasure ter be a father ter them boys."

"What I don't understand," said the mate, slowly, "is what you're goin' ter do with them things."

"Them things" were prominently displayed on the cabin table. There was a red coat, short and trimmed with cheap fur; red trousers, fur-trimmed like the coat; a big fur hat, fur-topped boots, and a white wig and long white beard. Such was the collection which called forth the mate's wonder.

"I cal'lated they'd puzzle yer," said the skipper, rather proudly; "but they're part of my scheme. Here's t'other part."

He pulled from the locker beside him a canvas bag. Opening it he displayed wooden horses, tin soldiers, pop guns and toys of various descriptions. "Now yer see, don't yer?" he said; "Santy Claus."

"Santy Claus?" said the mate, who began to look as if he entertained suspicions of his superior's sanity.

"Yes, Santy Claus. When yer want ter please a girl yer tell her how pretty she is; ain't that so? When yer want ter please a woman yer tell her she looks younger than she ever did; ain't that so? Well, when yer want ter make a ten-strike with a mother, yer do yer best ter stand in with her children; ain't that so?"

Mr. Small said he wouldn't wonder if 'twas.

"You bet it is!" said the skipper, enthusiastically. "Well, now yer understand I ain't never asked Sophrony if she'd have me, but, from what I've gathered in the h'af-dozen times I see her, I figgered that she wa'n't dead sot agin me. But I want ter sort of clinch things, yer understand, so this is my scheme. She told me once that she allers had a Christmas tree fer the children on Christmas Eve. Ter-night'll be Christmas Eve, and my idee is ter run the Guess Again inter Orham harbor, 'stead of keepin' on ter Boston. Then I'll take my bundles over ter the shore, lug 'em up somewheres near her house, rig up in my Santy Claus duds and bust in on 'em jest as they're havin' the tree. Presents fer the boys, oceans of 'em. Then I'll say

"Now yer see, don't yer?" he said; "Santy Claus."

ter the widder, 'Mebbe you think old Santy didn't bring you nothin', but he did. Here, that's fer you.' "

"That," held out for inspection on the captain's sunburned paw, was a somewhat showy but expensive ring. The mate's eyes expressed admiration and astonishment. The skipper continued:

" 'That's fer you,' I'll say, 'on one condition. Yer must take me with it.' Hey, how is that?"

"Bully!" said the mate.

"Ain't it bully? Yer see, the children will be awful tickled, and she'll be pleased to think I took so much pains ter please them, and the ring'll show her that I don't mean ter be stingy with her, and take it all ter-gether, it looks ter me like a winnin' combination. But, of course, I ain't had no experience. You think 'twill fetch her, don't yer?"

"Sure," said Mr. Small, with convincing enthusiasm.

"And you'll stick by me, land me in the dory, and won't say nawthin' ter the second mate ner none of the hands?"

"Sartin, I will."

"Alvin," said the skipper, with emotion, "you're a brick. Mebbe I can do as much fer you some day. Have a cigar. Blessed if I ain't gittin' narvous already."

It was the ice in the lower bay which threatened to wreck the captain's wonderful scheme. The Guess Again battered and plowed her way through the floating fragments, but her progress was provokingly slow. Twilight found her some miles from the mouth of Orham harbor, and with the pack ice ahead impenetrable.

"Tide's settin' in," said the exasperated skipper. "This stuff won't loosen up none till ebb, and that's an all-night job. Everything's up spout. I never did have no luck."

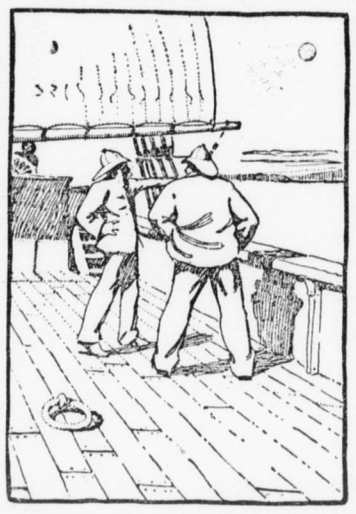
"I was jest wond'rin', captain," drawled the moderate Mr. Small, "if 'twouldn't be possible ter set yer ashore in the dory somewheres along here. Seems ter me you said the lady lived down ter the north'ard end of the town, and there seems ter be consider'ble open water over ter le'ward here. You'd have ter walk three or four mile, but bein' as it's so important—"

"Don't say another word, Alvin," cried the delighted skipper; "I don't see why I didn't think of that myself. Shows two heads are better'n one, don't it? And I won't have ter walk no four mile, neither. D'yer see that inlet over there with the streak of open water through it? Well, that's Eel crick, and Eel crick is the outlet of the Clam pond. What's the matter with you rowin' me up the crick and the length of the pond—two mile, or mebbe three? Sophrony's house is only a little ways from the upper end of the pond."

"But won't the pond be froze over?"

" 'Tain't likely. It's salt water, and there ought to be a strong tide. Anyhow, we'll resk it; come on.'"

Capt. Peters went below to pack up his costume and presents, while Mr. Small superintended the anchoring of the schooner and getting the dory over side. When the skipper and he pushed off they left a second mate and crew bubbling over with curiosity. The bundles which



"I was jest wond'rin', Captain, if 'twouldn't be possible ter set yer ashore in the dory somewheres along here."

the dory carried were conjectured to contain anything from burglars' "swag" to smuggled whisky.

Eel creek was open for its entire length, but Clam pond appeared, unfortunately, to be frozen all over. It was dark by this time, and the mate advised returning to the schooner and giving up the expedition for the night, but the anxious lover would listen to no such proposition.

"I'll walk acrost the pond on the ice," he said; "it 'pears ter be solid enough fur's we can see, and it's by long odds the shortest cut ter Sophrony's. Chuck out them bundles and I'll start.

But the bundles were heavy and very clumsy. The captain tried carrying them in various positions, but ended by throwing them down on the ice and swearing vehemently. Then the mate had another idea.

"I tell yer, Cap'n Shad," he said; "there ain't no use in luggin' them Santy Claus duds. You put 'em on, and I'll take yer other clothes back ter the schooner. Ter-morrow I'll bring 'em round ter the hotel. The Guess Again will be in the harbor by mornin', more'n likely."

"Hotel! Yer don' s'pose I'd go ter a hotel in them red fire signals, do yer? That ain't a bad idee of yours, though. I tell yer what. I'll ask the widder ter let me sleep in her barn ter-night, and you git my reg'lar clothes round early in the mornin'."

It was a chilly change and a slow one, for the captain persisted in dancing about on one leg and yelling adjectives to the cold. At length, however, he stood forth garbed in the red suit.

"Are yer goin' ter put on the wig and whiskers?" asked the mate.

"Yes, yes; I'll put 'em on. It's the easiest way ter lug 'em. Besides, mebbe they'll keep my ears warm. There, that's all right. What in time are yer grinnin' at?"

"Oh, nawthin'," gasped the purple-faced Mr. Small; "I was only goin' ter—ha—he—sneeze."

He tramped off into the darkness, leaving his subordinate to roll about in the bottom of the dory with his hands tightly clasped over his mouth.

The captain's walk began well. The night air was crisp and bracing, the ice appeared to be firm and to extend over the entire surface of the pond. But one cannot see far on a dark night, and salt water ice at its best is treacherous stuff.

An hour later the stars were treated to the somewhat unusual spectacle of a nautical Santy Claus, seated upon his pack in the middle of a floating cake of ice, and expressing his opinion of the situation with fluent and blasphemous vigor.

On Christmas morning, just after breakfast, Peter Baker, aged 11, commonly known as "Spuds," was on his way to the Clam pond to test his new rubber boots at the "Spring hole."

"The "Spring hole" is the name given by the townspeople to a portion of the waters of the pond lying along the northern shore. It is half a mile long and nearly as wide, and does not freeze except in the very coldest weather.

Peter was accompanied by his bosom friend, whose age was nine, and who re-

"Are yer goin' ter put on the wig and whiskers."

joiced in the nickname of "Gizzard." This personage had been christened Hartwell Doane, but Hartwell, in the mouths of his playmates, soon shrank to "Hart," and from heart to gizzard is but a step. Peter's younger brother Abner accompanied the party, but, as he was only six years old and played with dolls, he didn't count.

The rubber boots were a Christmas present. Peter had wanted a mechanical locomotive and a blank cartridge pistol, but had received the boots and a "Young People's History" instead. He was wroth, but the boots were there, so he felt it his duty to see how deep he could wade without "goin' over the tops of 'em," which has been the test of rubber boots since boyhood first made their acquaintance.

When the boys came in sight of the pond Abner ran on ahead, while Peter and Hartwell followed more leisurely, as becomes people of experience and big boots.

"What's Ab yellin' about?" queried Hartwell.

Abner, standing at the top of the sand bluff overlooking the "Spring Hole," was dancing and screaming in great excitement.

"Santy Claus!" he screamed; "Santy Claus!"

"He b'lieves in him," said Peter, scornfully; "he ain't old enough ter know that Santy Claus is jest yer folks. What about Santy Claus, Ab?" he yelled.

"He's down here. Hurry up! Quick!"

"Sees somebody he thinks is Santy," commented Hartwell. "He don't know any better. Ain't nothin' but a kid. What is it, Abby? Jiminy Crickets! Spuds, look there."

The "Spring Hole" was steely blue in the morning sun, and two or three cakes of ice were drifting about its surface. One of these was floating about 50 yards from the shore below, and on it sat a figure dressed in red, with a fur hat and white hair and whiskers.

"By gum!" said Hartwell; "I b'lieve it is Santy Claus!"

"There ain't no such thing," said Peter, "and you know it, Gizzard. It's some feller dressed up."

"He hollered ter me," said Abner. "There, he's holler'n ag'in."

"What did he say, Spuds," said Hartwell, after they had listened for a moment.

"Said fer us ter take Gabe Blanchard's dory and come and git him ashore."

"He swore, then," said Peter; "that

"By gum!" said Hartwell, "I b'lieve it is Santa Claus."

proves it ain't Santy Claus. Santy Claus wouldn't swear."

"Yes, he would," declared Abner, stoutly, "if he was floatin' round the Spring Hole on a cake of ice."

"Let's go git him off, anyhow," said Hartwell, and they scrambled down the bluff to the beach. Gabe Blanchard's dory, which he used for visiting his oyster bed, was anchored close to shore. The boys climbed in, and the two older ones took the ores.

"He's settin' on his bag of presents," announced Abner, who was perched in the bow. "I bet there's all kind of dandy things in there."

"Hold on a minute," said Peter; "I've thought of somethin'! Stop rowin', Gizzard. Who are you?" he called to the voyager.

The captain did not answer. He had acquaintances in Orham, and he much preferred that the news of his mishap should not reach their ears. He was trying to invent a name, when Abner saved him the trouble.

"Ain't you Santy Claus?" called the latter.

"Yes, that's it; that's who I am," cried Capt. Peters; "I'm Santy Claus."

"What'll yer give us if we take yer

"Give yer? Give yer? Why, I'll give yer each a present out of my bag."

"Is that bag full of presents?"

"Sartin."

"All right, then," cried the triumphant "Spuds," "we'll take yer off if yer'll give us the whole bag full!"

"The whole bag full!" gasped the indignant captain. "Why, you greedy little brats, I'll give yer what Paddy give the drum, that's what I'll give yer. The whole bag full! You come here and put me ashore mighty quick."

"Not unless you give us that bag of presents. If you're Santy Claus you can git lots more. Besides, you've been mighty stingy ter me and Gizzard this year. I didn't want yer old rubber boots and hist'ries, and he didn't want no worsted tippet, neither. Will yer give us the bag?"

"No!" roar'ed the captain.

"All right. Pull fer the shore, Gizzie."

The dory's bow swung toward the beach, and the captain changed his mind. It would be only a temporary loan, he argued. He could regain his property as soon as he got aboard the dory.

"I'll give 'em ter ye," he called. "Come on, and take me off."

"Not till we git them presents. We'll stay here, and you can undo the bag and pitch 'em to us, one at a time."

It was galling, but to argue was useless. The bag was opened, and the toys tossed one by one into the hands of the boys in the dory. The empty bag was then thrown in, and the bankrupt Santa Claus again demanded to be taken aboard the dory. But the crafty Peter knew better than to allow it. He untied the rope from the dory's anchor and tossed the free end to the captain.

"Hold on ter that, and we'll tow yer in," he said. "Abner, put them things back inter the bag."

Slowly the dory with the ice cake in tow neared the beach. As the boat's bow touched the shore, Peter and Hart-

The bag was opened and the toys tossed out one by one to the boys in the dory.

well with the bag of presents between them leaped to the sand and scampered up the face of the bluff. By the time the captain had pulled his clumsy craft to land they were high up on the crest of the hill.

"You young rascals!" roared the irate skipper; "I'll see you some other day. There's a good time comin'."

Another than Capt. Shadrach Peters would have returned to the schooner and have postponed his call upon the widow till a more auspicious occasion, but the skipper of the Guess Again was determination itself. He had said that he was going there, and what he said he stood behind. People knew him. He determined to wear the wig and whiskers, as they might serve to conceal his identity should he meet any of his Orham acquaintances.

Little Abner Baker had not fled with his elder brother and Hartwell, but had hidden behind Blanchard's fish shanty. He had determined in his small brain that the chance of gazing upon Santa Claus did not offer itself twice in a lifetime, and that he ought to make the best of it. He resisted the longing to examine the contents of the bag, and when Capt. Peters started down the lane that led to Mrs. Baker's, Abner followed him.

Jimmie Ellis was leaning over his front fence, and Abner hailed him. "Come on, Jimmie," he screamed. "it's Santy Claus!"

Jimmie's yell of delighted surprise brought out five other little Ellis hopefuls, and the captain's following grew in numbers. He turned, saw his satellites, and quickened his pace.

"It's Santy Claus!" screamed the children. "Hooray!"

Otis Gaines' numerous progeny joined the troop. So did the Bellows youngsters. The captain's progress was becoming a triumphal procession. Ahead, where the houses were more numerous, windows were opening and people were hurrying to their front gates. Children were racing from all directions. The skipper left the lane and began to run across the fields. His whooping pursuers did likewise, and the chase was on.

It led over hills and through bushes. Across the surface of frozen, flooded cranberry swamps, and over stone walls and fences. The crowd now included men as well as boys, and the shouting was tremendous. The fur hat was left hanging on the wild cherry bough which scraped it off. One fur-topped boot stuck in the mud, when the foot which it adorned broke through the ice of Ziby Fisher's ditch. The knees of the red trousers were scraped through on the frozen hummocks of Nickerson's field. It was a panting, ragged wreck of a Santa Claus, who, after shaking off his pursuers in the pine grove behind the Widow Baker's domicile, crept down in the shadow of the stone wall and dodged in at the kitchen door.

The kitchen was empty, and the skipper sat down in a chair and regained his breath. His temper was entirely gone, but it was some satisfaction to know that he had reached his destination unrecognized.

"They may find out about it afterward," he soliloquized; "but mebbe I'll have somethin' ter show fer it then."

He heard voices in the parlor and surmised that they were those of the widow and her boys, but, when he tiptoed to

The crowd now included men as well as boys and the shouting was tremendous.

the door and peeped through the crack, he saw that he was mistaken.

The widow was there, but the boys were not. She was talking with a man whom Peters did not know, but whom he disliked at first sight. He was a fat, smiling, smooth-shaven fellow, and a glib talker. It was plain that he was very well satisfied with himself, and thought everyone else shared his opinion. Then, too, his chair was much too near the widow's, and he beamed upon that lady in a manner which the captain considered disgusting.

"Yes," said the smiling individual, "they cal'late he was an escaped lunatic, though where he come from nobody knows. He was dressed in some sort of an outlandish rig with fur onto it, and the boys say he told 'em he was Santy Claus. Haw, Haw, ha!"

"A lunatic!" exclaimed the widow; "how dreadful! I declare, I'm afraid ter stay here alone. Suppose he should run right inter this house."

"Well, I thought of that, Sophrony. That's one reason why I called. Seem's if you needed a man ter protect yer, don't it? Now there wouldn't no lunatics hurt yer if I was here."

The significant look which accompanied this speech fired the captain's soul. It was with difficulty that he held himself in check, and waited for the next sentence.

"Now, Sophrony, I think a heap of you, and you know it. That's why I says to myself, 'Barnabas Badger,' says I, 'that business of Sophrony's has hung fire long enough. It's time you stepped round and made her yer offer.' So here I be, and I'm goin' to make it. Sophrony—"

"Hold yer tongue!"

The widow screamed and sprang to her feet. Mr. Badger's chair, which had been tilted back upon its two rear legs, tilted still further and deposited its occupant in an ungraceful heap upon the floor. Capt. Shadrach Peters stood in the middle of the parlor carpet.

"You git!" roared the captain, addressing the prostrate Mr. Badger, and pointing to the door.

"Lord! It's the lunatic!" gasped the fallen one.

"Oh, Barnabas, protect me!" screamed the widow.

"Who—who are you?" faltered the champion thus appealed to.

"Never you mind. I ain't used ter havin' ter repeat my orders, and if

"But, Cap'n Peters, how am I to know that you really care for me."

you ain't out of here in one minute, you'll have a lesson in fiyun'. What I say I stand behind. That's what folks say who knows me. Now, git!"

"Oh, Barnabas, don't go!" pleaded the trembling Sophronia.

"I—I guess I'd better, so's to git help," stammered Mr. Badger; "I guess—perhaps—I—had." The last word was spoken in the dining room. The protector had fled.

"Now then, Sophrony," said Capt. Peters, "I'm sorry to bounce your company in that fashion, but I ain't been through what I've been through jest to stand by and see another chap make his offer ahead of me. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Baker gazed with terror-stricken eyes at the mud-bespattered, bedraggled object before her.

"Marry you?" she repeated. "Why I don't know you.

"Don't know me! Sophrony Baker, can you look me in the face and say you don't know me?"

The captain's wig was over one eye, his false beard was pulled under the left ear, his nose was scratched and so were his cheeks.

"Well, well!" said the skipper, mournfully, "I knew I'd been through enough to turn a body's hair gray, but I'm blessed if I thought 'twould change me so my friends wouldn't know me." He put his hand to his face. "Good land!" he ejaculated, "I fergot I had on them trimmin's."

He tore off the wig and whiskers.

"Now d'yer know me?" he roared.

"Why—why, I do believe it's Captain Peters!" cried the astonished widow. "What does it all mean?"

Then Capt. Shadrach Peters unfolded a plain, unvarnished tale. He told of his scheme for pleasing and surprising the widow and her children. He told how he went astray in the dark, and, after several narrow escapes, stepped upon a brittle tongue of ice, which broke and floated with him out into the "Spring Hole." He feelingly narrated the story of the robbery of his bag of presents. He described the chase and its mishaps. But more than all he dwelt upon his undying devotion for Sophronia Baker.

"But, Capt. Peters," said the blushing Sophronia, "how am I to know that you really care for me?"

"How?" said the dilapidated suitor, looking down at the remains of his costume. "How? Why, say, do you think I'd be da—that is, d'you think I'd be fool enough ter go and git this way fer my health?"

Then the ring was brought forth and exhibited.

"Why it says 'From Shadrach to Sophronia,' " said the widow, reading the inscription. "I should like ter know, Capt. Peters," she added with a slight toss of her head, "why you took it for granted that I would marry you?"

"Why, Sophrony? Why, because I started out ter git yer, and I will git yer, no matter if there's 50 lubbers with 'offers' in the way. I've said that I'd marry you, an' I will, if I have ter

"Sophrony, I've always felt it in my bones that it would be a pleasure to be a father to them two boys."

wait 20 years. What I say I stand behind. You know me."

"Oh, well, then," said the matter-of-fact Mrs. Baker, "if that's the case then I'd better say yes at once and save time. But, really, Shadrach," she added, "I ought to tell you that the gentleman was only my Cousin Barnabas, who'd been talkin' of buyin' my wood lot and who'd come over to offer me a price for it."

When the valiant Mr. Badger returned to his cousin's residence he was accompanied by a hundred men and boys armed with pitchforks, clubs and brickbats. They were prepared to capture the lunatic at all hazards, but they were not prepared to have that person meet them at the door with his arm about the plump waist of the widow.

As the disappointed crowd was leaving, Mrs. Baker saw her two sons slinking away with it, and called them back.

"Peter, you and Abner come here this minute," she commanded.

"Are them your children, Sophrony?" asked the petrified captain; "them two, there?"

"Yes, certainly, Shadrach. I forgot you had never seen them. Boys, why don't you look at the captain?"

A smile, somewhat grim, but denoting intense satisfaction, slowly spread over Capt. Peters' face.

"Sophrony," he said, "I've always felt it in my bones that it would be a pleasure ter be father ter them two boys."

He Helped Some One.

"No," he said, disconsolately, "I wasn't able to do anything for Christmas."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I only had a little money, and I put it on the wrong horse."

"Well, don't feel downhearted, old man. Your money probably helped out somebody's Christmas all right enough."—Chicago Evening Post.

Mince Pie History.

Christmas mince pie was originally a compound of the choicest spices and edible productions of the orient. It was eaten in commemoration of the offerings of the three wise men who carried rare spices, frankincense and myrrh from afar to the infant Christ born in the manger.

Not the Christmas Kind.

It is not the rainy-day stocking that gets hung up at Christmas.—Judge.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

How It Is Kept by Both Rich and Poor in Chicago.

WORK OF SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS

Salvation Army Provides Christmas Cheer for Many Thousands—The Public Stuff the Turkey—Festivities of Middle Classes.

Chicago.—As the holiday season draws near interests in the social settlements and the missions of every large city increases among the poor, for whose benefit they are maintained. It is at the social settlements and the missions that thousands of the city poor get their only taste of Christmas.

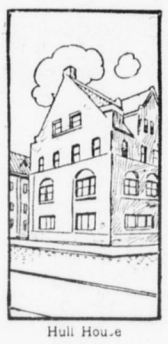
Miss Jane Addams

There are Christmas festivities and entertainments provided. Some even undertake to provide Christmas presents especially for the children, and Christmas dinners, either at home or at the settlement houses for the families. At practically all of the social settlement houses no discrimination is made so far as creed is concerned, and all are given an equal welcome without having any special religious teachings forced upon them. The same is true in the majority of mission churches and Sunday schools, though at times one will find one that is narrower than the general rule.

An instance of this kind may be cited in the poor district of the South side. A wealthy Michigan avenue congregation maintains a mission there attached to which is both a kindergarten and a sewing class as well as a Sunday school. The pastor of the church objects to any child receiving the benefit of the kindergarten who does not attend the Sunday school, or any mother receiving any benefit from the sewing circle who is not a regular attendant at the mission church. At this mission a Christmas entertainment is to be given, but it is for the members of the Sunday school only, and the other little waifs and strays of the neighborhood will not be permitted to view the festivities.

Hull House.

In the Ghetto district of the West side Hull House is the great rendezvous of the poor at Christmas time. Miss Jane Addams exerts a wider influence among the poor of Chicago than any other one person engaged in philanthropic work in the city, but she does nothing that is not practical for them. Every Christmas arrangement at Hull House is devised for practical purposes, and though the charities distributed through this great institution at this time of the year are manifold they are not indiscriminate.



Hull House

Hull House as it stands to-day, with its commodious buildings, its far-reaching influence, is a growth of a little more than 14 years. It is the product of an European trip by Miss Addams and Miss Ellen G. Starr. On that trip they studied conditions among the poor of Europe, and determined to do something for the poor of Chicago. They had nothing to start with but their own indomitable courage, but they rented one floor of a building—a ramshackle affair erected by Charles Hull in 1859, and in 1889 used by sweat shop proprietors, old clothes and old rag men—and here began attracting about them the poor and outcasts of society who needed the guidance of a stronger personality than their own to help them upward.

Miss Addams explains its object and its methods in this way: "It must be grounded in a philosophy whose foundation is on the solidarity of the human race, a philosophy which will not waver when the race happens to be represented by a drunken woman or an idiotic boy."

With such a foundation it is small wonder that Hull House is one of the bright lights of the Chicago holiday season.

The Salvation Army.

Of all the many organizations which work in His name for the poor of the city none are more appreciated or accomplish greater results than the Salvation Army.

Securing Stuffing for the Turkey

For days past a Salvation Army lassie has stood on every corner of the downtown streets holding a stick from which was suspended an artificial turkey, into which the public were invited to drop their spare change as "stuffing." The artificial turkey was emblematic of the use to which the money collected was to be put—the purchasing of a Christmas dinner for 10,000 or more of Chicago's poor. Nor is the dinner all that is to be given. The sad-faced child, into whose life Christmas festivities do not come, is made happy by the present of a small toy. The thinly-clad boy or girl or man or woman is provided with some article of suitable clothing.

This is the one time in the year when the Army gives without demanding something in return. The rule of compensation for the assistance given at other times is dispensed with during this one day. It is a Christmas present in the full sense of the term that is received.

It was some five years ago that the Christmas dinner idea was first attempted on a large scale by the Army. At that time they undertook to feed 20,000 people in New York, and fed instead 50,000. From that the idea grew to a national effort, and last year it fed 300,000, ranging from 200,000 in New York to a few hundred, or even down to a few dozen in the smaller cities and towns.

Families are provided with basket dinners. Into each basket must go a turkey, cranberries, mince meat, flour, fruit, and in fact everything that goes to make a Christmas dinner. In cases where it is needed, the fuel to cook the dinner is supplied, and even the car fare needed to come and get the dinner is provided. The basket dinner idea is growing, and its growth is encouraged by the army. It not only provides a cheefulness in an otherwise dreary home for the day, but it helps to maintain a feeling of self-respect on the part of the recipient as well. For the homeless, including the newsboys and other street waifs, the great public dinner, with its after entertainment, is one of the bright spots of the year.

Christmas Pleasures.

The Christmas festivities of those not dependent upon the charitable organizations for their share of seasonable cheer is varied. In the wealthy homes it is becoming more and more a day devoted to the children. The Chicago millionaire is a home lover, a family lover. On Christmas day the children and grandchildren are gathered about the home fireside, and the little ones are made happy with an over-abundance of costly toys. With this class the day is typical of the farm Christmas in many ways—it is a family reunion day.

Outdoor Christmas Pleasures

The middle classes take to the theaters in the afternoon and evening. The Christmas matinee is one of the most profitable performances of the year, and for the evening every house is sold out days ahead. Church entertainments provide amusement for thousands of others, and still others, especially the younger element, turn to outdoor sports.

Should Jack Frost fail to cover the park lakes with a heavy coating of ice it would spoil the Christmas pleasure of thousands. This is the most popular of outdoor winter sport in Chicago, because it is the most practical. There are no hills for coasting, though in some of the parks artificial toboggans are built. The middle classes are not owners of horses and sleighs, and the supply at the liveries are both limited and costly.

To no other city in America probably has the country contributed so large a percentage of the population, and back to the country go thousands for the holiday season, there to find a mirth and enjoyment that is not possible in the city, and in the foreign settlements the Christmas festivities are patterned after those of the fatherland.

Chicago Provincialism.

Chicago provincialism was illustrated to a Harvard man, direct from the effete east, during the recent stock show at the stock yards. It was the easterner's first visit to Chicago, and he came to believe most anything of the woolly west. Of course, he visited the stock show, and while there met two or three friends of his college days, now prominently connected with the packing industries of the city.

A Bit of Chicago Provincialism

"Let all of us go in over here and have a drink together for the sake of college days," said one of the Chicago friends, pointing to a small saloon across the street.

It was not a commodious place, and there was nothing for it but to line up against the bar and drink.

"What will it be?" asked the Chicagoan.

"Is it possible to secure an old-fashioned cocktail?" asked the Harvard man, with trepidation, after looking about the place.

"Whisky can't go in this crowd," returned his friend. "Champagne isn't half good enough. Give us a quart of it, Mike."

The bartender opened up the bottle just as though he was used to it, and he is, and the trio disposed of two or three of them before quitting, but the Harvard man pronounced that the lilit when he told me of it.

"Drinking champagne, of genuine French vintage at that, over a stock yards bar," said he. "Why, I wouldn't have believed it, even of Chicago, if I hadn't been there myself. Such a proceeding is wilder and woollier than anything I ever dreamed of."

But drinking champagne over a bar is an every day occurrence in Chicago.

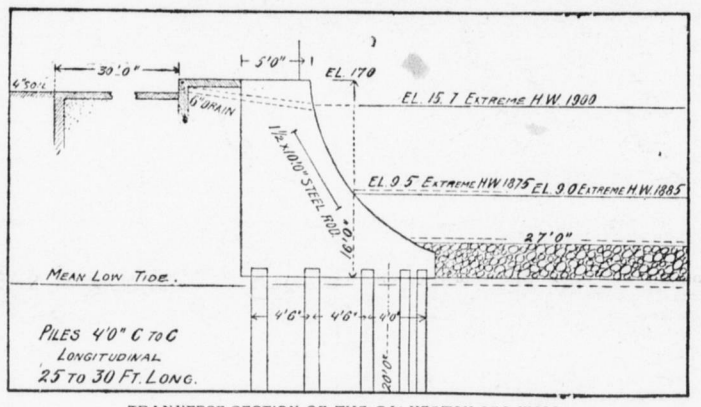
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

The Making of a New City of Galveston

How the Water Gateway of the Southwest Is to Be Protected From the Ravages of Storm and Tide.

GALVESTON will within the next three years be in a position to bid defiance to the worst storm and tidal wave which the Gulf of Mexico can kick up. The 17-foot sea wall facing the gulf side of the city has been about completed, and the work of rising the grade of the city to the level of the top of this barrier is to begin, according to the terms of the contract, within the next 60 days. The board appointed by the governor has awarded the contract for this work. The plan which the contractors propose is to construct a canal 20 feet deep from the bay inside and about 200 feet from the sea wall. They estimate that it will take 11,000,000 cubic yards of filling to raise the city to the level of the sea wall. This gigantic engineering feat will, when completed, take its place as one of the nine wonders of the world, and will cost the county under the contract price of 18½ cents per cubic yard nearly $2,000,000, for which the city will issue bonds.

At the time of the awful catastrophe of September, 1900, when the city was almost wiped out of existence and 6,000 residents perished, the prediction was quite generally made that the city would never be rebuilt; that the thriving metroplis had received a blow from which she would never recover. Industrious newspaper men and magazine writers under such captions as "The Solving of Galveston's Problem," "The Lessons of Galveston's Flood," etc., told how Galveston's site might be abandoned for a safer location. La Porte, the only elevated point on the Texas coast, being 35 to 40 feet above the mean sea level, was picked out as the probable location of the new Galveston. Twelve members of the rivers and harbor committee of congress, with Chairman Theodore F. Burton, of Ohio, at its head, inspected La Porte. A ship canal was projected



TRANVERSE SECTION OF THE GALVESTON SEA WALL.

channel in the inner harbor was $300,000; for repairing the jetties $750,000. In the fall of 1901 a board of engineers was appointed to study the problem and report on the best method for protecting the city. This board reported in April, 1902, and work was soon after begun on the sea wall. This wall is built of concrete and is to protect the east and south sides of the city, with a levee to protect the city on the west. The work on the sea wall and levee has progressed far enough to permit the beginning of the work of rising the grade of the city. The sea wall is 3½ miles long with its top 17 feet above mean low water. This wall is founded on piles and protected from undermining by sheet piling and riprap. The sea face of the wall is curved so that its upper portion is verticle and its rear face is to be filled behind by an embankment, the top of which will be paved with brick for a width of 35 feet and planted with Bermuda grass for a further distance of 50 feet. The levee portion of the protective barriers of the city is to be 300 feet wide with side slopes of one feet in 25 feet, and is intended to be built upon. In brief, the city will be surrounded on three sides by a structure whose top is higher than the high water in 1900. The fourth or unprotected side is that facing Galveston bay, and here the city is higher than the highest water ever recorded previous to 1900. The diagram produced herewith shows a transverse section of the sea wall and is self-explanatory.

The total cost of the work undertaken will be $3,505,040, of which sum $1,294,755 was for sea wall. Special machinery was made for the building of the sea wall, and by the end of last year the work was being actively prosecuted. During this year this work has been practically completed. Galveston now lies behind a massive stone wall, but gradually as the skill of engineers is exerted, which was to be 25 miles long and from 20 to 22 feet deep. Over eight miles of the canal had been completed at that time and the construction was being pushed. It was proposed to establish a dry dock and naval station at La Porte which would cost from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000.

But Galveston refused to be pushed off the island, or be run out of business by a little thing like the Gulf of Mexico. Something of the Chicago spirit possessed her. If Holland's 1,000 spare miles of territory, much of it below the sea level, and which supports 1,000,000 souls, could be protected by 100 miles of dikes along the Zuyder Zee, surely Galveston's few miles, five to 17 feet above the level of the sea, need not be abandoned because once in its history the water had risen to a height of 15 feet and the wind, the fiercest known to annals, had blown 120 miles per hour. The protection of Holland, the elevation of large portions of Chicago, and of nearly the whole of Sacramento, Cal., proved that the Galveston problem was merely one of engineering detail.

Never for a single hour, even during the darkest period of the awful storm, has Galveston entertained the thought that the city would be wholly or in part abandoned. Eight days after the storm vessels were loading at the wharfs. The local papers never missed an issue, although for a few days their editions were single sheets, the size of hand bills, run off on job presses. The banks opened for business on the third day. Merchants ordered new stocks of goods as soon as the telegraph lines were opened. It had been said that the rebuilding of the railroad bridge would take two months, but in 12 days trains were running regularly into the city.

Galveston is the natural water gateway to the southwest. The city is built on a narrow strip of sand 30 miles long and one to three miles wide. It has been well said that the city was born of geography and commerce and that she cannot die while there are a great west and ships that go to sea. The economic causes which made Galveston the fourth general export port of the country still exist. The year's business following the storm showed substantial increase over the year preceding. Cotton received to August 31, 1901, was $2,177,983; that received to August 31, 1900, was $1,710,263. The grain exports for 1900-01 were 14,010,378 bushels, that for the year before the storm, 1899-00, were 13,531,839 bushels. At least $5,000,000 has been spent in repairs and restoration of the city since the storm of 1900.

But the all-absorbing problem has been the protection of the city from further inundation. In 1902 $1,715,217 were spent for permanent protective improvements. The appropriation made by congress for deepening and widening the channel in the inner harbor was $300,000; for repairing the jetties $750,000. In the fall of 1901 a board of engineers was appointed to study the problem and report on the best method for protecting the city. This board reported in April, 1902, and work was soon after begun on the sea wall. This wall is built of concrete and is to protect the east and south sides of the city, with a levee to protect the city on the west. The work on the sea wall and levee has progressed far enough to permit the beginning of the work of rising the grade of the city. The sea wall is 3½ miles long with its top 17 feet above mean low water. This wall is founded on piles and protected from undermining by sheet piling and riprap. The sea face of the wall is curved so that its upper portion is verticle and its rear face is to be filled behind by an embankment, the top of which will be paved with brick for a width of 35 feet and planted with Bermuda grass for a further distance of 50 feet. The levee portion of the protective barriers of the city is to be 300 feet wide with side slopes of one feet in 25 feet, and is intended to be built upon. In brief, the city will be surrounded on three sides by a structure whose top is higher than the high water in 1900. The fourth or unprotected side is that facing Galveston bay, and here the city is higher than the highest water ever recorded previous to 1900. The diagram produced herewith shows a transverse section of the sea wall and is self-explanatory.

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Stephen F. Austin, the Virginia pioneer, who led the first American colony into Texas, rode across the coast plain a few feet above the level of Galveston, and saw far inland a stranded schooner. The vessel had been carried there by some great storm wave of the gulf and had been left a strange and hopeless wreck upon the prairie. "Some day," said the founder of Texas, "the elements which did that will sweep over this coast again." And they did. There was no meteorological station in those days to record the highest of the water and the velocity of the wind, but the waves which bore upon their crest the great schooner far inland and then abandoned it to the lonely stretches of the prairie waste may have been as high and mighty as those that rolled on Galveston in 1900. If that thriving commercial city resting so dangerously near to the level of the waters of the bay could only have realized the full meaning of Austin's prophecy, perhaps years ago, the building of the sea wall and the raising of the grade of the city would have been undertaken. If it had been seen what would have been saved? Six thousand precious lives, and property valued at $17,000,000, enough treasure to cover the cost of the present improvements five times over. But it is true always and everywhere that individuals and cities and nations provide adequately against catastrophes only after a crowning disaster has fallen. Then treasure boxes are opened and energies set in motion which bring about some such transforming scene as that which is being enacted at Galveston.

To Attempt to Make Soldiers of the Chinese

Army of the Empire to Be Reorganized—What It Now Consists Of—Quaint Body of Soldiers.

Two things serve to arouse at least a passing interest in the military capacity of China. First is the warlike situation in the east with Japan and Russia seemingly drawing nearer each day to a conflict in which China will be vitally interested, and for which that empire must furnish the battle ground. Dispatches from the orient tell of China's dependence upon Japan for the ousting of the bear from Manchuria, and the preservation of the empire. Under such conditions China would naturally become an ally of Japan in the struggle for eastern supremacy. These things make our second reason for evincing an interest in military China of still greater importance than it otherwise would be, and this second reason is the expressed intention of the Chinese government to reorganize and modernize its army.

Even before Caleb Cushing carried President Tyler's letter to Peking and negotiated the first treaty with China in 1843, the possibilities of the mailed fist had become a bug-a-boo to the people of the western nations. So long as China slept there was no danger; but China was awakening, and what the awakening might bring, what ambitions the eastern giant might evince, were serious questions in both Europe and America. More than half a century has passed since Caleb Cushing negotiated our first commercial treaty with China, and our first fears seem no nearer realization than they were then.

In a general way, the Chinese soldier is a nonenity so far as fighting qualities are concerned, though there have been exceptions to this general rule. During the Taiping rebellion, the greatest of the many civil wars China has known, the English Gen. Gordon proved that the coolies were not cowards when properly led. His "ever victorious" force of less than 10,000 men, put to route rebel armies ten times its size. Gordon's force was officered by foreigners, and had a sprinkling of foreigners in its ranks, and it was the fearless example set by these men which made heroes of the coolies. A stranger force was never mustered under military banner than this of Gordon, nor seldom a more heroic one. Soldiers of fortune from practically every nation of Europe and America, men who were fighting merely for the adventure and pay the service promised, yet the power of one man not only made heroes of them, but heroes of the Chinese coolies as well. It was an experiment that proved possibilities under right conditions.

CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE IN THE CHINESE ARMY.

Of capable military leaders China developed but few during the Taiping rebellion, or since that time. Of the few Gen. Ching, who served with Gordon, after his desertion from the rebel forces, was a notable character, and of great military ability. During the several petty foreign wars in which China was engaged down to the time of the outbreak of the war with Japan, no character of anything like equal ability was developed, nor did the more important conflict with Japan bring to the front a leader of such worth as to be classed with him. This lack of military leaders would seem to place China as a non-militant power of whom the world need have no fears.

It takes training to make perfection, and the training of the Chinese soldier is the one great essential lacking. Through all its defeats administered since the days of the coming of the white man, the empire has never felt the need of remodeling its system of training. In fact, the soldier in China is held more in contempt than esteem. The men who are entrusted with the destinies of the army must prove their efficiency in the sacred writings of Confucius rather than in the science of war. The officers of the army are drawn from those who successfully pass the civil examination, the training for which is useless not only from the military standpoint, but the administration of civil duties as well. Aside from these examinations the only other test required is intended to prove efficiency with bows and arrows, a relic of antiquity scarcely to be imagined outside the wilds of Africa.

Even with such a force it might be possible to accomplish something as has been shown by the success of Gen. Gordon, were they given any practical training. One of the prominent features of the drill of the army consists of teaching the recruit to assume an attitude and expression to frighten his opponent. At the time of the opening of the war with Japan, and, in fact, at the present time, much of the armament consists of halberds, pikes, bows and arrows and long smooth-bore muskets, while practically one-half the men in each regiment are banner bearers and not armed at all. Of methods of commissariat nothing is known, nor is there such a thing as hospitals or medical service. The reasons for this state of affairs lie, in a great measure, to the fact that funds appropriated for the army have been misapplied, and gone to enrich boodling officials.

The Manchu army, which is practically the only imperial army of China, numbers from 80,000 to 100,000 men, though on paper it boasts of 300,000. Of these about 40,000 are stationed in garrisons in Manchuria, and some 6,000 in Peking. This army is the support of the Manchu dynasty, and is recruited almost exclusively from the Manchus and the Monguls.

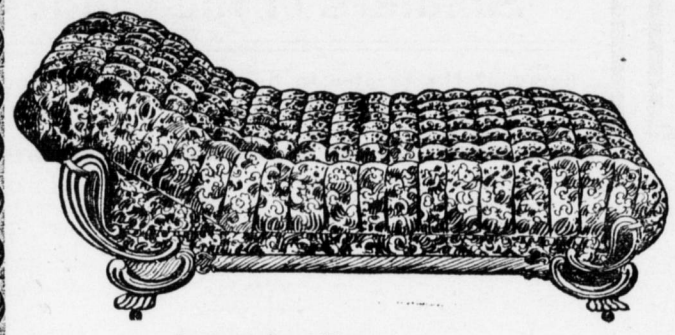
The provincial army, called the Green Flags, consists of 18 corps, one for each province. These various corps are under the command of the governor of the different provinces, and there is no cooperation between them. This force numbers less than 200,000 men, though its paper strength is more than 500,000. This makes the total army of China number about 300,000 men on the present peace footing, with a paper strength, or war footing, of close to 1,000,000.

A CHINESE REGIMENT PRACTICING AT BATTLE EXERCISES.

That the Chinese army as it now exists, with all its crudeness and superstitions, is useless, or even worse, was proven by the war with Japan. That it is possible to make a soldier of no mean ability of the Chinese coolie was proven by Gen. Gordon, but China will have to take a long step forward and forget the superstitutions of centuries before she can do in a large way what Gen. Gordon did with a small force. With militant Japan as a drill master, it is possible that the army of the empire may be made into a formidable foeman for Russia, but it cannot be done if war comes quickly.

China, with its 400,000,000 people, could easily dominate the east, and prevent her own disintegration, if she succeeds in making soldiers of her raw material, but to do so must be the growth of generations and not the work of a day or official edict, and the chances are the modernized army will not come in time to save the empire.

DANIEL CLEVERTON.



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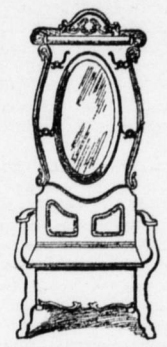

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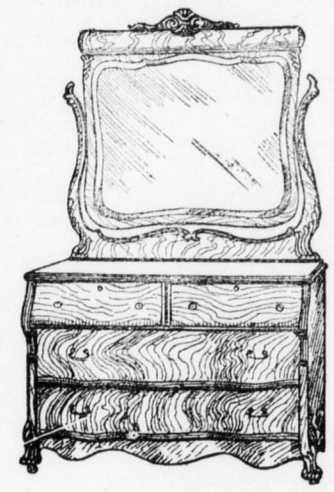

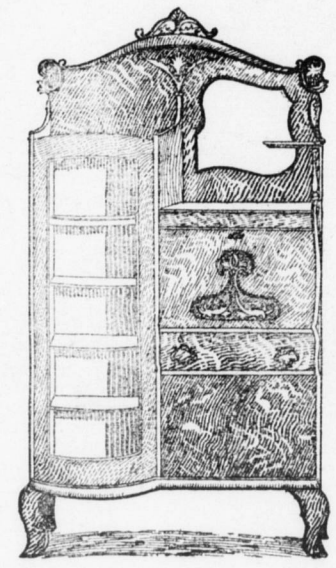

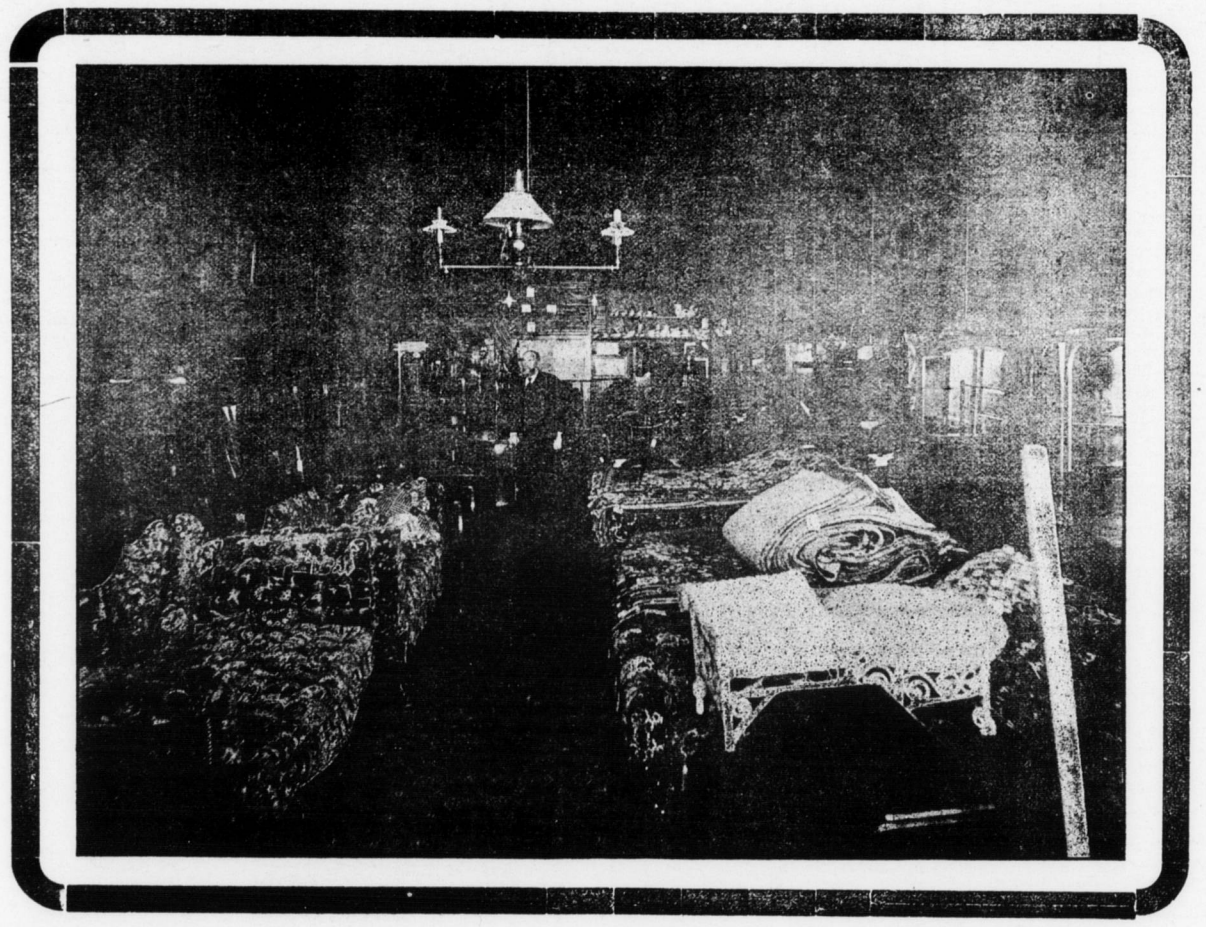

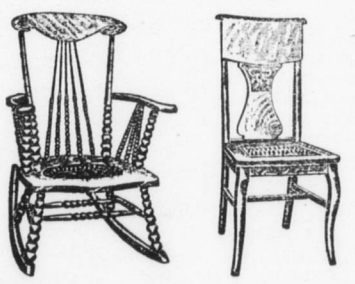

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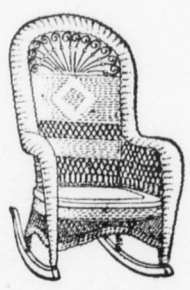

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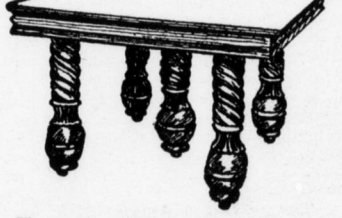

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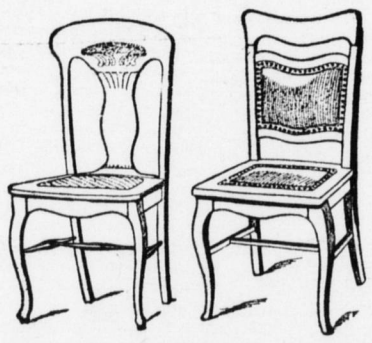

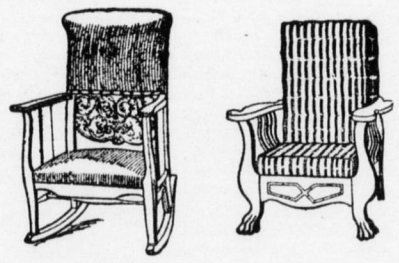

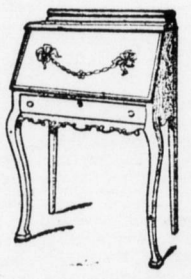

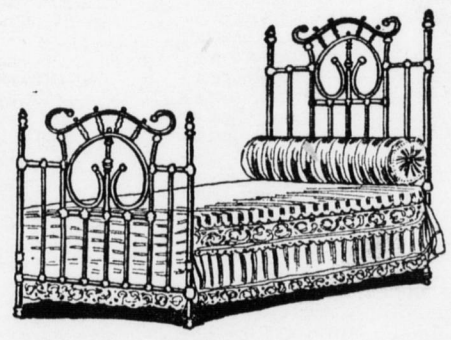

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